THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE SPENDTHRIFT INVASION

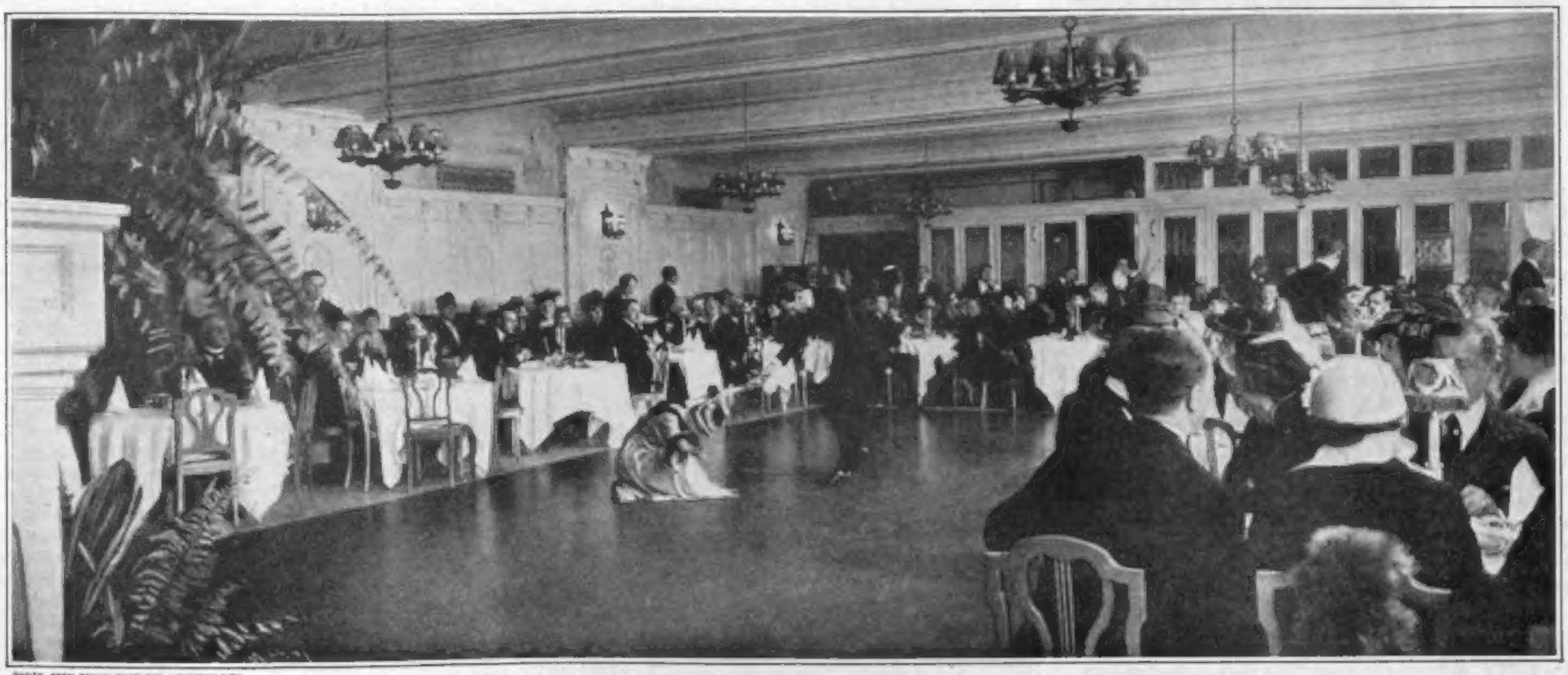

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

The Arts of Wining and Dining Have Been Developed to a New Point of Sophistication

By Cameron Mackenzie

NEW YORK'S winter season—always a period of many significances—gets under way about the middle of October. Shortly before then that tribe of astute and heroic gamblers, the proprietors of the great hotels, restaurants, cabarets, and the like, compose themselves as best they can and prepare for their annual agony. It is always a ticklish time for them. One has lavished, perhaps, fifty thousand dollars upon a new open-air skating rink; another has plunged a hundred thousand upon some novel idea to draw the dancing throngs; a third, maybe, has a princely fortune locked up in a music hall. Through the summer they have been scheming and working and disbursing, and the time has arrived when they will be able to form fairly accurate guesses whether New York will have a flush, riotous, spendthrift winter to make them rich, or a dull, cautious, home-staying winter to leave them feeling poor.

This year these providers of luxury and pleasure began as usual to sniff the air when the opening of the season was due. At that time—mid-October—the city was full; even a casual observer could not have helped noticing the throngs in all of the public places where money is spent on a more or less lavish scale. The anxious, waiting watchers took heart and declared that the metropolis was in for at least a good winter. Mid-October advanced toward the first of November. The crowds increased; the hotels became comfortably filled; the theaters and shops did a brisk business. Our friends, the gamblers in appetites, took still more heart.

But they are not a hasty crew, and they adjured themselves to pause at conclusions. It was possible that the horde which overran the town was nothing more than a crowd drawn by the election and the celebration which the city has come to make of that occasion. Daily, however, the jam increased. Election night with its *furore* passed, and then the thing began to manifest itself in its full strength and abandon. Within a week the proprietors of the city's glittering palaces, to a man, realized jubilantly that New York was in for the fattest winter that it has ever had. Election, which it turned out had held as many persons at home as it had brought out, the definite passing of the infantile-paralysis scare, the stock-market boom, other causes, had loosed a pent-up flood, and a tidal wave beyond the pleasure venders' boldest dreams was upon the town.

The dreaded thinning out and quieting down after election never came. Instead, it seemed that the thousands upon thousands who had come to New York for that event had decided to remain, and it was certain that hourly fresh thousands were rushing in. Day by day the army swelled. Hotels comfortably accommodating eight or nine hundred guests began, by dint of many strange expedients, sleeping from twelve to fifteen hundred; cabarets, which had earlier trembled lest patronage should fail them and had hesitated at imposing admission fees, posted notices announcing unheard-of charges; great sections of theaters began to sell out at extortionate prices. Thanksgiving came, and there was a brief lull during which jaded hotel clerks caught a little sleep, and dance-floor managers were able to find a few moments between midnight and dawn to rest their tired feet. But then the carnival recommenced in its full volume and violence, and gives no sign of slacking down. There has never been anything equal to it before. The nearest approach to this winter's extravagance and excitement seeking was last winter's; but this far overtops that. Last winter there were certain definite types of spenders: There were those who had acquired sudden wealth, either through munitions stocks or munitions contracts; there was a large class of millionaire South Americans and of the idle rich, who found themselves more or less barred by the war from their former haunts abroad; there was the New York broker crowd, exultant that the stock market had revived and eager to celebrate. Together these various groups made New York, particularly in its night life, a town of much mad disbursing and unguarded living, and the winter was a lush one indeed.

But there was in the city last year still another class, a well-to-do, substantial class who, with the evidences of returning prosperity, had come to the city, perhaps for a holiday, perhaps for business, most likely for both. These people filled hotels and restaurants, but they kept their hands tight round their rolls of bills and scrutinized the checks the waiters brought. The great mass of last winter's throng seemed to think twice of the cost of theater tickets and of the price of admission to the cabarets, and so on. The difference this year is that not only are all those incautious spenders still spending incautiously, but their spirit of "Pooh, what's a hundred dollars!" has apparently seeped into that army which last year had not caught the virus of scattering gold about. Also, and most importantly, that army has swelled to incredible proportions.

This last fact is one of the most distinguishing features of the present New York winter. The number of persons, all of them with seemingly bulging purses, who have suddenly rushed upon the city from all parts of the country is astonishing. New York this winter is literally invaded, crushed, trampled down by thousands upon thousands of people from other communities of the United States. It is reliably stated that during the last week in November there were more strangers in the metropolis than during any other week in the history of Manhattan Island. Various estimates of the number of visitors during that time have been made. Those estimates range from half a million to seven hundred thousand, whereas a careful calculation made last winter placed the average number of nonresidents daily in New York at three hundred and fifty thousand.

In November the city's hotel and restaurant facilities all but collapsed. There are in the city now twenty-two hotels which may be rated as first-class. Some of these have normal facilities for as few as four hundred guests; others for as many as fifteen hundred. There are, perhaps, one hundred other actual hotels of various grades of excellence, the gross capacity of which probably exceeds the gross capacity of those of the more luxurious type. To say that in not one of these establishments, great or small, was a room to be had for a king's ransom during most of the week would be well-nigh

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Every One of These New Wonder Rooms is Nightly Jammed to its Utmost Capacity

meaningless. The problem with the hotel proprietors then was to find a nook or cranny in Newark or Yonkers or Brooklyn to which they felt that they could decently send old and valued patrons who had failed to make reservations.

Literally that was what happened. For some days any establishment within a radius of thirty miles of New York which could in any sense pass muster as a hotel, was filled with the overflow from the city itself, and it was not an unusual occurrence for a man in a white shirt front and his wife in a low-cut evening gown, perhaps wearing expensive jewelry, to rise from a gay supper party, costing someone eight, ten, twelve dollars a plate, in order to make their way to a small, doubtless dingy hotel in a dark street of Hoboken or Long Island City.

Meanwhile, within the city's great caravansaries themselves strange conditions reigned. One morning a man who was a guest at one of the most sumptuous of the hotels walked to the cashier's desk and presented a check to be cashed.

"Your room number, please?" the cashier requested.

"Bathroom J," the guest told him.

In that particular hotel, and in nearly all the others, the public bathrooms on every floor were converted into bedrooms by placing mattresses in the tubs, and in tubs merchants, bankers, leading citizens from all parts of the country, and sometimes their wives, slept, because it was a choice of that or sitting up all night in a lobby.

Hotels Full to Overflowing

IN ANOTHER of the large hotels a solid and very dignified citizen from a Western town, who with his wife was occupying a double room, appeared one morning at the clerk's desk and said quite seriously that he had a complaint to make. He was a known patron of the house and immediately he received solicitous attention.

"Your floors are too hard," he said.

The clerk looked bewildered; the management had not been reduced to sleeping their guests upon the floor.

"But——" began the clerk anxiously, and then the man explained that the evening before his wife had encountered two women friends of hers who were wandering from one hotel to another in a dazed and distrait condition. They had tried, or hotel clerks had tried for them, twenty-three hostelries in search of accommodations for the night, but to no avail. Both of the women were utterly exhausted and the man's wife had offered to take them in. The three women had piled into the double bed which was in the room, and the man had made such disposition as he could of his none too lithe form upon the floor.

Ballrooms and banquet rooms in many of the hotels were converted into temporary dormitories. Proprietors, managers and their staffs in several instances surrendered their rooms. Cots were sometimes placed behind curtains at the ends of halls. Any number of establishments, which in the past have not enjoyed reputations to attract a careful clientele, have suddenly commenced housing as conservative and irreproachable citizens as there are in the land. Many of these places have jettisoned their old followings, and under the stress of this winter's rush upon New York have assumed overnight entirely new characters.

Another manner in which to show the magnitude of this onslaught upon the city is through the figures of advance hotel reservations. The reservation book of one hotel, which until this season usually contained only twenty pages of advance reservations at any one time, contained on December first forty-nine pages. The manager of another splendid palace asserted that there was not a room of any description, out of the eight hundred odd that he had to dispose of, unengaged for fifty-six days ahead. In addition to this all the more desirable and high-priced of the hotels report that they are compelled to turn away from twenty-five to thirty-five per cent of all of those who apply for accommodations. One manager sent one hundred and seventy-five telegrams in one day notifying applicants that his house was full. That same manager upon a day in the same week served meals to eight thousand and nine persons, and his is by no means among the largest establishments of the city. Last season at the same time he served approximately half that number.

To the multitude which has descended upon the city, that first commandment of the New York hotel keeper, that prices shall not be boosted temporarily during a rush, has been a godsend. Had that fixed practice not been followed, there would, especially at the end of November, have been no limit to what accommodations might have cost. But the practice was followed, and the room which cost ten dollars a day in the slackness of summer also cost ten dollars a day even when there were fifty persons clamoring for it at any figure. However, a bathtub with a mattress in it fetched, in many of the first-class establishments, four dollars a night!

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New York is Literally Invaded by Thousands Upon Thousands From Other Communities of the United States

Also, although the hotels adhered to their announced rates, the public often paid exorbitantly. For example, there was a man spending a considerable time in the city who had a friend coming on for a single night ten days later. He had tried vainly to make a comfortable reservation for him; nothing was available. One morning he chanced to be loitering near the clerk's desk and overheard someone surrender a room which the other guest had previously notified the management he would want for two weeks longer. The first man promptly took it at eight dollars a day for the intervening ten days until the arrival of his friend. Eighty dollars for one night's lodging! There is any amount of such evidence. Certain it is that, at least for any continuous period of time, New York has never been so full.

In the main the people who compose this multitude are the well-to-do people of nearly every community in the country. Two years ago they came scarcely at all; last year the man came alone and stayed a week; this year he has brought his wife and is staying a month. By day the woman shops while her husband either does a little desultory business or plays the market or visits a tailor. By night they dine and attend the theaters and cabarets. Widespread, general prosperity has given these people cash and a sense of security, and most especially has imbued them with a holiday spirit. During the periods of their visits they appear entirely unconcerned over the cost of anything they want and quibble at nothing. In short, New York has this winter a tremendous army of free-handed spenders and pleasure seekers, recruited by flush times, that it did not have before. That fact has worked out variously, but in no way more strikingly than in the extent and scale upon which white-shirt-front dissipation is being conducted in the city this year.

If one could get up above New York, between midnight and one o'clock of any week-day, and were able to look down into all the great cabarets and the restaurants, a visual impression of this strange, overwhelming phenomenon of American life might be gained. One would see, through a dazzle of light, vast rooms, every room so filled with revelers that waiters would be edging sidewise round chair backs in order to make their way. In some of the larger hotels there would be two or even three such rooms. Streams of people would be flowing out; fresh streams would be flowing in. The spaces in the centers of the rooms would be walled and wedged with thick masses of humanity.

Leaving out of the reckoning all but the really sumptuously appointed places, there are operating in New York this season approximately sixty of these new wonder rooms of pleasure called cabarets. Practically without exception every one of them is nightly jammed to its utmost capacity. In many of them every table for two weeks ahead has been reserved. But that is a matter of the smallest moment to the managements, because for every table not claimed by midnight eager applicants in abundance are pressed against the plush ropes. Any one of several of the larger establishments passes in as many as seven hundred and fifty persons every evening to sup and dance and spend. The enormity of the thing is amazing; so also is its lavishness.

How New York Amuses the Spenders

TO REGALE the crowds which have come to them the cabaret managers have outdone themselves this winter. Not only have the arts of wining and dining been developed to a new point of sophistication, but forms of entertainment more costly than ever have been introduced. One hotel pays a team of exhibition dancers fifteen hundred dollars a week, and its nightly expense for music is two hundred and fifty dollars. Several of the cabarets offer musical shows with large, marvelously costumed choruses and some of the highest-priced comedians of the stage. Three or four skating troupes, representing outlays of from five hundred to a thousand dollars a week, are performing in different of the night resorts. At one establishment an old-world marionette show has been introduced with great success; it is only one feature in a long program, but it costs two hundred dollars a week. One of the very largest of the hotels has begun the transformation of the entire acreage of its roof into three vast connecting rooms with glass partitions between: in one room there will be general and exhibition dancing, in another ice skating, in a third roller skating. More than a hundred thousand dollars will have been spent upon this project. If the proprietor of any one of these places was convinced that his particular pleasure-hungry throng wanted all-night grand opera, he would hire the most expensive singers in the world.

All of this is made possible not alone by the size of the crowds but by their prodigality. White-light prices have reached a staggering level. It has become perfectly

(Continued on Page 42)

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In Many of the Cabarets Every Table for Two Weeks Ahead Has Been Reserved

DOUBTFUL DOLLARS

By Meredith Nicholson

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

HAROLD looked at Reggie; Reggie looked at Harold; both fidgeted and turned their eyes to the blank wall. They sat side by side, in one of the cabinets reserved for the patrons of the safety vault of the White River National Bank, with a large tin box before them. A copy of the will of their father lay beside it. Harold seized this document and turned over the few typewritten sheets that recorded in strictly formal phraseology the testamentary wishes and intentions of George B. Raymond, deceased. The rustle of papers in a neighboring cabinet, the remote tinkle of a telephone, and light footfalls in the corridor floated across the partitions in a blur of sound. Reggie played nervously with his watch chain and waited for his brother to speak. Suddenly a grin crossed Harold's face, and he bent his gaze quizzically upon his brother.

"It's a sell; it's one of dad's jokes!"

Reggie swallowed, a process attended with so much difficulty that he tugged at his collar to gain greater freedom for his throat.

"You mean," he whispered, glancing at the door, "that there is nothing—nothing!"

Harold tapped the box and nodded significantly.

"You have said it, Reggie," he replied nonchalantly. "His will divides a million among his four children, but as a matter of fact he didn't have a cent. The humor is a little grim, but dad was capable of it."

He smiled at the remembrance of his father, who two days earlier had been buried with all the honors that may be paid a man of George B. Raymond's professional and social prominence. Raymond's legal ability had never been questioned. He numbered among his clients the biggest bank in town, the traction company and half a dozen other corporations that paid generously to be kept out of trouble. He was not only a lawyer of the first rank, a familiar figure in the courts of all the Mid-Western capitals, but a man of broad cultivation, a student of general literature and by general consent one of the best fellows in the world. Any public dinner over which Raymond presided—the most charming and witty of toastmasters—was bound to be a success, and his many admirers were in the habit of calling him the Joe Choate of the Ohio Valley. Money with Raymond was only a means to an end, and he distributed it lavishly for his own pleasure and that of his family and friends. Ladies with subscription papers always saw Raymond first; he never failed to lead off with something substantial to shame other citizens into equal generosity.

His identification through years with the legal affairs of big capitalists encouraged the belief that he had been let in on the ground floor of many schemes that had prospered mightily. His family's scale of living lent color to the idea that he was rich—very rich indeed, by the local standards.

"But that million—two hundred and fifty thousand apiece!" gasped Reggie. "He wouldn't have put a million in his will if he didn't have it! That wouldn't have been straight! And dad was the straightest man alive!"

Harold nodded his acquiescence.

There was no question of their parent's integrity. He bent toward his brother and laid his hand on his knee affectionately.

"There's no doubt about that, Reggie. But dad liked a practical joke. His sense of humor's what made him the good fellow he was; that's why he was the most popular man in the state!"

Reggie frowned and shook his head impatiently. It was not their father's humor or good fellowship that they had to determine, but the nature and extent of his assets, which the will implied were of the value of one million dollars. But Box 437, carried on the records of the safety-vault manager as belonging to George B. Raymond and opening readily to his key, contained only these items:

One copy of Lowell's Fable for Critics—first edition.
One copy—leaves uncut—of John Hay's Castilian Days—first edition.
One autograph letter, Washington to Hamilton, 1776.
One autograph letter of Abraham Lincoln, Springfield, 1859.
A recipe for Rum Punch in the handwriting and over the signature of Aaron Burr, 1829.
One autograph letter, William McKinley to George B. Raymond, 1899, on White House stationery, expressing regret that Raymond had declined the post of minister to Austria-Hungary.

In the collecting of such trifles as these, the late George B. Raymond had amused himself, though with characteristic generosity he had usually given away the rare books and autograph letters he acquired from time to time. The items that remained in the box had been retained more by chance than by intention.

"There may be another box somewhere," Reggie suggested. "We'd better go through his office safe again."

He grabbed a book from the box and ran the leaves under his thumb feverishly. Harold took the Fable for Critics from him and tossed it into the box.

"You needn't expect to find Government bonds stuck away in dad's books, and you needn't waste time looking for secret drawers and panels at the house or in the office. I tell you I've been into all that. Dad hadn't a thing but the old home, which is mortgaged for five thousand dollars, his law library, and about a thousand dollars in bank he got as a retainer the morning of the day he died and didn't have a chance to spend. I tell you," he went on earnestly, pronouncing the words slowly to be sure they were sinking into the consciousness of his awed and befuddled brother, "I tell you there are no assets. Maybe he meant to destroy this will or say something to us about it, but the end came too quick. He has a sixty-day note in bank for five thousand dollars—money he borrowed to pay for that limousine the girls were hollering for. We may as well face it right here and now—dad died busted—worse than busted!"

"But he made a lot of money—something like fifty thousand a year. He did that for years."

"And we spent it!" replied Harold grimly. "We spent it and more. He used to carry a lot of life insurance, but he cashed in all the policies and blew the proceeds. And for the last five years he couldn't get any more—the doctor told me that. The fact is that for five years dad has been doomed. He worked like a Trojan and never took any care of himself, and after mother died there was nobody to check up the family expenses, and we all got what we pleased and cried for more. Why, that house the girls had at Kennebunkport last summer cost a fortune to run! Mildred and Dottie are the most accomplished spenders in town.

"And you and I haven't been exactly thrifty, Reggie; nobody's ever complained of our penuriousness."

Mr. Reginald Raymond twisted uncomfortably in his chair. He had been expensively educated as an architect, but had thus far reared no monument to his genius save the Faraway Country Club house from which he had carelessly omitted the kitchen flue, until reminded by his chums on the board of directors that chimneys were usually considered essential to the utility and beauty of country-club kitchens. Reggie hung his head guiltily.

"And when it comes to that I don't know that I have much to say for myself," Harold continued. "Dad gave me every chance to get on at the law, and I'll never stop hating myself for not working at it instead of chasing golf cups. Father didn't pass his charms, graces and talents on to us, Reggie; we'll have to work to get anywhere, and the sooner we begin the digging the less likely we are to die in the poorhouse! The fact is we're two pretty sad pills. You can almost hear people saying: 'It's too bad George Raymond's sons are so worthless.' I'm not going to rub it in on you; I'm two years older and, with the running start I got, I ought to be ready to step right into father's practice. As it is I've got to fight to hold any of it. But I'm going to make the fight. And see here, Reggie, it's possible—it's possible—that dad willed us this stage money to give us a little breathing time. He made me executor and—and"—he lowered his voice to a whisper—"that puts it all in my hands, and I have sixty days to file an inventory and appraisement—two months for us to pose as having a quarter of a million apiece! Do you get the idea?"

Reggie stared at him dully and then shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"Don't be an ass!" he blurted. "If we're a busted family the sooner we face the situation the better. Dad oughtn't to have done such a thing: it makes monkeys of all of us; and when the thing leaks out it's going to be a reflection on him. Great Lord, we can't ever live it down!"

"Listen to me; we're not going to live it down; we're going to live up to it!" said Harold patiently. "We've got sixty days' leeway. The newspapers have screamed our million in big headlines; in this town two hundred and fifty thousand apiece for the four of us sounds mighty big. We are not going to weaken on it; we're going to bluff it out and play up to the million.

"The public thinks we've got the money; even the judge of the probate court has no reason to question it. Those old boys that run this bank won't dare be fussy with me for fear of losing my account as executor. Instead of sneaking up and begging for a slight advance to help us pay the grocery bills, I'm going to go in and remark casually that I want ten thousand dollars to carry the estate until the January dividends come in."

"Thirty Thousand Shares! Thirty Thousand! Dot, Lock the Door—Lock All the Doors!"

"You can't put it over!" moaned Reggie. "You'll go to jail! This is the last bank on earth to try such a trick on!"

"The White River National," Harold resumed musingly, "judges by appearances, like all the rest of the world. I'm not only going to borrow ten thousand dollars, but I'm going to do it with a slightly bored air, as though ashamed to be asking for so trifling a sum. And then, with all the hauteur I can command, I'm going to intimate that I'm prepared to succeed father as attorney for the bank. Of course I shan't pretend to be father's equal as a lawyer, but I'll remark shyly that I'm somewhat familiar with the bank's run of legal business and that there are some matters pending that I'd like to go through with—a matter of professional pride, you know—and before I leave I'm going to have them sign the kind of contract father had with them, for ten thousand a year as a general retainer. And I mean to put it over."

Reggie took a cigarette from a silver case, eyed it absently and then flung it on the floor.

"You're crazy—plumb crazy!" he ejaculated.

"Don't be silly! Dad stipulated that I wasn't to be required to give bond as executor—which was thoughtful of him—and if we play the game right we can live on this million till we plant ourselves and the girls. I tell you I've thought of everything!"

"It's rotten; it's criminal!" faltered Reggie, twisting his cane in his hands. "You can't take such a responsibility; it's going to ruin you. Father always said if anything happened to him he wanted us to feel that we could rely on Uncle Walter, but it may be months before we can reach him."

"His Will Divides a Million, But as a Matter of Fact He Didn't Have a Cent"

"We've got to act right away and, as Uncle Walter is somewhere round the sources of the Amazon looking for freak plants, his advice isn't worth considering."

Their father's only brother, a much younger man, had been a broker in New York until a lucky investment in a Nevada gold mine made possible the indulgence of a passion for orchid hunting.

"If he'd fall off a mountain sometime," said Reggie hopefully, "we might get some of his money."

"He isn't going to die and leave us any money. Dad told me once that Uncle Walter's worldly goods are all destined to endow a botanical garden for their dear *alma mater*. Nothing doing there, Reggie!"

"From the way you talk anybody might imagine you were glad we're busted!" said Reggie bitterly.

"I'm as cut up as you are," Harold protested, "but I'm going to make a front—a grand marble façade, to borrow a term from your profession—and I want you to take the cue from me. I want you to stop carrying a cane in daylight, and make a rustling sound as of a young man about to touch off a pile of kindling right under old Mother Earth. Just now you're the best tennis player in this township, but you're going to bloom out as the most prosperous architect! You're smart enough, Reggie; all you need is to look busy and prosperous. The plans you made for Robertson's new house were nice plans; he hasn't closed with that Philadelphia chap yet. You want to call on Fanny Robertson and mildly suggest the new house and, if you work it right, you can play her to persuade Robertson to adopt your plans. If you were poor and struggling you wouldn't have a look-in; but you're rich—you've got a quarter of a million dollars, remember that! And Fanny's a mighty nice girl who would look well in our family circle.

"There's nothing, Reggie, that impresses the human mind like the idea you've got money. Any man's as rich as he thinks he is; it's all purely psychological. By the way, you lost out on the competition for plans for a courthouse last year—in Oklahoma somewhere, wasn't it? Well, dust 'em off and shoot 'em in to the county commissioners here right away. To-morrow's the last day for submitting plans for a new building, and I always liked those drawings of yours, except those fancy terraces, which were more appropriate for an art museum than a law foundry. And now begin looking quietly, elegantly rich but very busy, and keep your mouth shut. The girls? Well, you leave all that to me. We've got to find a couple of rich husbands for our sisters while the million lasts, and we've got to be quick about it. Mildred has kept Hornbrook, that wealthy furniture chap from upstate somewhere, dancing for a year, and it's about time she was stopping her foolishness. She seems to be inclining to Fleming, the young assistant at St. Timothy's—salary twelve hundred dollars, gross—but we can't stand for that. The girls have got to marry money while we're rich! And now let's put the estate back in the steel cave and go out and see what we can do to fool all the people most of the time!"

II

HAROLD and his two sisters were at the dinner table one evening two weeks later when Reginald came in hurriedly. The effect of their father's death had been to bind them more closely together, but now that the shock of his abrupt ending had passed, their intercourse had lost its subdued tone. Reggie's cheery salutation as he apologized for his tardiness caused them to eye him expectantly.

"Robertson's taken my plans! Contract signed and I've got a check for the first installment of my fee in my pocket!" he announced jubilantly.

Mildred and Dorothy chorused congratulations.

Harold rose and shook his brother warmly by the hand.

"It's in you, my boy; it's in you! They can't keep a good man down!"

"I suppose," remarked Dorothy, "you may live in the new house one of these days. You and Fanny have always hit it off nicely together, and I do hope ——"

"This is purely a business matter," protested Reggie, the blushes showing through his tan. "That Philadelphia architect couldn't figure in four bathrooms on the second floor, and my plans had five; and Mrs. Robertson kicked on the living room in the other chap's scheme, because you couldn't get out of it into the conservatory without going through the dining room. They're talking about building a summer home on an island in Lake Huron they've owned for years, and I'm after that job too."

"I guess Robertson has a pretty good opinion of the family," remarked Harold casually. "He's hired me to pass on a new issue of traction bonds. He and Tarleton have had a row about something, and he virtually said he was going to throw me part of his business."

"I know, Harold, that you've been terribly busy," Mildred began, "and I haven't wanted to trouble you, but there are some things we ought to talk over. Mrs. Merriam was here this afternoon about the new children's hospital. She says one day at the country club—she described the meeting and everything about it—papa promised her five thousand dollars for the building fund. She hasn't anything in writing, of course, but just as a matter of honor, boys, I really think we ought to pay it."

"Five thousand dollars!" gasped Reggie. "The woman must be insane!"

"I hope," said Harold calmly, ignoring the wild look in his brother's eyes, "that you told her it would be all right. Any promises of that kind father made must be respected. I'll call on Mrs. Merriam and assure her that the five thousand will be paid. The Merriam Manufacturing Company was one of father's oldest clients and we certainly shouldn't want to appear mean to the Merriams. It's possible—barely possible—I may be able to hold the business."

"And while we're talking family matters," continued Mildred, "there's something I want to tell you. You know I've been seeing a good deal of Mr. Fleming, Doctor Cable's assistant at St. Timothy's, and though his salary is small he's bound to succeed; he's devoted to his work and he's certainly doing wonders with the choir."

She paused, and in the silence Reggie kicked Harold's legs viciously. "What's the matter with Hornbrook?" asked Harold calmly. "I've been training myself to salute *him* as brother. As to Fleming, all I can say is that he plays rotten golf."

"He's the most beautiful character—a fine manly man," declared Mildred. "He isn't really like a minister—he's ever so sensible and broad-minded."

"He's a dear," cried Dorothy, "and sings wonderfully!"

"So do the nightingales, but they don't make any money at it," suggested Reggie.

"I don't mind saying," said Mildred pensively, "that I do like Bob Hornbrook pretty well, and if I were just a poor girl I might marry him. But now that dear papa has left us so much more than I ever dreamed of I feel free—free to marry a man I deeply love and reverence in spite of his poverty. My money will be of real help to Edgar in his work."

Reggie, choking on a macaroon, drank a glass of water at a gulp. It was a relief to his feelings to find that at last his brother was staggered.

"But, Mildred," Harold remarked with a fine affectation of brotherly tolerance of a sister's weakness, "it's hardly fair, after keeping Hornbrook on the string so long, to drop him this way. It's not playing the game! He's a splendid fellow—far and away ahead of that anæmic little Fleming. We've all got to stand together now that father's gone—one for all and all for one; that's the ticket; and a connection with the Hornbrooks would be a big thing for Reggie and me. Why, the Hornbrooks are one of the most influential families in the state—pioneer stock, social prestige and all that sort of thing, to say nothing of their boodle. You have another guess coming, Mildred! Think it over!"

Mildred was a stubborn young person, as Harold well knew, and if she had determined to marry a potential bishop, there was little likelihood of his being able to thwart her. He had not taken the rather timid approaches of the young minister seriously, but had assumed that, of course, Hornbrook, who came to town frequently for the very obvious purpose of wooing Mildred, would sooner or later declare himself. It was more than annoying, it was a downright calamity that threatened the family in case Mildred persisted; and there was nothing in the past history of his tall, fair, blue-eyed sister to encourage the hope that she would change her mind. Reggie, glaring at him, covertly signaled that the time had come for plain speech with Mildred. The mere announcement that her quarter of a million was all in the air would very likely change her ideas of marriage.

"I mean," Mildred was saying solemnly, "to hold my money as a sacred trust; and I've been thinking of all the good I can do with it. You know I've always been interested in charities and that sort of thing, and I've been thinking of the long future and of all the noble use I can make of my income—with Edgar to help me."

A heartbreaking groan from Reggie caused his sisters to glance at him apprehensively. He began coughing furiously and explained, between paroxysms, that a piece of salted almond had stuck in his windpipe. As there had been no salted almonds on the table, this explanation was somewhat lacking in plausibility. Harold thumped him on the back with unnecessary violence.

"You needn't murder me," Reggie roared, rising wrathfully.

"If that's what I get for giving you first aid you can perish the next time," said Harold, who, having relieved his feelings by the chastisement of his brother, was restored to something approximating his usual equanimity.

"About young Fleming," he remarked, as he resumed his seat and lighted a cigarette, "all we ask is that you do nothing precipitate. You girls should remember that the income on two hundred and fifty thousand dollars isn't much—not really. We've all flung money to the birds and, with your tastes and love of luxurious ease, you'd find it pretty hard going with a paltry twelve or fifteen thousand a year and a clerical handicap."

"Money isn't everything, Harold," Mildred protested.

"It is if you haven't got it," remarked Harold. "Suppose we drop this for the present. Dot, what's on your mind?"

"Oh, there aren't any men in my landscape," Dorothy replied easily.

It was said of Dorothy, who was dark, that she was the most interesting of the Raymond children. She was far more independent and venturesome than Mildred. It was Dorothy who had, on a wager, driven into town and through Main Street on a loaded hay wagon commandeered at a farm adjacent to the country club. Dorothy's Airedales were a nuisance to the neighborhood; her runabout was a terror to pedestrians, but the neighbors and the general public were very tolerant of Dot Raymond. She had been shipped home from two boarding schools, owing to her careless habit of ignoring the rules, but nobody thought the less of her. Dot didn't know much, but a girl as pretty as Dorothy Raymond doesn't have to know much. With her brothers she had always been a good comrade, and Harold smiled indulgently, and Reggie sat up hopefully, as she pushed away the bonbon dish and folded her arms on the table.

"Prepare for a jar, all of you! I've got about enough of society and I've decided to do something different for a year or two, just for a change!"

"Good for you, Dot!" cried Reggie. "If you'd sprung another preacher on us I'd most certainly have screamed!"

"I'd come to this conclusion before papa died," Dorothy began seriously, "but didn't get a chance to talk to him. You see running a tea room and doing slumming and things like that are played out for girls like me. I want to do something interesting—something that hasn't been worked to death. And now that it's all understood about the money,

and we're really never going to suffer, I'm disposed to take a shot at business with Nellie Cummings. When her father died last winter he didn't leave a thing—not a thing! And you know a girl brought up as she was, and led to think there would always be plenty, finds it pretty hard to be left with absolutely nothing. We ought to be so grateful to dear papa for providing for all of us so beautifully."

Reggie cringed. Harold, who had steeled himself for any blow, nodded encouragingly.

"Cummings kept a broker's shop, as I remember," he remarked, "but he wasn't satisfied with dealing in gilt-edge securities—his original line—tried to launch a bunch of local fakes. An alliance with Nellie doesn't sound highly promising, Dot; but what's the rest of it?"

"Well, Mr. Cummings had a partner, and Nellie and I have decided to buy him out. The firm's name, you know, is worth something!"

Reggie showed signs of exploding.

"Cummings & Parker, Investment Securities, White River Trust Building," murmured Harold musingly. "I know the office; the furniture is worth about four dollars providing there are no liens on it. If there are any securities in the safe, I advise you to burn them, to avoid getting mixed up with the grand jury. That man Parker is a wonder for thinking up schemes. He and Cummings actually organized a company to buy a lake in Indiana, with the idea of salting the water and raising oysters—the only inland oysters in the world! I hope, Dot, that you and Nellie won't feel that you've got to play all the Cummings & Parker tricks, simply because you've taken over the office furniture."

"Oh, about the furniture," said Dorothy, "Nellie and I have picked a new set—everything the latest, in mahogany, and each of us is to have a desk telephone—and we're fitting up a lovely room for lady customers."

Reggie burst into idiotic laughter that brought the colored butler, an aged retainer, gaping to the pantry door.

"It's nothing, Thomas," called Harold reassuringly. "Mr. Reginald is a little nervous, that's all. Now, Dot, if I understand you correctly, you are considering paying some merely nominal sum to Parker for his interest in the furniture, fixtures and goodwill of the old unreliable firm of Cummings & Parker. Is that right?"

"We're not considering it any more," replied Dorothy; "we've already bought him out and the new furniture will be moved in to-morrow. I was up there this afternoon, watching the sign man change the name on the door to read Cummings & Raymond, and we're going to advertise in all the papers. Nellie knows a lot about the business, just from hearing her father talk, you know. All you have to do is to buy a bond for nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars and sell it to a customer at a thousand and ten.

"Of course it's volume of business that counts, Nellie says. And you know this town is full of widows with money to invest, and it's perfectly silly to think they have to make their investments through men brokers, when women could do it just as well."

"Absurd, perfectly absurd," Harold assented. "But do you mind telling me just how much you're putting into the firm?"

"Well, I knew you were awfully busy with all papa's affairs to settle, and I didn't want to bother you, so I went ahead and fixed things all up with Mr. Parker. We paid him ten thousand dollars for his interest and——"

"For what?" Reggie squeaked.

"Please don't interrupt, Reggie," admonished his brother severely. "I'm sure we should all be glad that Dot is so enterprising. Now go on, Dot. You are to furnish half and Nellie half—is that right?"

"Certainly," said Dot, assured by Harold's kindness. "Mr. Parker was ever so helpful and nice. He got his lawyer to draw up the partnership papers, and then he said he wouldn't trouble us for the money now, but would be perfectly satisfied to take our notes. So we gave him the firm note for ten thousand dollars. Poor Nellie hasn't any money, of course, but she'll pay me back out of the profits. Mr. Parker said the legal way was for us to sign the firm's name and then we both could endorse the note just for good luck.

"Reggie, don't let your mouth hang open that way! It makes me nervous."

Harold, unmindful of this appeal to the doddering Reggie, frowned, but only as one who is concentrating upon a subject of absorbing interest.

"You were twenty-one last July, as I remember, Dot?"

"Yes; Mr. Parker asked me about that. He said I was of legal age to sign papers and that it was perfectly all right."

"Dot talked to me about it," said Mildred defensively, "and I thought it would be fine for her to go ahead and arrange everything without worrying you. It seemed to me splendid for a girl to go ahead and do things without boring everybody about it. And Nellie is a lovely girl—a perfect dear—and they can't help having a lot of fun, and it seems to me fine, when we have so much, to help a girl who has nothing!"

"Bully! Perfectly bully!" ejaculated Harold, striking the table smartly to emphasize his pleasure at the whole arrangement. "Your note falls due—when did you say, Dot?"

"Oh, not till the end of the year. You see, Mr. Parker said papa's estate couldn't be settled—it's some kink in the law—until the end of a year, and he wanted to make everything convenient for me."

"Right! Parker seems to have given you good advice right through," exclaimed Harold joyously.

"But we must have a little working capital, Nellie says, so we can buy some stocks and bonds to show people when they come in——"

"Yes; you can't sell goods without samples," chirruped Reggie, running his hands through his hair. "A few little pink bonds in the show case——"

"Keep quiet or leave the room," said Harold sternly. "Go ahead, Dot."

"Well, Nellie only has two hundred dollars—that's absolutely all the dear child has in the world—so I'm going to put in five thousand right away."

"Certainly," said Harold, feeling in his pocket and drawing out a check book and fountain pen. "I'll give you this as an advance on your share of the estate; you're entitled to it. It will be charged against you, of course. You've got a real head on you, Dot, and I'll back you for all I'm worth. Now, Reggie, if you want me to go with you to see the little boss of the big machine about your adaptation of the Parthenon for the new Jackson County courthouse, I'm ready. I've got a date with Connor at Pat Foley's saloon. Kindly give hints of returning animation by ordering the limousine!"

III

IF REGGIE hadn't been too busy to worry, the strain of Harold's high-handed deception would have killed him. But Reggie was so busy that he had been obliged to double his office space and employ six draftsmen. Ripley, who held sway as the town's leading architect, had permitted a friend to sound Reggie as to the advisability of a partnership. Harold scouted the idea.

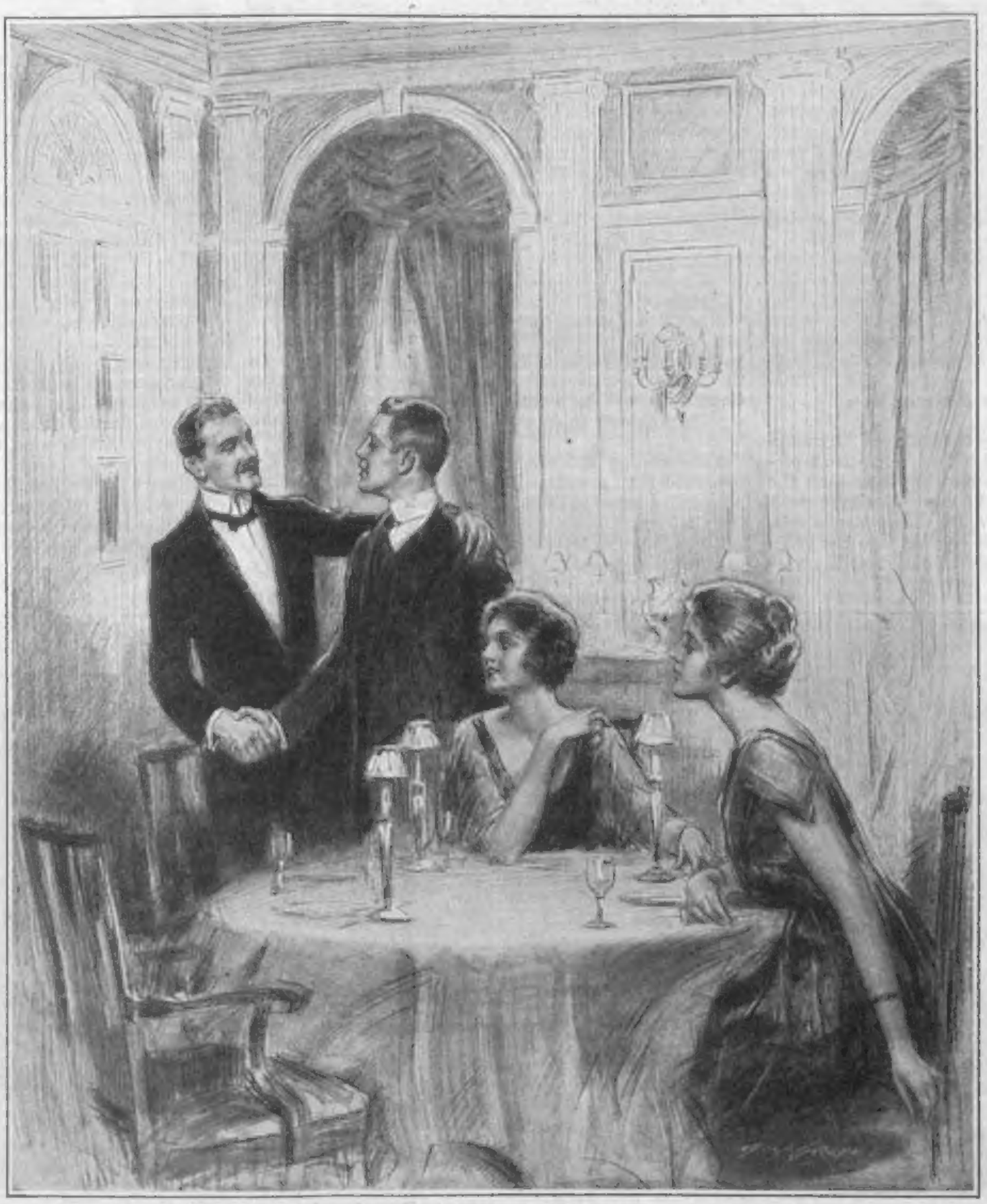
"Old Rip is scared, that's all," said Harold. "He sees that you're the coming man in these parts and wants to attach himself to your boom. In a couple of weeks, after the commissioners formally accept your plans for the courthouse, you'll have to hire an assistant just to meet your callers and explain that you can't accept any more work. There's bound to be some sore spots, but we've got to get used to that. Envious critics will be saying that it was our money, the Raymond million, that got you the courthouse job; I've already heard that I was bribing the commissioners. Perfect rot! Connor is anxious to do me a favor, as he wants me to consider running for Congress next year. This district hasn't elected a Democratic congressman in fifty years, and they're trying to snare somebody to tackle it next fall. They want a man of character and wealth who can appeal to the business interests, and they're willing to spend the people's money on you just to put me in good humor for making a sacrifice hit."

"When this bubble breaks——" began Reggie.

"When that time comes we won't need to blow bubbles any more! You've got all the work you can do for a couple of years; I've enlarged father's office and hired two real lawyers—men who can write a sound brief but without the knack of getting business on their own account—and they're doing the heavy work for me. That gives me more time to think."

"If I did much thinking I'd go crazy," mourned Reggie. "You know it's a sin and a crime to put over my courthouse plans just because we can; it's crooked! It ain't right! I don't know anything about a public building; that's a specialist's job! And Bob Arlington's been round to talk about a new flat his real-estate firm's going to build, and I hadn't the nerve to tell him it wasn't in my line!"

(Continued on Page 58)



"It's in You, My Boy! It's in You! They Can't Keep a Good Man Down!"

ENGLAND AND LABOR

By WILL IRWIN

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Hundreds of Ship-Building Employees in Belfast Have Offered Their Services to the Government

WHEN the trades-unions of Great Britain met last autumn for their third congress since the war I went to Birmingham, expecting events of historic importance. Since the last congress Britain had leaped a gulf, cleared a hurdle. Conscription, from an ominous possibility, had become a fact. The working brawn of the nation was in the trenches of Flanders, or training for the trenches. The end of the war seemed then a little more distant than it seems now—in December—considering Germany's avowed willingness to discuss peace terms. People talked of a settlement late in 1917. The best directing brains of England were thinking on the reorganization after the war. What would Labor do? In England, more than in any other European country, Labor—with her direct representation in Parliament—holds the keys of the future. The Trades-Union Congress of 1916 looked extremely important.

They met; and virtually they did nothing. They faced not one of the pressing problems which capital and labor must settle between themselves after the war. Never have I seen an assemblage that so gave the appearance of not knowing where it stood. For example, the change in "restrictive trades-union practices" is going to be a vital question to British industry. In many, if not most, trades exists what Americans consider a pernicious deadlock—a set of customs that greatly restrict output. The employer says: "Come what may, I will not raise wages beyond a certain sum." The workman, through his trades-union, replies: "Then I will not produce beyond a certain maximum."

Lloyd George, when the munitions question grew acute, gained from both sides a promise to relax these rules and practices during the war. The situation has changed since then: more and more plainly British industry sees the industrial war with Germany that will follow the military war, and more and more plainly the real leaders of thought on both sides see that capitalist restriction on wages and labor restriction on output must be relaxed if Britain is to hold the pace. Now, despite hidebound ideas in certain quarters, despite religious and social prejudices, labor is the true progressive element in England. We expected some vital pronouncement on either side of this question—for the maintenance of trades practices or against them.

Legislators Without Constituents

HERE they were, if not exactly the brains of the trades-union movement in England, at least its elected representatives. They averaged considerably older than the delegates of our own Federation of Labor. This is the result of that fine old British loyalty which makes Englishmen hesitate to put out an old public servant who has given faithful services, even when an abler young man is trying for the position. They did not have the apparent force and energy of our own labor delegates; but, being older and more experienced men, they appeared more finished parliamentarians—more statesmanlike. They must, one and all, have held opinions on this vital matter. Yet they evaded the issue. They did bring up the matter—it was on the order of business—but the resolutions finally adopted were uncertain and ambiguous. As on this, so they were on every other vital matter. The liveliest debates were over minor questions, as when the energetic Ben Tillett brought up the religious issue by declaring that the clergy should be mobilized with the rest of England.

Woll and Mahon, our American delegates, introduced the resolutions of our American Federation, calling for a conference of labor at the same time and place as the Peace Conference. There followed a hot and lively debate, which was a measure of strength between the war party and the party inclined to peace. The war party, which repudiated the idea that a crushed Germany would be granted a Peace Conference, won by a vote of two to one. Still, this had nothing whatever to do with the burning issue of British labor.

This waiting attitude puzzled me at first; and I remarked it to a certain Englishwoman, a leader in the progressive forces of England, who watched with me from the platform.

"Why, they're legislators without constituents—don't you see?" she said. "Their people are in the army. They're not thinking of their jobs now, but of the war. These delegates have no instructions. They don't know how labor feels about these questions now. More than that, they don't know how it will feel after the war. If any of us"—and she sighed—"could foresee what the mind of the army will be!"

That is where labor stands—labor, the keystone of the British political and social system before the war, and its puzzle now. Some five or six million men, rising gradually toward seven or eight millions, have put on the king's khaki; and the great majority of these, in the nature of things, are workingmen.

What Will Labor Say?

THE journeyman plumber or weaver took the most intense interest in the industrial struggle before the war; his interest might be strained through prejudices and preconceived notions; but, at any rate, it was his supreme practical interest. He is thinking on something else now—an issue of life and death, horrible but fascinating. He is not the same man as the one who volunteered for "King and Country" in 1914, attested in 1915, or was drafted by law in 1916. He has enlarged his views by contact with all sorts and conditions of men who never touched his narrow life in old days. He has traveled, as he never dreamed of traveling—to France, to Egypt, to Mesopotamia. He has had intimate contacts with other people—like the French and the British colonials, who do many things differently. He has found, by long trench conversations, that New Zealand has a labor government; that every French farmer owns his little bit of the land. He has enlarged his horizon as the horizon of a people was never enlarged before this war.

Again: In districts like the dock region of London, the laborer, under the old conditions, which such men as Lloyd George—the pre-war Lloyd George—were working to improve, lived always below the poverty line. Since he entered the army he has been well fed, well dressed, clean, for the first time in his life. So, also, his wife, with the separation allowance, with employment on liberal terms open to her everywhere, has tasted for the first time the joy of comfort, and even of luxury. Will he submit meekly, numbly, to the old conditions when this war is over? Some two or three million British workingmen—with more millions to follow—have fought down fear and faced the issue of life and death. From now on they may be more ready to risk their all for what they believe or are led to think they believe.

So much for the liberalizing tendencies. But there is a countercurrent. All the strength of the nation, for the first time in British history, has been living under a military régime made by policy so strict that to obey, even in the face of death, becomes instinctive. Never was

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

The Chairman Making His Address at the Conference of Dock Workers

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Six Hundred Labor Delegates Listen to Mr. Asquith's Speech

a discipline so strict as that of this war. Will the British workingman put off the habit of obedience to that upper class—which still furnishes most of the officers—when he puts off his khaki?

None can venture an answer to that question, because there is no precedent for a guide. Our Civil War was not a parallel case. We had no "class system" in 1865; our army, like the modern French Army, was officered by men of all social classes, chosen on the basis of their abilities. Nor did our legions return to a close industrial life; they set themselves to the free task of breaking a continent. The most we can say, by way of parallel, is that the Grand Army of the Republic formed almost a close political corporation after the war, making of old comradeship the main fact in their political lives.

Common in England now, I find, is a soft kind of upper-class person, viewing the old England as the only possible England, who drops his head sentimentally on one side, and says:

"Ah, this war has been a great lesson to our working classes. They have met gentlemen intimately and learned to obey them and love them. Disobedience was our national vice. They have begun to see that they have misunderstood us. After the war they will be deaf to the pleadings of demagogues. We shall have no more trouble with the demands of labor unions!"

This view is, of course, ridiculously biased and sentimental; but it does illustrate a tendency that may quite possibly affect the coming England.

Now if the very leaders of union labor, who have passed their lives studying the ways and tendencies of the British workingman, stand bewildered before the future, it does not befit an alien, who scarcely knew England at all before the war, to indulge in prophecy. I do not pretend to guess how the army will feel, or which way the cat will jump. All England is guessing at that, and guessing most diversely.

PHOTO BY PAUL THOMPSON, N. Y. CITY

Mr. Lloyd George Addressing a Gathering of Munition Workers

"We shall have the people docile, so that they will let us administer affairs for their own good as well as for ours," a Conservative of great ability said to me. "You Americans have appropriated the phrase New England! After the war we are going to have a new England—the newest nation that exists!" said Lloyd George. "I expect a Conservative reaction, due to military discipline, in the period just after the war," said one of the ablest labor leaders in the kingdom. "But we'll work out of it, fast. Then we'll have the social revolution. It won't be a revolution of blood, mind you. We don't do it that way. We'll roar about blood and downfall, and then go ahead and do what has to be done." "Labor must know its place; we can't afford agitation," said one employer. "We'll have a labor representative sitting on our board of directors within two years after peace;" said another.

Between these diverse opinions I shall not presume to judge; I can only state the elements of the problem.

The Natural Monopoly Possessed by France

THERE must be a fierce industrial struggle after the war. With taxes, made necessary by the war debts, running as high as thirty or thirty-five per cent, each nation is going to put its best brain on the problem of recuperating at the expense of the others and of the neutral world. Willy-nilly, we shall be forced into it; and the main fight will be three-cornered—between Germany, England and the United States. Russia is not yet ready to become a factor, and neither is Italy, though she is coming fast. As for France, she occupies just now a position the others may come to envy.

France, alone among nations, knows how to combine art and industry. When the Central Powers were cut off they tried to invent their own fashion designs, supplanting those of "the degenerate French." The results were to laugh. Twenty years ago the Italians, taking advantage of cheap Alpine water power and certain tariff conditions, started to get the silk-weaving business away from France. They succeeded admirably in the cheaper grades; but in the finer grades, where the art of design enters, they have never been able to compete for a moment. French art sense, French taste, give them a natural monopoly of the kind enjoyed by a great actor or a great singer. France, doubtless, will find after the war, as before, that her natural monopoly is her best natural line of development; she will stand aside from the current.

Germany, England and the United States, on the other hand, have no natural monopolies except those of resources and position; they will come into direct competition. In this enumeration I count the Germanic element of Austria-Hungary as part of Germany.

Now each of the three competitors enters the lists with certain advantages. We have the positive benefit of our capital accumulation, and the negative benefit of a nation undrained of blood and property by this unprecedented slaughter and destruction. Further, in what I may call the tactics of industry, as distinguished from its strategy, we are very strong. Since we took to factory management, we seem able to get more out of an establishment, with equal strain on the workers, than any other people.

The Germans are almost our equals in the tactics of industrial competition; but in its strategy we are as children compared to them. The art of coördinating all industry to the end of national supremacy is a German invention we have not learned to apply. This is the one great practical merit of the German, the method that has raised Germany in fifteen or twenty years from the fourth producing nation to the second. Perhaps they overworked their system; perhaps too heavy a draft on their industrial future made it necessary for them to force this war. I do not know.

Long before the war, one of the greatest international employers in the world, a man of great, cool, philosophical judgment, arranged the nations for me on the scale of individual efficiency. He was not giving a mere opinion, but the result of figures and experiments covering many years. He put the American down at ten, and the Englishman at just a shade below ten—better than nine and a half.

"The factor which raises the American above the Englishman is his adaptability; his way of rising to emergencies," he said.

The German, to my surprise, he ranked only a little better than eight; and so the list went on down to the Chinaman, at four.

"But why the German success at this rate?" I asked.

"Teamwork—nothing else," he replied. "They understand method, system and coöperation better than any other people."

Now England, in opening the new era, has over her great European rival two advantages—inherited momentum and this same individual efficiency. In spite of the German strides, she was still the greatest producing and trading nation. If the war turns out even a draw she will have increased that momentum, since she has been trafficking, trading, extending her commerce, while Germany has lain locked up behind the North Sea Fleet. In the strategy of industry she was not so bad, either—if inferior to Germany, infinitely superior to us. Where she lagged far, far behind was in those tactics of industry at which we are so good.

A superficial military education has been forced on most of us by the war; and everyone, I suppose, knows the difference between tactics and strategy, and will understand my figure of speech when I say that a Napoleon, laying out the strategy of a battle, cannot hope to win, however brilliant that strategy may be, unless his corps and regimental commanders understand tactics—are able to take this height or pass this road at the time demanded by the general plan.

So, in industry, you may lay out and apply a great general scheme of national industrial expansion, such as that which the Germans have followed; you cannot make it succeed unless your individual factories are producing, dollar for dollar and man for man, nearly as much as your competitor. Now in this phase of industry England was lagging behind her rivals to east and west; and she must lag still farther unless there are some drastic changes. Upon those changes the leaders of capital and labor are thinking now, while they wait to see what the army will be thinking when it exchanges khaki for blue jeans and tweeds.

Old Friends

THERE is in the average Englishman a sterling quality of loyalty that makes him the best-wearing friend in the world. This personal virtue has its practical defect. He is loyal to his friends; he is just as loyal, often, to outworn ways and antiquated machinery. An American company, manufacturers of what we shall call the Perfection Typewriter, bought out the business of what we shall call the Marvel Typewriter. The Marvel was an old-line machine, which had grown so hopelessly behind the times that it had not been manufactured for ten years. The Perfection people got, with the deal, a set of spare parts to keep in repair those Marvels that still existed. The London office of the Perfection had almost forgotten about this deal when, last winter, they received a letter from a Midlands town asking for parts to repair a worn-out Marvel. They wrote back, stating that they had the parts, but urging their correspondent to replace his Marvel by the new, up-to-date, improved Perfection.

"Sorry," replied the British customer in the Midlands, "but we do not feel like putting out an old friend, which has served us well for twenty-five years."

Now this little deal in typewriters, though an extreme example, served to illustrate a tendency. There was a distrust of the new thing, be it coördination of machinery, improved machinery, or modern factory method—distrust on both sides of the industrial gulf. True, the war, with its searching demands on production, has changed much of this. In the munitions factories, at least, industry has taken to continuous and timesaving processes, copied from their enemies or from us, or devised with that inventiveness so strong in the English when circumstances shake them out of their apathy. I am writing now of the England before the war.

Out of this loyal conservatism, and out of England's curious industrial history, had grown the situation at which I hinted in beginning this article—the pernicious deadlock between the manufacturer and his laborer. England was the pioneer of modern industry. In the early years of the nineteenth century, when the factory system rose, the horrible old *laissez-faire* doctrine ran riot: Leave everything alone and it will right itself. So, before the day of Trades-Unionism, the British operative had his blood drawn and his vitality killed by fourteen and fifteen hours' work a day. Trades-Unionism, formed to correct this situation, was born in a spirit of intense antagonism. As for

the employing class, it resented the changes the unions demanded; it made a sanctified creed out of self-interest.

The overworking of the industrial class, "speeding-up" in its worst form, was the abuse Trades-Unionism was formed to correct, and the fight centered on this issue. Piecework is more general in British industry than in our own. The employers, in their war with the unions, adopted a process with which we have been troubled at times in our own land. They would take the work of the fastest and most expert workman, set that as a standard, so arrange the piecework schedule as to give him a fair weekly wage—and expect the workmen of lesser ability to conform to his standard. Of course most of them could not; it amounted to a device for lowering wages. In certain lines of employment the workman who set a high standard in piecework figured as a traitor to his class.

So, as the struggle went on, the employers seemed to fix their minds on a maximum wage. He who paid more than that wage, even though it be to his own interest, was a traitor to that class, as the workman who set a high piece-rate standard was a traitor to the other. The unions met this with a policy of their own: "Very well; if you restrict wages we shall restrict output." There rose, too, the custom known in British labor slang as "Ca' canny." We should call it "Soldiering on the job." It was the response of labor to injustices of capital they could fight in no other way. Restriction of output became a fetish with a certain wing of the labor party. Let me cite one example, extreme but illuminating:

In a certain Midlands town is a factory manufacturing bobbins for weavers. The employers enforced a maximum wage; the union enforced a maximum output. Almost any workman in the factory could turn out the week's maximum in three working days; they had nothing to do between Thursday morning and Sunday night.

Along with this, and working to the same end, went another policy of organized labor—or, at least, a section of organized labor. Up to seven or eight years ago, when the new Liberal government took hold, England knew as little about the general coördination of industry as the United States—and here I am stating the irreducible minimum. The tight, close conditions of British industry, the fact that England was the dumping ground for an empire, made her need even greater than ours. The chief phenomenon of badly coördinated industry is unemployment. Those long periods of idleness consequent upon a slight industrial depression were the curse of British industry. It was quite natural for the men in any given trade to believe that the less they produced the greater would be the demand for help, and the less, therefore, the unemployment. Restriction of output became a matter of altruism, of class loyalty.

Government for the Benefit of the Few

"OF COURSE it's unsound," said a certain enlightened labor leader. "You can easily reduce it to an absurdity. If to halve the product of any trade increases the prosperity of the workman, stopping production altogether should bring the millennium, shouldn't it?"

From the point of view of the trading class, with its motto of Business over Everything, the process is damnable. In the ultimate interests of the workmen themselves it was bad. But this must be said in justice: The lives of such working-class people as these proceed on a narrow margin above poverty. Loss of work means the loss of everything. They cannot afford to take broad views on their jobs; least of any class can they afford sacrifice to the greater national interests.

There stood the problem eight years ago, when a new spirit began to stir in England; when the Liberal government, against the fulminations of the Tories, tackled the problem of poverty and introduced, as a beginning, its "socialistic" measures, borrowed from the Continent.

It must be said, in justice and fairness, that this custom of restricting wages and output was not universal.

Wherever capital and labor had abolished it, British industry produced with the best. It had been abolished in the cloth trades; and neither Georgia nor New England could equal the scale of the Northern English mills. It was passing fast in coal mining; and the Cornish mines were only second to the Pennsylvania mines in the output for each miner. It lingered still in what the British call the "engineering trades," which include nearly everything that has to do with manufacturing machinery and metal goods; and there the British industries, for the most part, would not stand comparison with their American or Continental rivals.

We have revised, since the war, many of our opinions—even those based on fact. For example, we took it for granted—having heard it from the English—that poverty in England was a growing tendency; and that it was worse than poverty in Germany, the nation whose social teamwork we so much admired. Indeed, the situation, when the English began to study it, was distressing enough. British students of sociology have worked out what they call "the poverty line": the income below which an average family cannot live and keep its strength.

Before the war, this was set at twenty-four shillings, or six dollars, a week. In some districts, a quarter of the working class lived below that line. The average wage of agricultural laborers was only from fifteen to twenty shillings a week. That, however, brings in the land question, which is a little aside from the present topic. Yet it remains to be shown whether poverty was on the increase; or whether, in the decade just past, the Liberal element of England had, for the first time, awakened to its extent and begun to study it scientifically.

Another accepted idea may have to be revised: Germany had gone farther than any other European nation in social teamwork. Accident and unemployment insurance, old-age pensions, government employment agencies—all the measures which the Asquith government forced through in the face of the Tory batteries—were copied from that nation so soon to be England's enemy. Doubtless the British Liberal in those days rather overpraised the German system, as he underpraises it now. It remains to be proved whether Germany had abolished poverty.

Two great measures of poverty are the infantile mortality rate and the tuberculosis rate. As the British are now fond of telling you, both these rates were higher in Germany than in England. We have had proof of the true Prussian spirit since this war; and the English view deserves consideration. They say that Germany, as administered by her autocracy, had seized on some of the apparatus of Socialism, and especially its collective economies, while totally repudiating its spirit. The end and aim of the Socialist state, as conceived by magnificent German dreamers of the nineteenth century, was democratic. It was for the good of the individuals in the state.

The end and aim of the Prussian system is first the glory of the state as a whole, without regard to the happiness of the individuals who compose it—a hellish doctrine that we owe to the philosopher Kant; and then the welfare of the oligarchy. Those measures of social teamwork were intended not primarily for the good of the working class or any other class outside of the oligarchy, but for the efficiency of the state.

The oligarchy looked upon the working class somewhat as a scientific farmer looks upon his stock! Give them just enough food and comfort to bring them to the shambles in fair, fat, salable condition—and no more. I do not pretend to say whether this view is sound or is tainted by war prejudice. However, the statistics of tuberculosis and infant mortality remain. This Prussian spirit was not the spirit in which England attacked her problem.

The Kantian doctrine of a state with a soul, whose glory is the supreme duty of citizenship, had gained little currency in England, except perhaps among a limited class of the old aristocracy. The changes in England proceeded from a class of scientific humanitarians working for the happiness of all, as befits the spirit of a race that has given more martyrs to civic and political creeds than any other in the world. The ideal of the new British system was mostly kindness, as that of the Prussian system was mostly efficiency.

Before the war these constructive critics of industrial ways had their eyes set on a better distribution of the rewards of industry; national efficiency was with them only a secondary object. Germany was doing well—yes; but was not England still the greatest producing nation in Europe, the greatest trading nation in the world? The war, along with other shocks, revealed how fast Germany was growing; what a rival she had already become.

It revealed, also, the German capacity for organization and the German intentions on world trade. The British leaders of industry had their veil of preconceived notions torn in a dozen places; they saw through it to something like actuality. Industrial reorganization became a topic only a little less absorbing than the war itself. The leaders of the labor party and of liberal thought in general were forced to take this into all their plans.

One who knew the English before the war, or in its early stages, can scarcely believe them now, so open-minded have they grown; so amenable to new ideas. In July, 1912, I witnessed an episode of the London dock strike—Ben Tillett's famous speech, which started a small riot. Fresh from the sight of these men, with their dead eyes, their pinched faces, their hopeless expressions, I went among a group of genuine English Conservatives. It turned me a little sick to find them howling like scalded dogs because they had to pay a slight insurance tax for their servants. This was a plain violation of British rights, they said; besides, it was so hard to make the proper change! Those Liberal anarchists were ruining England! Now in October, 1916, I met one of these men again.

Wage Conditions After the War

"WELL," he said in the course of a general discussion, "we're ready to do what's just and right. If we have to put in a labor government like Australia, after the war, we can stand that, too, I suppose."

The thought of England, a current always so powerful but once confined in such narrow channels, has burst many and many a bank and is flowing already in channels vastly wider. To disturb, to change the good old British system of education, compounded of classics and sport—that was unthinkable three years ago. Now behold a research committee of dozens of great names, whose first task is a study of English education to see how classics may be replaced by science all along the line, and how board-school education for the working class may be supplemented by technical education. Invention, factory method, teamwork in foreign trade—the intelligence of England is studying them all, with what energy it has left.

That the heads of British industry, the prosperous and governing class, should look far beyond their own interests is to expect them to be more than human—which they are not. The most they manifest, and the most that can be expected, is enlightened self-interest. As a matter of fact, some of them are preparing to whipsaw labor in the same old way, hoping that the "discipline" ground into "the lower class" by two or three years in the army will render their employees more docile.

For a cold-blooded statement of intentions, commend me to a circular letter, passed round among a certain group of employers in the engineering trades, whereof a copy passed into the possession of a labor leader. Attention was called to the reduced labor cost brought about by employment of women. Still further reductions might be accomplished by careful management. Meantime the employers were urged to prepare for new conditions after the war, when male employees would be asking for their old jobs. A little careful organization, the encouragement of a sex spirit among the women workers, might forestall this. Against this, and as an example of enlightened self-interest, I may set the remarks of a certain large employer in the electrical business. He was speaking of the new women employees in his shops.

"They're doing good work," he said. "We have many small processes in our branch of the industry, and at these the women have proved, if anything, better than men. We're paying them liberally now. I only hope our fellows have the good sense not to try to reduce wages after the war."

Employers in general say that the old restrictive trades-union practices cannot continue in force if England is to meet Continental and American competition. Yet not all the employers can be got to see the other side of the shield, and admit that arbitrary limitation of wages must go into the discard along

(Continued on Page 35)

Mr. Jim Larkin in Peaceful Occupation as Seen in Croydon Park, Dublin

THREE WITHOUT, DOUBLED

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

THEY ain't no immediate chance o' you gettin' ast out to our house to dinner—not w'ile round steak and General Motors is sellin' at the same price and common dog biscuit's ten cents a loaf. But you might have nothin' decent to do some evenin' and happen to drop in on the Missus and I for a call; so I feel like I ought to give you a little warnin' in case that comes off.

You know they's lots o' words that's called fightin' words. Some o' them starts a brawl, no matter who they're spoke to. You can't call nobody a liar without expectin' to lose a couple o' milk teeth—that is, if the party addressed has got somethin' besides lemon juice in his veins and ain't had the misfortune to fall asleep on the Panhandle tracks and be separated from his most prominent legs and arms. Then they's terms that don't hit you so much yourself, but reflects on your ancestors and prodigies, and you're supposed to resent 'em for the sake of honor and fix the speaker's map so as when he goes home his wife'll say: "Oh, kiddies! Come and look at the rainbow!"

The Hired Girl Brought in Some Half Sandwiches With Somethin' on 'em That Looked Like BB Shot

Then they's other words and terms that you can call 'em to somebody and not get no rise; but call 'em to somebody else and the insurance companies could hold out on your widow by claimin' it was suicide. For instance, they's young Harold Greiner, one o' the bookkeepers down to the office. I could tell him he was an A. P. A., with a few adjectives, and he'd just smile and say: "Quit your flirtin'!" But I wouldn't never try that expression on Dan Cahill, the elevator starter, without bein' well out of his earshots. And I don't know what it means at that.

Well, if you do come out to the house they's a term that you want to lay off of when the Missus is in the room. Don't say: "San Susie."

It sounds harmless enough, don't it? They ain't nothin' to it even when it's transferred over from the Latin, "Without no cares." But just leave her hear it mentioned and watch her grab the two deadliest weapons that's within reach, one to use on you or whoever said it, and the other on me, on general principles.

You think I'm stringin' you and I admit you got cause—that is, till you've heard the details of our latest plunge in the cesspools o' Society.

II

IT WAS a Friday evenin' about three weeks ago when I come home and found the Wife quaverin' with excitement.

"Who do you think called up?" she ast me.

"I got no idear," I says.

"Guess!" says she.

So I had to guess.

"Josephus Daniels," I says. "Or Henry Ford. Or maybe it was that guy with the scar on his lip that you thought was smilin' at you the other day."

"You couldn't never guess," she says. "It was Mrs. Messenger."

"Which one?" I ast her. "You can't mean Mrs. A. D. T. Messenger."

"If you're so cute I won't tell you nothin' about it," says she.

"Don't make no rash threats," I says. "You're goin' to tell me sometime and they's no use makin' yourself sick by tryin' to hold it in."

"You know very well what Mrs. Messenger I mean," she says. "It was Mrs. Robert Messenger that's husband owns this buildin' and the one at the corner, where they live at."

"Haven't you paid the rent?" I says.

"Do you think a woman like Mrs. Messenger would be buttin' into her husband's business?" says the Missus.

"I don't know what kind of a woman Mrs. Messenger is," I says. "But if I owned these here apartments and somebody fell behind in their rent, I wouldn't be surprised to see the owner's wife goin' right over to their flat and takin' it out o' their trousers pocket."

"Well," says the Wife, "we don't owe them no rent and that wasn't what she called up about. It wasn't no business call."

"Go ahead and spill it," I says. "My heart's weak."

"Well," she says, "I was just gettin' through with the lunch dishes and the phone rung."

"I bet you wondered who it was," says I.

"I thought it was Mrs. Hatch or somebody," says the Wife. "So I run to the phone and it was Mrs. Messenger. So the first thing she says was to explain who she was—just like I didn't know. And the next thing she ast was did I play bridge."

"And what did you tell her?" says I.

"What do you think I'd tell her?" says the Missus. "I told her yes."

"Wasn't you triflin' a little with the truth?" I ast her.

"Certainly not!" she says. "Haven't I played twice over to Hatches'? So then she ast if my husband played bridge too. And I told her yes, he did."

"What was the idear?" I says. "You know I didn't never play it in my life."

"I don't know no such a thing," she says. "For all as I know, you may play all day down to the office."

"No," I says; "we spend all our time down there playin' post office with the scrubwomen."

"Well, anyway, I told her you did," says the Missus. "Don't you see they wasn't nothin' else I could tell her, because if I told her you didn't, that would of ended it."

"Ended what?" I says.

"We wouldn't of been ast to the party," says the Missus.

"Who told you they was goin' to be a party?" I says.

"I don't have to be told everything," says the Missus. "I got brains enough to know that Mrs. Messenger ain't callin' me up and askin' me do we play bridge just because she's got a headache or feels lonesome or somethin'. But it ain't only one party after all, and that's the best part of it. She ast us if we'd care to join the club."

"What club?" says I.

"Mrs. Messenger's club, the San Susie Club," says the Missus. "You've heard me speak about it a hundred times, and it's been mentioned in the papers once or twice too—once, anyway, when the members give away them Christmas dinners last year."

"We can get into the papers," I says, "without givin' away no Christmas dinners."

"Who wants to get into the papers?" says the Wife. "I don't care nothin' about that."

"No," I says; "I suppose if a reporter come out here and ast for your pitcher to stick in the society columns, you'd pick up the carvin' knife and run him ragged."

"I'd certainly be polite to him, at least," she says.

"Yes," says I; "it wouldn't pay to treat him rude; it'd even be justifiable to lock him in w'ile you was lookin' for the pitcher."

"If you'll kindly leave me talk you may find out what I got to say," she says. "I've told you about this club, but I don't suppose you ever paid any attention. It's a club that's made up from people that lives just in this block, twenty o' them altogether; and all but one couple either lives in this buildin' or in the buildin' the Messengers lives in. And they're all nice people, people with real class to them; not no tramps like most o' the ones we been runnin' round with. One o' them's Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Collins that used to live on Sheridan Road and still goes over to parties at some o' the most exclusive homes on the North Side. And they don't have nobody in the club that isn't congenial with each other, but all just a nice crowd o' real people that gets together once a week at one o' the members' houses and have a good time."

"How did these pillows o' Society happen to light onto us?" I ast her.

"Well," she says, "it seems like the Baileys, who belonged to the club, went to California last week to spend the winter. And they had to have a couple to take their place in the club. And Mrs. Messenger says they wouldn't take nobody that didn't live in our block, and her and her husband looked over the list and we was the ones they picked out."

"Probably," I says, "that's because we was the only eligibles that can go out nights on account o' not havin' no children."

"The Hatches ain't ast," she says, "and they ain't got no children."

"Well," I says, "what's the dues?"

"They ain't no dues," says the Missus. "But once in a w'ile, instead o' playin' bridge, everybody puts in two dollars apiece and have a theater party. But the regular program is for an evenin' o' bridge every Tuesday night, at different members' houses, somebody different actin' as hosts every week. And each couple puts up two dollars, makin' ten dollars for a gent's prize and ten dollars for a lady's. And the prizes is picked out by the lady that happens to be the hostess."

"That's a swell proposition for me," I says. "In the first place they wouldn't be a chance in the world for me to win a prize because I don't know nothin' about the game. And, in the second place, suppose I had a whole lot o' luck and did win the prize, and come to find out it was a silver mustache cup that I wouldn't have no more use for than another Adam's apple! If they paid in cash they might be somethin' to it."

"If you win a prize you can sell it, can't you?" says the Missus. "Besides, the prizes don't count. It's gettin' in with the right kind o' people that makes the difference."

"Another thing," I says: "When it come our turn to have the party, where would we stick 'em all? We'd have to spread a sheet over the bathtub for one table, and have one couple set on the edges and the other couple toss up for the washbasin and the clothes-hamper. And another two couple'd have to kneel round the bed, and another bunch could stand up round the bureau. That'd leave the dinin'-room table for the fourth set; and for a special treat the remainin' four could play in the parlor."

"We could hire chairs and tables," says the Missus. "We're goin' to have to sometime, anyway, when you or I die."

"You don't need to hire no tables for my funeral," I says. "If the pallbearers or the quartet insists on shootin' craps they can use the kitchen floor; or if they want beer and sandwiches you can slip 'em the money to go down to the corner."

"They's no use worryin' about our end of it yet," says the Wife. "We'll be new members and they won't expect us to give no party till everybody else has had their turn."

"I only got one objection left," I says. "How am I goin' to get by at a bridge party when I haven't no idear how many cards to deal?"

"I guess you can learn if I learnt," she says. "You're always talkin' about what a swell card player you are. And besides, you've played w'ist, and they ain't hardly any difference."

"And the next party is next Tuesday night?" I says.

"Yes," says the Missus, "at Mrs. Garrett's, the best player in the club, and one o' the smartest women in Chicago, Mrs. Messenger says. She lives in the same buildin' with the Messengers. And they's dinner first and then we play bridge all evenin'."

"And maybe," I says, "before the evenin's over, I'll find out what's trumps."

"You'll know all about the game before that," she says. "Right after supper we'll get out the cards and I'll show you."

So right after supper she got out the cards and begun to show me. But about all as I learnt was one thing, and that was that if I died without no insurance the Missus would stand a better show o' supportin' herself by umpirin' baseball in the National League than by teachin' in a bridge-w'ist university. She knew everything except how much the different suits counted, and how many points was in a game, and what honors meant, and who done the first biddin', and how much to bid on what.

After about an hour of it I says:

"I can see you got this thing mastered, but you're like a whole lot of other people that knows somethin' perfect themselves but can't learn it to nobody else."

"No," she says; "I got to admit that I don't know as much as I thought I did. I didn't have no trouble when I was playin' with Mrs. Hatch and Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Kramer; but it seems like I forgot all they learnt me."

"It's a crime," I says, "that we should have to pass up this chance to get in right just because we can't play a fool game o' cards. Why don't you call up Mrs. Messenger and suggest that the San Susies switches to pedro or five hundred or rhummy, or somethin' that you don't need to take no college course in?"

"You're full o' brilliant idears," says the Missus. "They's only just the one game that Society plays, and that's bridge. Them other games is jokes."

"I've noticed you always treated 'em that way," I says. "But they wasn't so funny to me when it come time to settle."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," says the Missus: "We'll call up Mr. and Mrs. Hatch and tell 'em to come over here to-morrow night and give us a lesson."

"That'd be sweet," I says, "askin' them to learn us a game so as we could join a club that's right here in their neighborhood, but they ain't even been ast to join it!"

"Why, you rummy!" she says. "We don't have to tell 'em why we want to learn. We'll just say that my two attempts over to their house has got me interested and I and you want to master the game so as we can spend many pleasant evenin's with them; because Mrs. Hatch has told me a hundred times that her and her husband would rather play bridge than eat."

So she called up Mrs. Hatch and sprung it on her; but it seemed like the Hatches had an engagement for Saturday night, but would be tickled to death to come over Monday evenin' and give us a work-out. After that was fixed we both felt kind of ashamed of ourselves, deceivin' people that was supposed to be our best friends.

"But, anyway," the Missus says, "the Hatches wouldn't never fit in with that crowd. Jim always looks like he'd dressed on the elevated and Mrs. Hatch can't talk about nothin' only shiropody."

On the Saturday I tried to slip one over by buyin' a book called Auction Bridge, and I read it all the way home from town and then left it on the car. It was a great book for a man that had learnt the rudderments and wanted to find out how to play the game right. But for me to try and get somethin' out of it was just like as though some kid'd learn the baseball guide by heart in kindeygarden and then ask Hugh Jennin's for the job in centerfield. I did find out one thing from it though: It says that in every deal one o' the players was a dummy and just laid his cards down and left somebody else play 'em. So, when I got home I says:

"We won't need no help from Jim Hatch and his wife. We can just be dummies all the evenin' and they won't nobody know if we're ignorant or not."

"That's impossible, to be dummy all the time," says the Missus.

"Not for me," I says. "I know it'll be tough for you, but you can chew a lot o' gum and you won't mind it so much."

"You don't understand," she says. "The dummy is the pardner o' the party that gets the bid. Suppose one o' the people that was playin' against you got the bid; then the other one'd be dummy and you'd have to play your hand."

"But I don't need to leave 'em have the bid," I says. "I can take it away from 'em."

"And if you take it away from 'em," she says, "then you got the bid yourself, and your pardner's dummy, not you."

Well, the Hatches breezed in Monday night, and Mrs. Hatch remarked how tickled she was that we was goin' to learn, and what good times we four'd have playin' together. And the Missus and I pretended like we shared her raptures.

"Ain't you never played at all?" she ast me; and I told her no.

"The first thing," she says, "is how much the different suits counts; and then they's the bids. And you got to pay attention to the conventions."

"I'm through with 'em forever," I says, "since they turned down Roosevelt."

Well, we started in, and Hatch and the Missus played Mrs. Hatch and I. We kept at it till pretty near midnight, with three or four intermissions so as Hatch could relieve the strain on the ice box. My w'ist education kept me from bein' much of a flivver when it come to playin' the cards; but I don't care how bright a guy is, you can't learn everything about biddin' in one evenin', and you can't remember half what you learnt. I don't know what the score was when we got through, but the Hatches done most o' the execution and held most o' the cards, which is their regular habit.

"You'll get along all right," says Mrs. Hatch when they was ready to go. "But, o' course, you can't expect to master a game like bridge in a few hours. You want to keep at it."

"We're goin' to," says the Missus.

"Maybe it'd be a good idear," says Mrs. Hatch, "to play again soon before you forget what we learnt you. Why don't you come over to our house for another session to-morrow night?"

"Let's see; to-morrow night?" says the Missus, stallin'. "Why, no, we can't. We got an engagement."

So Mrs. Hatch stood there like she was expectin' to hear what it was.

"We're goin' to a party," says the Wife.

"Oh, tell me about it!" says Mrs. Hatch.

"Well," says the Missus, "it ain't really a party; it's just a kind of a party: some old friends that's visitin' in town for a day or two."

"Maybe they'll play bridge with you," says Mrs. Hatch.

"Oh, no," says the Missus, blushin'. "It'll probably be rhummy or pedro; or maybe we'll just go to the pitchers."

"Why don't you go over to the Acme?" says Mrs. Hatch. "They got Chaplin in The Street Sweeper. We're goin', and we could meet you and all go together."

"N-no," says the Wife. "You see, one of our friends has just lost his wife and I know he wouldn't feel like goin' to see somethin' funny."

"He's already laughed himself sick," I says.

Well, we wouldn't make no date with 'em, and they finally blew with the understandin' that we was to go to their house and play some night soon. When they'd went the Missus says:

"I feel like a criminal, deceivin' 'em like that. But I just couldn't tell 'em the truth. Bertha Hatch is the most jealous thing in the world and it would just about kill her to know that we was in on somethin' good without she and Jim."

"If you hadn't ast 'em over," I says, "we'd of been just as well off and you wouldn't of had to make a perjure out o' yourself."

"What do you mean, we'd of been just as well off?" she says. "They done what we expected of 'em: learnt us the game."

"Yes," I says; "and you could take all I remember o' the lesson and feed it to a gnat and he'd say, 'Hurry up with the soup course!'"

III

WELL, Mrs. Garrett had called up to say that the feed before the game would begin at seven bells; so I and the Missus figured on bein' on hand at half past six, so as to get acquainted with some of our fellow club members and know what to call 'em when we wanted the gravy passed or somethin'. But I had trouble with my studs and it wasn't till pretty near twenty minutes to seven that we rung the Garretts' bell. The hired girl let us in and left us standin' in the hall w'ile she went to tell Mrs. Garrett we was there. Pretty soon the girl come back and says she would take our wraps and that Mrs. Garrett would be with us in a few minutes. So we was showed into the livin' room.

The apartment was on the second floor and looked about twice as big as our'n.

"What do you suppose this costs 'em?" ast the Missus.

"About fifty-five a month," I says.

"That Don't Tempt Me," I Says. "I'd Just as Soon Try and Eat a Raw Muskrat as a Welsh Rabbit"

"You're crazy!" says she. "They got this big livin' room and two big bedrooms, and a maid's room and a sun parlor, besides their dinin' room and kitchen and bath. They're lucky if they ain't stuck for seventy."

"I'll bet you!" I says. "I'll bet you it's nearer fifty-five than seventy."

"How much'll you bet?" she says.

"Anything you say," says I.

"Well," she says, "I've got a cinch, and I need a pair o' black silk stockin's. My others has begun to run."

"All right," I says. "A pair o' black silk stockin's to fifty cents cash."

"You're on," she says, "and I'll call up the agent to-morrow and find out."

Well, it must of been pretty near seven o'clock when Mrs. Garrett finally showed up. "Good evenin'," she says. "I suppose this must be our new members. I'm awfully glad you could come and I'm sorry I wasn't quite ready."

"That's all right," I says. "I'm glad to know they's others has trouble gettin' into their evenin' clo'es. I suppose people that does it often enough finally get to be experts."

"I didn't have no trouble," says Mrs. Garrett; "only I didn't expect nobody till seven o'clock. You must of misunderstood me and thought I said half past six."

Then Mr. Garrett come in and shook hands with us, and then the rest o' the folks begun to arrive and we was introduced to them all. I didn't catch all their names, only Mr. and Mrs. Messenger and Mr. and Mrs. Collins and a Mr. and Mrs. Sparks. Mrs. Garrett says dinner was ready and I was glad to hear it.

They set me down between Mrs. Messenger and a lady that I didn't get her name.

"Well," I says to Mrs. Messenger, "now we know you personally we can pay the rent direct without botherin' to go to the real-estate office."

"I'm afraid that wouldn't do," she says. "Our agent's entitled to his commissions. And besides, I wouldn't know how much to take or nothin' about it."

"We pay thirty-five," I says, "and that's all as you could ast for, seein' we only got the four rooms and no sun parlor. Thirty-two and a half would be about the right price."

"You'll have to argue that out with the agent," she says.

I was kind of expectin' a cocktail; but nothin' doin'. The hired girl brought in some half sandwiches, made o' toast, with somethin' on 'em that looked like BB shot and tasted like New Year's mornin'.

"Don't we get no liquid refreshments?" I ast Mrs. Messenger.

"No, indeed," she says. "The San Susie's a dry club."

"You should ought to call it the San Sousy, then," says I.

The Missus was settin' next to Mr. Garrett and I could hear 'em talkin' about what a nice neighborhood it was and how they liked their flats. I thought I and the Missus might as well settle our bet then and there, so I spoke to Mr. Garrett acrost the table.

"Mr. Garrett," I says, "w'ile we was waitin' for you and your wife to get dressed, I and the Missus made a little bet, a pair o' silk stockin's against half a buck. I got to pay out two dollars here for the prize and the Missus claims her other stockin's has begun to run; so you might say we're both a little anxious."

"Is it somethin' I can settle?" ast Mr. Garrett.

"Yes, sir," I says, "because we was bettin' on the rent you paid for this apartment. The Missus says seventy a month and I says fifty-five."

"I never decide against a lady," he says. "You better buy the stockin's before the others run so far that they can't find their way home."

"If I lose, I lose," says I. "But if you're stuck sixty-five or better, the Missus must of steered me wrong about the number o' rooms you got. I'll pay, though, because I don't never welsh on a bet. So this party's really costin' me two and a half instead o' two."

"Maybe you'll win the prize," says Mr. Garrett.

"They ain't much chance," I says. "I ain't played this game for a long w'ile."

"Why, your wife was just tellin' me you played last night," he says.

"I mean," says I, "that I didn't play for a long w'ile before last night; not for thirty-six years," I says.

Well, when everybody's got through chokin' down the shot, they brought in some drowned toadstools, and then some little pieces o' beef about the size of a checker, and seven Saratoga chips apiece, and half a dozen string beans. Those that was still able to set up under this load finished up on sliced tomatoes that was caught too young and a nickel's worth of ice cream and cake and an eyedropper full o' coffee.

"Before I forget it," says Mrs. Collins, w'ile we was staggerin' out o' the dinin' room, "you're all comin' to my house next Tuesday night."

I was walkin' right behind her.

"And I got a suggestion for you," I says, low enough so as they couldn't nobody else hear: "Throw some o' the prize money into the dinner; and if they's any skimpin' to be done, do it on the prizes."

"What Seems to be the Trouble?" He Says. "This Ain't No Barroom"

She didn't say nothin' back, because Mrs. Garrett had started to hand us the little cards that showed where we was to play.

"I suppose I better tell you our rules," she says to me: "Each table plays four deals. Then the winners moves w'ile the losers sets still, except at the first table, where the winners sets still and the losers moves. You change pardners after every four deals. You count fifty for a game and a hundred and fifty for a rubber."

"The way I been playin'," I says, "it was thirty for a game."

"I never heard o' that," she says; but I noticed when we got to playin' that everybody that made thirty points called it a game.

"Don't we see the prizes before we start?" I ast her. "I want to know whether to play my best or not."

"If you win the prize and don't like it," she says, "I guess you can get it exchanged."

"They tell me you're the shark amongst the womenfolks," says I; "so it's a safe bet that you didn't pick out no lady's prize that isn't O. K."

I noticed some o' the other men was slippin' her their ante; so I parted with a two-spot. Then I found where I was to set at. It was Table Number Three, Couple Number One. My pardner was a strappin' big woman with a name somethin' like Rowley or Phillips. Our opponents was Mrs. Garrett and Mr. Messenger. Mrs. Garrett looked like she'd been livin' on the kind of a meal she'd gave us, and Mr. Messenger could of set in the back seat of a flivver with two regular people without crowdin' nobody. So I says to my pardner:

"Well, pardner, we got 'em outweighed, anyway."

They was two decks o' cards on the table. I grabbed one o' them and begun to deal 'em face up.

"First jack," I says.

"If you don't mind we'll cut for deal," says Mrs. Garrett.

So we cut, and it seemed like the low cut got the deal and that was Mrs. Garrett herself.

"Which deck'll we play with?" I ast.

"Both o' them," says Mrs. Garrett. "Mr. Messenger'll make them red ones for you."

"Make 'em!" I says. "Well, Messenger, I didn't know you was a card factory."

Messenger laughed; but the two ladies didn't get it. Mrs. Garrett dealt and it was her turn to bid.

"One without," she says.

"I'd feel better if I had one within," says I.

"Are you goin' to bid or not?" she ast me.

"I thought it was the dealer's turn first," I says.

"I've made my bid," she says. "I bid one without."

"One without lookin', or what?" I says.

"One no trump, if I got to explain it," she says.

"Oh, that's different," I says; but I found out that most all o' them said "One without" when they meant one no trump.

I looked at my hand; but about all as I had was four hearts, with the king and jack high.

"Pardner," I says, "I don't see nothin' I can bid, unless it'd be one heart. Does that hit you?"

"No talkin' acrost the boards," says Mrs. Garrett. "And besides, one heart ain't over my bid."

So I passed and Mr. Messenger bid two spades. Then my pardner passed and Mrs. Garrett thought it over a w'ile and then bid two without.

So I passed again and all the rest o' them passed, and it was my first lead.

Well, I didn't have only one spade—the eight-spot—and I knew it wouldn't do my hand no good as long as I couldn't trump in with it; so I led it out. Messenger was dummy, and he laid his hand down. He had about eight spades, with the ace and queen high.

"I might as well take a chance," says Mrs. Garrett, and she throwed on Messenger's ten-spot.

Out come my pardner with the king, and it was our trick.

"What kind of a lead was that?" says Mrs. Garrett to me.

"Pretty good one, I guess," says I. "It fooled you anyway."

And she acted like she was sore as a boil. Come to find out, she'd thought I was leadin' from the king and was goin' to catch it later on.

Well, her and Messenger took all the rest o' the tricks except my king o' hearts, and they had a game on us, besides forty for their four aces.

"I could of made a little slam as well as not," she says when it was over. "But I misunderstood our friend's lead. It's the first time I ever seen a man lead from a sneak in no trump."

"I'll do a whole lot o' things you never seen before."

"I don't doubt it," says she, still actin' like I'd spilled salad dressin' on her skirt.

It was my first bid next time and hearts was my only suit again. I had the ace, queen and three others.

"Pardner," I says, "I'm goin' to bid one heart and if you got somethin' to help me out with, don't let 'em take it away from me."

"I'll double a heart," says Messenger.

"Oh, somebody else is gettin' cute!" says I. "Well, I'll double right back at you."

"Will you just wait till it comes your turn?" says Mrs. Garrett. "And besides, you can't redouble."

"I guess I can," says I. "I got five o' them."

"It's against our rules," she says.

So my pardner done nothin', as usual, and Mrs. Garrett bid one without again.

"I guess you want to play 'em all," I says; "but you'll have to come higher'n that. I'm goin' to bid two hearts."

"Two no trump," says Messenger, and my pardner says "Pass" once more.

"You'll get a sore throat sayin' that," I told her. "Don't you never hold nothin'?"

"It don't look like it," she says.

"Maybe you don't know what's worth biddin' on," I says.

"Maybe she'd better take a few lessons from you," says Mrs. Garrett.

"No," I says, kiddin' her. "You don't want no more female experts in the club or you might have to buy some cut glass once in a w'ile instead o' winnin' it."

(Continued on Page 59)

WARD EIGHTY-THREE

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

Decoration Ceremonies in Ward Eighty-Three. This Soldier Received the Cross of War and the Military Medal

IT WAS my first morning at the hospital. The clock in the *vestiaire* stood at five minutes to eight. At eight I was to begin work. "Report for duty" was the way the formal summons ran. I was to report to Ward Eighty-three, the biggest, the heaviest and the most interesting ward in the entire hospital. Mrs. Monroe, who had charge of the untrained and unpaid volunteer nurses—or *auxiliaires*, as they are termed—had told me to await her in the *vestiaire*. Accordingly I waited, feeling awkward and strange and timid, like a Freshman on his first day at college.

To say that I was nervous would be considerably understating the case. Ever since entering the stone portal of the big American war hospital that morning, I had been smitten with a deadly ague of fear—fear lest in my abysmal ignorance I should do the wrong thing at the wrong time, or fail to do the right thing at the right time, and a man should die as the consequence—a man; a real, live, breathing man—one of those gay, muscular, bright-eyed little boy soldiers of France, with cigarettes perched rakishly behind their ears, that I had seen crowding the streets of Paris on their brief *permissions* from the Front!

Suddenly it came to me that fastening a handkerchief round the eyes of a blinking but obliging friend was a vastly different affair from fastening a firm, nonslippable bandage across the sockets of a man whose eyes have been torn out by a ball. And how did one stop a hemorrhage? You tied something somewhere. That was the extent of my knowledge on that point. In the confusion of my mind, I had even forgotten how to rescue a drowning man, a formula which has always fascinated me and which I have memorized at intervals ever since the age of ten, thinking that some day in such a fashion I might rescue my future husband. In short, all the carefully acquired artificial knowledge I had been able to absorb in a three-months' First Aid Course in New York, all the data, the neat lists of questions and answers, had faded clean out of me, like a cheap dye, now that I was faced up with the immediate and grim reality.

Volunteer Nurses of the American Ambulance

THAT course, and the light-heartedness with which I had pursued it, seemed all at once to me very remote, irrelevant to the present situation, and somehow like a joke in bad taste. I perceived, or I believed I perceived, that I was in a false situation. I had no business in that *vestiaire*, in that white uniform and coif. If at that moment there had been a train waiting outside the *vestiaire* door bound for the Grand Central Station, I should have taken it without a second's hesitation. There being none, I consoled myself with the reflection that, after all, I had not asked to come; that, on the contrary, I had been sent for and urged to begin without delay, as the hospital was undermanned at this summer-vacation season, and the wounded were pouring in, a great steady stream, from the base hospitals.

Moreover, I should not be alone, like a sentinel on his post. Over me, the *auxiliaire*, was the trained nurse; over the trained nurse was the head nurse; over the head nurse was the doctor of the ward; over the doctor was the assistant surgeon; over the assistant surgeon was the chief surgeon, or *médecin chef;* and over all of us, interlocking us together, was the French military system and the invisible but potent Papa Joffre. So that if I, alone, could not stop a hemorrhage, I could call my trained nurse; if she could not stop it, she could call the head nurse; if the two of them could not stop it, they could call the ward doctor; and if he could not stop it—but at this point I felt myself on safe ground. The affair was out of my hands!

"Have you ever had to stop a hemorrhage?" I voiced my secret fear to a young Englishwoman beside me, who was rapidly changing from her civilian costume into the crisp white linen *infirmière's* blouse of the wards.

"*Mon Dieu*, no!" She laughed as she pinned on her coif. "Not a chance, with so many nurses round. You'll have plenty of chance, though, to wash their feet—those that still have feet," she added soberly. "Is this your first day?"

I nodded.

"And did you have any training—I mean any real training—before you entered?" I asked.

"No," she said. "I took an examination in London; but the examiner was so weary by the time he got to me that he merely said 'Have you had the usual course?' And when I replied 'Yes,' he simply passed me through. But it doesn't matter. You soon pick things up. What's your ward?"

"Eighty-three."

She raised her brows at that and glanced at my feet.

"I hope you have comfortable shoes! That ward is the hardest in the hospital—nothing but big primary cases; every single *blessé* in bed. You'll have no chance to go to sleep at the switch," she added with a smile. "If your feet hurt to-night, rub them with cold cream, then alcohol; and lie with them up on the footboard of your bed. It takes the swelling out. Have you read the rules?" She waved her hand toward a printed sheet tacked up on the wall, nodded and hurried off.

I faced round, feeling more than ever like a Freshman on his first day, and read the following:

AMERICAN AMBULANCE

CONDITIONS FOR AUXILIARY SERVICE

The *auxiliaires* work under the trained nurses. They do not, as a rule, attend at operations; nor do they do the dressings, although they might be called upon to do a minor dressing, should the nurse consider them sufficiently experienced. The hours are from eight A. M. to six P. M. daily, with one whole day free one week, and one afternoon free the following week. *Auxiliaires* are asked to stay three months at least; six months if possible. The service is entirely voluntary, and *auxiliaires* must meet all their own expenses. Luncheon is provided at the Ambulance at a cost of 1.50 francs a meal ——

At this juncture the *vestiaire* door opened again. I wheeled—I had been wheeling every time it opened for the last ten minutes!—and Mrs. Monroe's brisk voice said:

"Ah, there you are! Sorry to have kept you waiting. I'll just take you to Miss Brooks, the head nurse of Salle Eighty-three, and she'll tell you where to begin."

Five minutes later introductions had been effected. Miss Brooks, who, together with the doctor, two other nurses and an orderly, was bending over a bed from which proceeded loud screams of "*Oh, là là! Oh, là là!! Oh, là là!!! Bon Dieu! Doucement! Oh, là là!*" turned to the nurse beside her and said briefly:

"Here's your auxiliary, Miss Ransome. Is there anything she can start on?"

Miss Ransome did not even glance up. She was holding, firmly grasped in both hands, a man's leg, stiffly extended, while the doctor lifted pieces of gauze from what appeared to be a deep bloody and suppurating crater in the thigh.

"One moment, please," she murmured.

The dressing of the wound continued. The man renewed his high agonized cries: "*Oh, là là! Oh, Nom d'un Nom! Doucement!* — Gently there!"

I stood aside and drew a deep breath. The quality of anguish in those tones had already turned me pale. Later I was to learn to discriminate between sounds of pain. There is the loud outcry of the man who is not in extreme pain, but whose nerves have been so battered by shock, exposure and continued strain that he is no longer master of himself. Second, there is the scream of the man, also suffering from shock and abnormally sensitive, who howls at the mere approach of the doctor.

The Morning Rounds in Eighty-Three

AND finally, there is the cry of the plucky soul, strong to endure, but whose agony has passed the limit of human endurance. Such a cry, bursting out across the ward, simply stampedes the nerves; heard suddenly in the middle of the night it would fetch one out of bed in a single leap, panic-stricken with horror; and even in a big hospital, where innumerable sounds of pain blunt the ear, it still takes the right of way, momentarily stilling the air. As the days went on I was to learn these fine discriminations; but at present all screams were alike to me. I gave each one full value, one hundred per cent of anguish.

While the dressing proceeded I looked about me. Salle Eighty-three was a spacious airy room, lofty-ceiled, with tessellated stone floors, and long French windows on two sides. One set of windows gave upon the rear of the building, and the other side opened on a charming French garden round which the huge structure is built, one room deep, in the shape of a hollow square. Inside the salle the beds were ranged round the four sides and came halfway down the center, forming thus two passages that were none too wide for the busy morning traffic.

Everyone, I perceived, was already working under a full head of steam. Two doctors were in the ward, one on each side, and the dressings were progressing steadily from bed to bed. A nurse preceded the doctors, cutting down the bandages. The air was thick with cries and groans, the cry of "*Doucement!* Easy there!" prevailing high above all others like a monotonous refrain. French military orderlies were hurrying about, their arms piled high with stained linen; two blowzy-cheeked little *femmes de chambre* were down on their knees scrubbing the stone floor, their tongues and their *sabots* clattering together. Ahead of them a bent old woman, with a great red hooked nose and a wide toothless smile, hideous as one of Shakspere's witches, was passing from bed to bed, gathering up the cigarette butts, chaffing the men and exchanging with them jests as broad as they were good-natured.

It was evident she was a prime favorite, for it was "*Grand'mère!*" "*Grand'mère!*" straight down the line, and chuckles followed in the wake of her sallies like bubbles

on a stream. Here and there patients able to sit up in bed had removed their *chemises* and were soaping their chests with gusto. These *Grand'-mère* favored with take-offs on their manly beauty. Bursts of laughter punctuated her hits.

"Here are your men," said Miss Ransome, joining me—"these twelve. You're not responsible for the others. Suppose you begin with Claudius there. Wash him. Rub his back with alcohol. Then make his bed. Watch out for his broken leg!" she cautioned.

And she nodded toward that unfortunate member, which, swathed as stiff as that of a mummy and dotted with numerous little rubber tubes that sprouted up through the bandages like unnatural flowers, was swung out upon an extension and held taut by a jungle of pulleys and bags and weights.

"He's had a hard time," she continued in a lowered voice. "What with losing his eye and getting his leg infected—you see, he lay wounded four days and four nights on the battlefield, without water, before he was finally rescued—he's had a tough pull. For weeks we thought he would die. But he fooled us all—didn't you, Claudius?"

As she spoke English, the boy did not understand. He lay regarding her with a bright dark eye, all the brighter for the black patch which covered its companion; and finally he asked in tones of weary politeness:

"You said, mees?"

"Change all his linen," she pursued unheeding. "He can raise himself an inch or two. When he's finished, go straight down the line and do the same to the others. I can't help you much this morning."

And she hurried away, leaving me with my first task—to wash the back and change the entire bed linen of a man who could not stir more than an inch or two without exquisite pain!

"*Bonjour*," I said by way of commencement. "*Comment ça va?*—How goes it?"

"Bad. Very bad. That imbecile pig of a leg! Not a moment's rest did it give me last night. Cramp, cramp, cramp!" He clenched and unclenched his fist with nervous irritability to indicate the nature of the pain, while the flare of crimson in his thin cheeks testified to a heightened temperature. "I wish you'd cut it off to-night," he growled, "and stand it over in the corner."

"I will—with my scissors," I promised. "And to-morrow, if it's been good, we'll fasten it back on with safety pins."

"You needn't bother," he grinned.

The Philosophy of Claudius

WITH many gaspings and painful grimaces he got hold of an overhead hand grip, dug his head deep into the pillow and managed to raise himself until his back described a parabola perhaps two inches above the bed. "Quick! Quick!" he commanded breathlessly. I washed him as best I could. Afterward I glanced up at the chart hanging behind his bed and read there: "Simondon, Claudius. Age, 21. Wounded May 25, 1916. Admitted June 7, 1916." Claudius, aged twenty-one, had already white hairs in his head, and his slight figure was shrunken and yellow and dry, like that of a little old man. At the same time there was about him something unquenchably boyish and debonair, which made one wish to weep.

"Have you ever been in a charge?" I asked, to divert his attention.

Serving a Community of Fifty a Three-Course Meal—Soup, Meat and Vegetables, and Dessert—Is a Man-Size Proposition

"Yes; ten of them. Not interesting! Not interesting at all! You stand there in a trench, water up to your knees, holding your gun and waiting for the order. You are cold, and still you perspire. You tremble with agitation. Maybe you stand thus for hours. Or you climb over the parapet and run. If the Boches retreat, yes, then it is interesting. If they come on, no, not interesting. Not interesting at all!" And he looked up at me with his sardonic grin. "War," he added, "is the stupidest game that a fellow with wits can play at."

A minute later he confided to me that he was to receive a decoration. He was to receive the Croix de Guerre.

"But that is fine!" I exclaimed.

"Ah, you think so?" jeered Claudius. "It's very fine, without doubt; but as for me, I'd rather have my eye than that pretty little medal hung on my chest. Can I see the world with that little medal? *Zut!* I prefer my eye—thanks."

For the moment his nonchalance completely deceived me. It was not until several days later when I came upon him unobserved, poring over the official notice of his decoration, and caught the look of pride, of emotion in the young face, that I really got the matter straight. Twenty-one is twenty-one the world over, and always hides its loves.

After washing Claudius and rubbing his back with alcohol, I made his bed. In France the bed is a sacred institution and the making of one is not a proper subject for jest. But I am not jesting when I say that the ordinary, casually made American bed, with its opportunities for ventilation and its light loose covers which one may kick joyously down to the foot in the morning, would fill the average Frenchwoman with amazement and scorn.

A French bed is something in the nature of a cocoon, with a hole in the upper right-hand corner, into which one artfully insinuates oneself at night, and from which one artfully disengages oneself in the morning. All apertures, save the small one at the top, are hermetically sealed—so tightly are the sheets drawn under the mattress, so smoothly are the covers laid on, so exquisitely are the corners mitered. One is all but sewed into bed.

To make such a bed is to produce a work of art, a creation. Thus, Jean and Marie make my bed every morning at the hotel, folding on each layer as close as the successive skins of an onion, while I watch them with respectful admiration. Once, feeling too warm in the middle of the night, I tried to remove a blanket. I struggled until four o'clock the next morning. Next time I am going to send for professional wreckers.

But the making of such a bed is, after all, a comparatively simple affair—for I am not in it! Let us denominate it Class C in order of difficulty. Class B is the making of such a bed with an occupant, but an occupant who can help himself—stir about. Class A is the making of such a bed with an immovable man in it; a man, moreover, attached to a network of apparatus—cords, pulleys, overhead weights and drains—all in such delicate adjustment that to jar any of them will wrench a cry of torture from the occupant.

To this last class belonged the bed of Claudius. When, after three-quarters of an hour's labor, punctuated by many exclamations of "*Doucement! Doucement!*" I straightened myself, Claudius was rather white and I was perspiring freely. Still, that bed was made—it really should be written Made!—and I surveyed it proudly. The lower sheet in particular had been difficult to dispose properly. To me it appeared at least twice too long for the mattress, and in the end I had simply wadded up the extra yards of length and tucked them under the pillows.

An Object-Lesson in Bed-Making

IT WAS during this latter operation when Justin, the orderly, came upon me. Justin is a squat, grotesque little old man, with the head of a gargoyle set on powerful Atlas-like shoulders. Being an orderly is his *métier*. He has been one in a French military hospital for twenty years, which is to say that Justin is a very wise man. I believe he could give points to Solomon, for Solomon was not a Frenchman. He regarded my bungling efforts for a moment in silence, and then said in tones of grave reproach:

"Ah, mademoiselle, it is not thus we make a bed in France! Permit me."

Saying which, he stripped the bed bare to the mattress and made it afresh, with the subtle perfection of Jean and Marie. My crumpled undersheet was drawn taut as a drumhead. Followed in swift succession the drawsheet, the top sheet and the blankets, smooth as rose petals and as firmly fixed.

Where, meantime, was Claudius, with his weak back, his smashed leg and his jungle of apparatus? Not a single cry had escaped him. A glance showed his thin dark face alight with amusement as he watched old Justin teach the strange "mees" how to make a bed with a live Frenchman in it.

"*V'là!*" said Justin, straightening himself. "That's the way we make a bed in France!" And he padded noiselessly off in his battered blue list slippers; it had taken him exactly six minutes by the ward clock.

The next bed, when I turned down the covers, revealed a patient whose linen was saturated and stiff with blood. Another undersheet to manipulate!

"Don't touch me! Don't touch me!" came a faint moan from the pillows.

"Where are you wounded?" I inquired, for this is the first fact a maker of beds must determine.

"Both legs broken below the knees," was the feeble reply.

(Continued on Page 45)

Grandpère the "Grouch" is the Third Man From the Front

Sergeant Girod, Who is to be Decorated for Leading a Hand-Grenade Attack

THE POMEGRANATE COAT

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. JOULEN

In Ping Yee's Dingy Window a Mandarin Coat Blazed Like a Flaming Eastern Sun

WHENEVER the time hung too heavily young Dr. Thomas Seton sterilized afresh his small private stock of instruments to their usual celestial state of asepais. The pun is intentional and not undeserving, considering conditions where one purified one's drinking water with lumps of alum thrown into the great wicker cooler and drank with eyes closed—unless one was a clever young medico from the States and insisted on boiling—where the water, so to speak, might stop at *aqua* as against the variety known as *aqua pura*. Doctor Seton boiled his over a charcoal brazier—whether for drinking or washing or sterilizing—and tried not to think whence it was piped, nor to look out at the turgid yellow stream of sewage that ran less than five hundred yards from his window.

If he did not use up his recreation hours on his instruments he arranged his little brand-new pill cases for the thousandth time, or did any of a dozen absurd and puttering jobs—anything to keep him from thinking.

He had come to this little educational outpost of Central China a year ago with his mind aflame. Not, it is to be regretted, because of a holy missionary zeal to impart the science of physiology or anatomy to bland young Celestials, or to revolutionize their sanitation—though his conscience behaved well on both counts—but because his young blood had thrilled to the tune of adventure, because he had craved color—Oriental color.

He knew now that color was mostly yellow—a dirty range of it from muddy chrome to gamboge. He had seen it a thousand times from his little window here in the college. But he hadn't known it then, back in Pennsylvania when he had scorned partnership with Uncle Doc Chalmers and a comfortable berth in prosaic America.

"To go out to China for a few years!" It had caused spinal thrills throughout the community—had set him apart from the common run of fellows. As the papers had had it: "Our young fellow townsman is departing to occupy the chair of anatomy and biology in the University of Tien-Sheng." And it had sounded good.

The sensation had lasted fairly long: through the torturing tortuous inland journey in the wretched, foul little river boat—even for a while after he had come to the queer, shabby, cheap little university struggling bravely to set a firm foot in the East. Perhaps the gamut of feeling he had run was best expressed by the little room he lodged in.

In the first fever and passion for the Orient, he had let it into his room—masks, embroideries, weapons, suns and dragons had flowered on his wall. He even wore a mandarin coat to smoke in; had discarded his fork for chopsticks. Then came the day when he pitched these into the yellow river and, looting in his trunk, filled his wall with girls. Yes, girls! For one cannot be twenty-four, and tall and blue-eyed and comely in a nice, boyish, honest fashion, without having had a fair number of heart concussions and their attendant trophies. Young Seton had had perhaps more than his share. He had bundled up his scalps carelessly back home, but here—all together and spread over his whitewashed walls—their numbers shocked him slightly.

True, they were very inclusive. There were some cousins, who never do count, and some kept for old times' sake out of the dark ages of the past—at least ten years old, when he had first gone into long trousers and had beaued his first lady. Several of the names had slipped his memory and several cabalistic references in the inscriptions baffled him, but he had known them once. They had been his girl at one time and another; he had looked into their several eyes and held their respective hands, and now their presence sustained and comforted him in a desert of Mongolian masculinity.

For the dozen associates on the little college faculty awoke no responsive echo in his breast. The men were mostly too old, and the women ——! There wasn't one that roused even the most languid interest. Ladies no longer quite young, who wore broad, flat-soled shoes and tweed skirts and Chinamen's coats and European straw sailors for comfort and convenience, who spoke freely about their souls and discussed wet feet and removable dentistry, made scant impression on young Doctor Tommy, whose beauty-loving soul writhed before them. Small wonder he fled to his old sweethearts.

But after a while even they failed. His walls showed bare again—bare as a hospital. For his room was become a shrine to Prophylaxis and Asepsis. Only one picture was left—Eloise's. She had been the third to the last girl he had said good-by to on the night he left. But he knew now she was the one and only girl. There was that much to be said for Interior China. It had helped him to know the truth!

Gray-eyed, laughing Eloise, whose sweet, teasing face smiled out of the eight-by-ten platinotype on his dresser! He realized the sweet, teasing face was probably smiling from several other dressers—for Eloise, like himself, was an inheritor of the moonlight nook and the mistletoe bough—but it made no difference. Just as soon as he had the right—as soon as Uncle Jim Chalmers finished arrangements back home and his year's contract in this deadly pestilential hole was finished—and he had something to hang to, a chance at a nice brisk practice in God's country, he would put it up plain to Eloise. There had been reams of letters with pretty plain hints, and he guessed the other fellows didn't have much chance! He closed his eyes a hundred times and thought of Eloise's pouting lips and the kissable dimple in her cheek.

In the meantime he sat, this gray-and-yellow afternoon, re-reading a three-weeks-old letter from her:

So you see I miss you terribly, Tommy. It's so dull here without you. Last week the Gays had another dance. There were two fellows from Harvard. They brought that new maxixe step we've been so crazy about. I had every dance taken, and we danced terribly late—until four, just like a big city. Then Mrs. Lennard had another dance. And next week the Parkers have a house party. This week hasn't been so bad. The Harvard men are terribly good-looking, and one of them, Mrs. Gay says, has an awful crush—but you know I don't care at all for Harvard anyhow. Oh, Tommy, I wish you were home. It's dreadfully lonesome sometimes. But of course it's perfectly stunning to be way out there in China. You must be having such heavenly experiences. Harry West—he's taking me to the Bellaire Club series—asked after you. He called you the professor of bugs and bugology. It does seem terribly clever for you to be a professor. I must stop. Blanche Carey and Roger are coming for me in the motor.

The professor of bugs got no farther. He folded the letter carefully and replaced it. He looked gloomily about the cell-like purity of his room. He had a sudden nostalgic pang that embraced floating impressions of a shady small-town street, a brown old sitting room full of folks—home folks—and bright, flower-decked parlors full of the happy young people he knew. Then he set his jaw. He was no quitter. He'd stick it through. By gosh, life wasn't all fun and dancing! Meantime he'd tramp up to old Iki and walk off some of his disgust.

II

OLD Iki, a single knob of yellow earth terraced for rice fields, towered—the single elevation in the plain—three miles to the east. Seton had tramped to it a dozen times, had climbed to its summit and its short crooked pine, and scowled over the vista fully as often. Everybody did it. It was a sort of safety valve, when the longing for Europe and the outer world threatened to break bounds. For of course the ailment he endured attacked the rest at intervals, though in less degree.

Frequently his walks were marred by the presence of several others of the faculty making the same journey, but to-day, to his misanthropic delight, he had things his own way.

There was nobody on old Iki and no one going or coming. But on his way back he found someone.

There was a point on the river bank where the path wound close; where a flat shale of rock jutted and the muddy current under it flowed a shade less filthily. Here, sitting on the rock, back turned to him, he discerned a figure. A woman's figure in the usual hideous habiliments—straw sailor, blue Chinese coat, black cloth skirt. He could not see her feet, but he did not need to—they would be the wide spatulate shoes of the university's ladies. Then he saw her hands move and got the flash of a knitting needle. His spirit groaned. It was Miss Wheeler or Miss Hagner, Miss Bayer being addicted to tatting. He had learned to discriminate. He spoke rudely, with violence, easing his soul.

"All you need," he said, "is a queue, and you'd pass for Sam Lee, who keeps the laundry in Flint Street, back home."

The figure turned and looked at him, and his heart missed a beat. He was addressing a perfect stranger.

"I beg your pardon," he said, reddening; "I mistook you for someone else—someone I knew."

"I'm not anyone you know—yet. But you will, of course. I think you must be Doctor Seton. I am Margaret Irby. I came yesterday to teach in the English department. Won't you sit down?"

She waved the thick black sock she was knitting toward the flat rock, and Doctor Thomas lowered himself to it deliberately. In spite of the needles and the uniform, she differed from type. She wore no eyeglasses, and her teeth—even in a brief glance—he discerned were neither removable nor like a set of assayer's samples.

He thought her young—moderately—say twenty-eight to thirty, and her eyes were rather stunning and thickly lashed. It was impossible to discover anything more, for the stolelike coat and the hideous straw hat tilted over her tightly drawn-back hair. No woman, he concluded, could get away with such a rig. He had tried to imagine someone beautiful—like Eloise—in it, but imagination balked. A woman with any regard for charm, who had any charm, would draw the line at it.

The stranger apparently read his thought.

"You were referring to my clothes, weren't you—a minute ago?"

Doctor Tommy blushed, but confessed.

"I was. I think the women in this college wear the ugliest things I ever saw. I don't see why they don't wear clothes that make them look like women—I don't see anyway why you put them on so soon."

"These clothes," she said gravely, "belong to Miss Bayer. She loaned them. That's one of their virtues they're so adaptable. Besides, as you say, they all wear them. So even when mine are unpacked, I hardly think . . . as Miss Wheeler says, they're both decent and comfortable, and there's nobody here to dress for anyway."

"There's me," suggested Doctor Tommy.

Miss Irby raised her eyes and studied him thoughtfully, but did not reply. They were fine eyes, he thought, and when she had lowered them he noticed the unusual length of her eyelashes against her cheek. Still eyes alone do not make a woman charming. Her cheek, the young doctor thought, was too pale and, now that he noticed, the lashes themselves had a certain suspiciously moist look. Could it be possible that this dignified new member of the faculty had been crying before he came?

If so, it was probably because of homesickness, so Tommy abstained from the usual questions. He had no wish to bring on another attack. Perhaps she was not so old as he had first thought.

"May I ask whether the knitting needles and the wool are Miss Bayer's also?" he inquired.

She looked up at him again, but this time she laughed—and Tommy subtracted five years from his original verdict.

"Mine," she said, spreading out the sock—a gigantic black one. She hesitated a moment, then added gravely: "I knit for the Canadian Society for the Alleviation of Suffering Among Lumbermen."

"Good heavens!" said young Doctor Seton faintly. "I never heard of such a thing!"

"It's a very noble charity," she said thoughtfully; then she smiled. "Do you happen by any chance to knit yourself? Some men do—sailors, you know. I was thinking if you did ——."

"I do not," cried Doctor Tommy hastily. "I knew a fellow in college who made his own neckties, but I can't do a thing. If I did anything I'd rather it would be one of those white doily affairs. I have come pretty close to making a set out of surgical gauze, to fill in odd moments."

"Yes," said the girl, "they told me down at the school about you. You—you don't care for it here."

"I haven't said much, but anyone could guess. Wait till you've been here three months! Lord, how anyone can stand it ——"

"You are encouraging. I was thinking something like that before you came, and I hoped you could make me feel differently."

"Oh, well, you've only been here since yesterday. Perhaps—you—you—may be ——."

He floundered feebly, looking at her furtively.

"Women—girls are more adaptable—and then you can knit socks, you know ——"

"It isn't a joke, really." She sat looking out at the muddy river. "I didn't quite expect it would be like this."

"Lord, the food you know and all that ——"

"There's just one thing to do," she bent quickly low over her sock, "one simply has to look on the—the bright side and not think—and take whatever offers—in the way of amusement."

"Exactly—but you'll find precious little of the last."

"There's you," suggested the girl.

"Why—yes." The young doctor stared, then added a shade stiffly: "I didn't realize I was in the amusement class."

"For me," she nodded gravely, "it would be very amusing to have you to talk to. I've never known any young men—that is, any young and good-looking men—well enough to talk to. I've known some to look at—some very nice ones—but none of them ever cared - very much—I think—to talk to me," she added meekly. Tommy looked at her with mingled pity and embarrassment.

"I'll talk to you whenever you like—if it will help," he offered generously. "We can talk about the States and our respective homes—and it may ease things a bit."

"That won't help me," she sighed; "you can't be homesick when you haven't had a home. I've always lived round in colleges with my mother. She was a professor, you know, Latin and Greek. But I've been going round alone now for three years. She was the greatest authority of her time on the ablative absolute." He looked at her blankly. "You've heard of the ablative absolute, haven't you?" she added tolerantly.

"Once or twice—but if you're interested in a thing like that I'm not surprised that men won't talk to you," he said feelingly.

"Oh, I'm not—myself. That was mother's line."

"My mother is not at all like that." There was a note of commiseration in young Seton's voice. "Her waist measures thirty-one inches, and she put up two hundred and eighteen jars of preserves and jam last summer. She bakes the flakiest pastry I ever ate, and her roast turkey and brown sauce, her pumpkin pies and baked beans ——"

He stopped. A faint sob broke from Miss Irby. She dabbed fiercely at her eyes with the black sock.

"If you utter another word like that I'll go raving mad," she announced tensely.

"But good heavens, why should you—if you've always boarded round ——"

"That's just it," she said; "you can be homesick with good reason. But think—think of being homesick without any right to be, without having anything to be homesick for, except secondhand things done by the college cooks, even on Christmas and Easter vacations."

"Jiminy!" said the young doctor thoughtfully. "That is exciting!"

The girl was silent a moment.

"Professor Teevey tells me it may be more than exciting here," she said presently. "There's a man called Wee Singh ——"

"Shucks! Old Teevey has Wee Singh on the brain. He's a bad lot, mixed up with the Boxer troubles; but there hasn't been anything in years—that is, except for local talent. They carve each other up now and then among the tongs.

"I've been looking after a grandson of Wee Singh's who's had typhoid, and two of his nephews are coaching up to go to an American College next year. I know more about old Wee than Teevey does. Don't let him feed you his Wee Singh stuff!"

Miss Irby gave a little feminine shiver. She began to fold up her knitting.

"I must go back; I have advanced English at four. They're reading Tennyson's Princess. Fancy it! 'A Plince was I, blue-eyed, and fail in face.'" She laughed, then sighed. "I've just come from six months of it in Shanghai."

Doctor Tommy cavaliered her back. He made an unwontedly careful supper toilet that evening—not with the heart he would have put into it if he had expected to meet Eloise or one of the girls from home, but—well, she was a new girl, at least, and he might as well show her that a little dressing up for his sake might be worth while. Moreover, he had a very decided feeling that at this particular moment there was some dressing up going on.

He was mistaken. When he went into supper he perceived with utter disgust that Miss Irby was still wearing the loose-coat costume like the rest. More, she outherodes Herod. Her brown hair was drawn back even tighter and plainer than any other woman present, and bound into a sleek, hard-looking knot on her neck. Minus the sailor hat she seemed startlingly young to Doctor Seton—not a day over twenty-one, he concluded in some surprise, and her profile was rather pretty he thought, in a wistful, girlish way. But it was only her profile he got after her first bow.

She listened all through the meal, and even afterward in the hall, to the elderly Professor Teevey, and Tommy indulged in little private snorts of impatience. They would be just the kind, those two, he thought with covert glances, to have lots in common—a girl who fixed her head like a billiard ball, and Teevey, with his eight-inch forehead and his double lenses.

The youngest male member of the faculty retired that night in a pretty dudgeon with his world.

He had no word with Miss Irby until two days later. Walking back from Iki, he found her on the flat rock, knitting in hand, looking out across the river.

"Your sock," said he, "does not appear to have increased in length since I last saw it. I hope your new impressions, especially those Teevey is giving you, are not going to interfere with your knitting."

"You do not admire Professor Teevey?" smiled the girl.

"I've nothing against old Teevey," he answered in an injured tone, "but I thought you were going to talk to me. You said as much."

"I am perfectly willing to let you talk now," laughed the girl, and Doctor Tommy, in his absorption, never noticed the shift in pronouns.

He accepted her invitation. For fifteen minutes he talked eloquently—of things back home, of people he knew, of Eloise and other girls, of college, and so on. He would have sworn he did not mention Eloise's name six times, yet when he paused Margaret Irby looked up from her work and challenged him directly:

"Eloise is the girl you love, isn't she?"

Below Them Came a Battering Rush at the Outer Door, a Strenuous Bombardment of the Last Barrier

Doctor Tommy blushed, but answered gravely: "Eloise is the girl I intend to marry."

"Is she . . . has she?" Miss Irby seemed to hesitate.

"She hasn't and she isn't," confessed Tommy, "but I'm sure she will when I ask her!"

"Dear me," said Miss Irby pensively, "it must be a wonderful thing to have a man planning a thing about one behind one's back like that, you know. It sounds so masterful. Are you always like that?"

Tommy felt that he was. To prove it, he ordered Miss Irby to put up her sock and go with him to see the view from Iki.

"Walking is what you need here, rather than knitting," he said in his most physicianly voice.

"I am not fond of walking alone," objected Miss Irby.

"I was not suggesting it."

He himself assisted her without delay in securing a good view from the hill top, and he offered to renew the opportunity for her every afternoon. Miss Irby accepted the invitation. They formed the habit of sharing Doctor Tommy's daily recreation hour and, in spite of all good intentions, the warmed-over letters in his trunk suffered.

Yet Tommy's conscience did not disapprove. So unworldly and unsophisticated a girl—there was much that he could do for her—so many little attentions that offered in a brotherly fashion would make her stay pleasanter. She seemed to like them.

She was always willing to go tramping, to make one of an impromptu picnic, to stroll in the bazaars and go with him to see the moon-faced Chinese babies. Presently—her own offer—she was assisting him in the occasional surgical case that called for his care. She was a cool, nervy little beggar, he thought, ready with gauze or bandage; nice, likable—a regular pal, for all her shortcomings; a girl who was a bit of a tease, who liked jokes—even his; a girl with a pretty hand, a pretty laugh; in short, his ideal of a little sister in all things save two. He could not cure her of her obsession for talking to Teevey, or of her hideous habit of dress. Save on Sundays, when she changed to stiff collar and mannish shirtwaist, she clung resolutely to her laundryman's clothes—and a doubt presently arose as to whether she knew how to look girly and pretty.

Perhaps a life in the shadow of the ablative absolute had quenched that, perhaps she had no other clothes. Perhaps she hadn't the money to buy them. He knew she was being economical. She had told him very little of her early life. There had been mention of school in America, of a winter with relatives in Minnesota, of a succession of schools in Hindustan and Shanghai, all chasing the ablative, he judged. She probably knew nothing of the things of girls. One day he remonstrated.

"What makes you do it?" he asked, while they sat under Iki's pine tree. "I think you have stunning hair—you must have a ton of it—and yet you strain back your eyebrows and paste it to your head like that. It sticks out on your head like a wen behind, and way up on top your sailor sits like a lid. I believe," growled Tommy, "if you'd let your hair out you'd actually be pretty!" He stumbled.

"Do you mean to tell me," demanded Miss Irby, "that you don't think I am pretty?"

"It's all very well to joke," said Tommy gloomily, "but I'm perfectly serious. I'd give heaven knows what to see a girl's head all fixed out."

"Like Eloise's?" suggested Miss Irby with a ripple of laughter, "soft flowing masses of gold, parted softly over her little ears, and dressed high with a shower of tiny curls"

"Oh, if you will tease," said Tommy, "I've told you before Eloise's hair is black; and she hasn't half so much as you have. But she does fix it beautifully. I'd give——"

"I know," comforted the girl, "and I'm awfully sorry. But you know even if I did all that, just to please you, I could never take Eloise's place, could I?"

She faced him, her gray eyes full of laughter. Tommy's blue eyes met hers steadily—so steadily that the mirth suddenly faded from hers, and she drew a queer, quick little breath.

The young doctor himself scarcely realized how long the look lasted. It seemed to him that he had never looked so far into eyes before, nor realized how soft and velvety gray eyes can be. Then he pulled himself up and spoke indignantly.

"I don't think anything it meant to me would make any difference to you. You don't care to please me the least little bit, just as the merest act of friendship," he blustered.

The girl rose, laughing again.

"No," she said, "I'd rather not. Not even to please a 'Plince, blue-eyed, and fail of face,'" she rippled. "You see I love these clothes. I've gotten used to simplicity."

Doctor Tommy followed her with a sigh. Nice, thoroughly, but absolutely unfeminine!

But on the way back they passed through the Street of the Seven Suns and came to the shop of Ping Yee, the curio dealer. Before Ping Yee's window the girl stopped, with a strange little cry and a quick rush of color. Doctor Seton followed her eyes and saw it.

It was a mandarin coat, splendid beyond any mandarin coat of Tommy's experience or belief. It was made of some sort of dully shimmering gold stuff, splashed over with blossoms of the pomegranate, in rich scarlet and yellows, all cunningly wrought by hand. It blazed in Yee's dingy window like a flaming eastern sun.

But the young doctor was more amazed by the flame in the girl's face. In that swift admiring moment she was as femininely rapturous and entranced by the lovely gaud as any girl he knew would have been.

"I expect he asks a ton of money for it," she said.

"I'll just run in and ask," suggested Tommy, but Margaret Irby held him back.

"No, he's an old robber, Ping Yee, and it would be silly anyhow. What would anyone want of it? It's a museum piece really, or a Darling-of-the-Gods costume."

But by the time Tommy reached the college he found he disagreed with her about anyone's wanting a thing like that. A line from an old letter of Eloise's came into his mind. It referred to the "lovely Oriental embroideries" he had access to. Not a hint! Merciful heavens, a girl like Eloise didn't need to hint! But it was a suggestion Tommy warmed to now—if the truth be told—a little remorsefully. Only yesterday he had found a film of dust on that precious packet from Eloise, and he remembered, with a sort of horrified disgust, that her last letter had been neglected a whole day while he went with Margaret Irby to inspect a ruined temple at L'Bwang.

So he hurried back to the shop of Ping Yee. If a girl, as uninterested in clothes as Margaret Irby, could rave about a dud like that, a real girl, the fluffy sort like Eloise —— But the mandarin coat was gone from Ping Yee's window. Ping Yee was uncommunicative. It was a gentleman who had secured it, Tommy gathered—a large, fat, red-faced gentleman wearing brass buttons, according to the shopkeeper. A German captain of one of the little river steamers, Tommy concluded, since there were no tourists.

He went out disappointed. Though he did not admit it, he would have bought the thing as an offering to his conscience, but at the end of the street he heard something that drove all thought of his errand from his mind.

That afternoon a feud of long standing had been reopened between Wee Singh and the family of Afoos, after a peace of thirty years. A son of Wee's had been stabbed. It meant a fight of complex nature. For one thing, the Afoos had been influential in introducing the college there, and, though Wee Singh was a patron, in view of his old record his slight garment of civility was generally believed to be a mask. There was always the undercurrent of Mongolian animosity for aliens to consider, the swiftly seized opportunity to make a different issue.

Tommy was distinctly worried as he passed a group of whispering Celestials or came to a closed and empty bazaar. Old Teevey might not be so far wrong after all. For himself he did not care. He'd rather fancy a fling at the business—but the women!

He came in sight of the little college, its low rambling buildings inclosed by a stockade-like fence. Fences nor clumsy wooden gates would avail greatly, if this yellow, muttering Oriental tide surged against them. And if it did? Like a good soldier Tommy heartened his soul and strengthened his arm. A fellow had to stand up for his womenfolk, he thought with a little thrill. Noble unselfish women who carried the torch to the dark places of earth and, in particular, little fearless persons who went to outlandish places to teach the Anglo-Saxon.

In the gateway the young doctor looked back at the market place and bazaars and shook his fist. Let them come on! But, of course, it was quite likely Teevey was wrong.

III

BUT old Teevey wasn't. For a fortnight now life was changed in the little university. Classes were no longer held, nor rolls called. At first the mutterings in the town had kept to their sources. It was only after some days that they had rolled in a threatening wave against the university. That was the day Professor Teevey had gone out and dispersed a small demonstration of Orientals at the gate. After that the student body had fallen away rapidly, until there remained only a few negligible resident pupils.

The gates were locked now, and one morning all but one of the servants had disappeared. The faculty took it calmly. Miss Hagner tatted and Miss Bayer crocheted. The ladies performed the necessary tasks and the faculty exchanged joint bulletins daily on the usual small matters. Several of them had weathered through affairs of this nature before, and were cheerful, optimistic and patient. But every evening the men went round on a tour of inspection, and after a second demonstration they reënforced the planking of the gates and told off a guard for each gate.

"I will send a protest to the mandarin of the district this morning," said the president, Doctor Ames, "if there be any of our number who will carry it to the river boat. It goes out this evening. There will not be another for a fortnight, unless a special envoy be sent." He was a precise little man, the president, and beamed at his flock through his pince-nez.

Tommy spoke first, and gritted his teeth to realize that Teevey raced him neck and neck. But Tommy won.

"One is sufficient." The president spoke quietly. "We cannot spare any more from here in case of trouble. And above all" — impaling Tommy through his pince-nez — "there must be no show of resistance, doctor, unless in defense of life. The safety of your comrades here demands that no spark be thrown on the waiting powder."

Tommy took the message. Margaret Irby went to the gate to see him off.

"For a cent I'd go with you myself," she suggested; "they wouldn't dare hurt me."

(Continued on Page 65)

The Mission Yard Was Suddenly Filled With a Devil's Dance of Yellow Furies

A SCRAP OF PAPER

XII

By Arthur Somers Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

IN HIS sanctum in the Citizen office Lindley Jackson, the editor, read the morning papers and such afternoon editions as were already off the press. And all save his own paper treated the universal transfer story in the same fashion. Corporations Have Souls! Consolidated Car Lines Confer Benefit on Public! Big-Hearted Corporation Puts Public Above Dividends! Of this sort were the headings above the editorials, and the matter below the headings was full of praise for Masterman and his associates. Martin Masterman had struck a giant blow at the theory of government ownership. He had shown that privately owned monopolies held the public's interests close to their hearts. When a whole city had uncomplainingly been paying two fares for a ride in Subway and surface cars, or three fares if they also rode in the Elevated, Martin Masterman had freely and cheerfully ordered the Consolidated Companies to issue transfers from one line to the other or others. All hail to Martin Masterman, the man who put the soul in corporations!

Thus spoke the sheets owned by the men who, with Jackson, had conferred with the three millionaires the previous night. But not so the Citizen, owned by Lindley Jackson, yellow journalist, genius and champion of the people. Jackson turned to his own paper and reread his own editorial, hastily written the previous night. It was headed, A Gambler's Underhandedness, and was about as savage a roast as Masterman had ever suffered.

Without mincing words, Jackson charged Masterman with having organized a conspiracy to sell stock short, and then granted universal transfers in order that the market value of the Consolidated Car Lines stock might be depressed, affording Masterman an opportunity to buy in at about fifty what he had sold round ninety. Masterman's greed was too well known for the Citizen to have any faith in his sudden altruism. Martin Masterman did nothing without a reason; money was his only reason; therefore, to enrich his private pocket he had mulcted his stockholders by depressing the value of their holdings. Not that the Citizen was against universal transfers; it had always fought for them. But this sudden granting of the right to the people savored of crookedness toward the innocent stockholders. Masterman could have announced the plan months ago and given the market time to readjust itself; as it was, the innocent and ignorant stockholders would be impoverished and Masterman and his clique would be enriched. The announcement was another argument in favor of the people's control of the things which they had made valuable by their patronage. For under Government ownership men like Masterman could not rob a thousand Peters to pay a dozen Pauls.

There was more along the same line, and the editorial was written to give the impression that the editor could say a whole lot more if he chose, and undoubtedly would when he considered the time opportune. Frowning, Jackson reread his own editorial. In it he had not abused the confidence of last evening. The word of Lindley Jackson was good. But Masterman had admitted that there was a chance that the mysterious paper of which he spoke might find its way into the hands of the publisher, in which case, of course, Jackson would use it as he saw fit. And there is such a thing as compelling chance. The publisher of the Citizen gloomed at his desk.

What was the nature of the paper—the real nature—and how might it be obtained? He thought he knew the answer to the first half of this question. Certain gentlemen, Masterman had said, had agreed in that paper to follow a given course of action. His own logic told him what that course of action must be—to sell Consolidated Car Lines short. What Masterman had said about ruining business was tommyrot. Masterman was afraid that the contents of that paper would become known to Jackson; hence he had tried to tie up the publisher to an agreement to keep quiet about the paper. He had talked mysteriously of vague calamities which would result from publication of the paper, in order to obtain that withheld promise of suppression. That was all. Masterman feared that publication of such an agreement would mean jail for himself, and probably was sincere in his statements about black ruin to follow publication. For Masterman undoubtedly believed that if anything happened to himself the country would go at once to destruction.

"I Shut the Door in His Face, and—Tom, I Don't Understand It"

That was the solution of Masterman's mysterious attitude and his request of Lindley Jackson. Jackson smiled grimly. He would like nothing better than to put Masterman behind the bars. But now as to the other half of the question—how the paper might be obtained?

Abstractedly he turned over the pages of the Citizen. On the last page was a story whose heading, Martin Masterman Made a Monkey, attracted him. He read it. It was Tom Hanrahan's account of the swindle that had been perpetrated on the financier when he bought, for one hundred and forty thousand dollars, a painting purporting to be by the late Mr. Botticelli.

It was cleverly written; it avoided stating that the painting was a fake, but pointed to the fact that Harry Mack, notorious international crook, had been arrested on a charge of obtaining money by false pretenses; that the charge had been lodged by the Greenhams, well-known agents of the Masterman interests; and contained an interview with the crook in which the latter refused to deny that the painting was a fraud. Also it told of Harry's midnight release, of the attempted trailing of him by the Greenhams, and the crook's escape in a high-powered car, the name of the driver of which Hanrahan had neglected to state.

Jackson pressed a bell; a red-headed office boy answered.

"Ask Mr. Lyden who wrote the story about the Masterman painting," ordered the publisher, "and have him send the reporter in to see me."

Hanrahan had sauntered into the office half an hour ago, and was patiently waiting for an assignment when the city editor told him that Jackson wished to see him. He went at once to Jackson's private office.

"Sit down, Tom. Have a cigar."

Jackson respected the men who gave him their brains and hearts, and he did not pose before them. He passed a panetela to the reporter.

"How'd you drop on to that story about the Masterman Botticelli? Too busy to talk with you last night, and didn't suppose there was any need. You didn't report to me that you'd learned anything about the meaning of the conference at Masterman's—I mean, nothing suspicious happened that I couldn't have seen myself, I suppose. Eh?"

"Nothing," said Hanrahan. "And when I got into the office the other boys told me that you'd called the sleuthing off, so——"

"Sure. But about this Mack person? How did you tumble to it?"

"Greenham led me to it," grinned Hanrahan.

Jackson tilted back in his swivel chair.

"Tell me about it," he requested.

The reporter told him.

"I saw Terence Greenham at Masterman's," said the publisher thoughtfully, when Hanrahan had finished recounting his experiences of the night before. "I've never met him, but I recognized him. I wondered then why he should be there. I wondered more after Masterman had talked a while. I'm wondering now."

"Doesn't what I've told you make it clear?" asked Hanrahan.

"It would," said Jackson, "but for one thing."

"And that?"

"Is that I've seen Masterman's Botticelli. It was on exhibition at the Plaza last fall, and if old James B. Botticelli himself didn't paint that picture I never wrote an editorial. That painting is no fake. I know a little about art, and the day I saw the painting I was with Ralph Reid, who's the greatest little expert on Old Masters that ever breathed. Ralph pronounced it original. That's enough for me. It's a corking good story and it isn't libelous, and it makes a joke of Martin Masterman, which is very fine in our business; but just the same this Harry Mack was stringing you. He never sold a fake picture to Masterman; and Greenham's men never arrested him on that charge. It was for something else. What?"

"You can search me," said the bewildered Hanrahan.

"Me too," admitted Jackson. "But that something else has to do with Martin Masterman's reasons for asking me to be present at his house last night. I gave my word that I'd not divulge certain things that were said last night; but I can give you a hint, Tom. The governorship of this state is pretty enticing bait, isn't it?"

"It most certainly is!"

"And I'm about the last man on earth that Martin Masterman would want to see at Albany, eh?"

"I should think so," chuckled Hanrahan, thinking of the multitude of attacks the publisher had made on the financier.

"And yet, Tom, it wouldn't be the hardest thing in the world for me to become governor of New York!"

The reporter stared at his employer in silence. Jackson leaned forward until his face was close to the countenance of his reporter.

"Tom," he said, "it would take something pretty big to make Martin Masterman willing to see me governor, eh? Something big! So big that we want to know what it is. I can't tell you more; even a confidence given to a Masterman is inviolate. But this much I can tell you: Martin Masterman wasn't thinking of pretty pictures, whatever

their value, last night; he was thinking of mighty big things. And Terence Greenham wasn't at Masterman's to pay a social call. He was there on business—he must have been—business so big that even if Mack had defrauded Masterman it would have been dropped for the time being. But—and mind this—the Botticelli is not a fraud, as a dozen experts will probably announce in the late afternoon papers. Why, then, did Terence Greenham leave Martin Masterman at a time when Martin Masterman was scared—I can tell you that much, Tom—within an inch of his life, to go to headquarters to release a crook named Mack? And why did his men trail Mack, or try to, after his release? Because, Tom, this Mack has something to do with a thing so big that Martin Masterman, under certain conditions, would gladly see me, me the man who hates him, in the governor's chair at Albany! And what Mack has to do with this something big we must find out. Tom, it's up to you to locate Mack and—make him talk! Can you do it?"

"Maybe," said Hanrahan slowly. "I can try."

"You'll have to do more than that, my boy, if you want to be managing editor of the Citizen."

"Is that the reward?"

"If Mack talks the way I think he can, that's the reward. Now then, how're you going about it?"

Hanrahan arose and flecked cigar ashes from his coat. Like every other good reporter he would take an assignment to interview Satan without, after his first start, showing any surprise.

"I'll look up some of the hang-outs where his kind resort," he answered. "I ought to be able to find him unless he's keeping almighty close."

"Good!" said Jackson. "And if you want any money drop in on the cashier. I'll phone him to be nice to you."

"Thanks," grinned Hanrahan. "G'-by, chief."

Jackson grunted. He was already pressing a button, and the office boy entered almost as Hanrahan left.

"Tell Mr. Lovett I want him," said Jackson.

Within a minute Lovett, the blackmail man of the Citizen, entered the private office; but Jackson did not offer him the seat Hanrahan had vacated, nor did he invite him to smoke. There was a limit to Jackson's friendliness with his men, and Lovett was the limit. Not that Lovett was treated with discourtesy. On the contrary, Jackson treated him with courtesy, albeit frigidity. One does not insult the man to whom one pays one hundred and fifty dollars a week for bringing in more news stories than any other two men on the staff. And that's what Lovett did. But no one, least of all Lindley Jackson, who used him, respected him.

The blackmail man is one of the by-products of yellow journalism. It is his job to approach politicians suspected of being venal and try to bribe them, that their corruptibility and consequent shame may furnish reading matter for the public. It is the blackmail man who bribes chambermaids to steal the contents of wastepaper baskets that torn-up letters may be pieced together and printed for the edification of the readers of the yellows. It is the blackmail man who performs all the dirty work of the yellows, who rarely writes his stories, but furnishes the news which cleaner men must transcribe into print.

Lovett was a master of his art. There was nothing he would disdain to do for money. Such a man is mighty handy round a yellow journal, although his fellows never invite him into their poker games or to split a pint with them. Lindley Jackson despised the man. Yet it was his belief that the public had a right to know something of the private affairs of its political and financial leaders. Such knowledge could be obtained only by the use of men like Lovett. Men high in place and shamefully unfaithful to the public trust had been exposed in the Citizen through the medium of Lovett, and good had been accomplished. So Jackson justified his employment of Lovett; but he was not friendly to him.

"Lovett," he said tersely, "that man who gave you the tip last winter about Masterman's being behind that water-power bill—is he still in Masterman's employ?"

Lovett shook his head.

"Couldn't keep away from the drink," he said. "Talked. Masterman learned of it. Fired." Lovett never wasted anything, even words. It was commonly said of him that the only thing he ever spent was the evening.

Hanrahan Turned Pale; He Managed to Place His Glass Back on the Table, but That Was All

"I see," said Jackson. "Is there anyone else in Masterman's office that can be reached?" He would not use the word "bribe."

Lovett smirked.

"I've been quite friendly with the telephone clerk," he answered. "That's the only one I know in that office."

"Hm-m. Well, see him. Find out if—if anything's been lost in the Masterman office. If there was any particular fuss raised about it. Get all the gossip you can. And stop at the cashier's for money. Report as soon as possible."

When Lovett had left the office Jackson tossed his cigar away in disgust. He had gone dangerously close to breaking his word when he told Lovett to ask if anything had been lost. Still he had observed the letter of the confidence. Indeed, it might be argued that he had observed its spirit.

"Anyway, Masterman never fought fair in his life," he told himself. "I'm for the people and against him. If I stick to the letter of fairness ——" So he soothed his conscience.

Hanrahan, meantime, with a curl of his lips and a shrug of his shoulders, saw Lovett start in the direction of the private office. He was able to guess that the blackmail man was to be used to ferret information from someone near to Masterman—for he knew by his chief's seriousness that something big was in the air and that he would not be permitted to handle the case alone—and, glad that his reputation was such that no publisher dared ask him to deviate from the strictest newspaper ethics, closed his typewriter into his desk and started for the street. An office boy caught him waiting for the elevator.

"Someone on the phone for you, Mr. Hanrahan. Happened to see you going out and I chased after you. Lady too. Bet she's a queen!"

He grinned cheerfully at the reporter. Everyone loved Tom Hanrahan.

"I'll bet she is," smiled the reporter, and his change pocket was immediately minus one dime, and the boy was enriched by exactly that sum.

Hanrahan stepped into the booth the boy indicated.

"Hello! This is Hanrahan."

"Oh, Tom! I'm so glad I caught you. This is Jessie."

"And the top o' the mornin' to ye, Jessie mavourneen," he laughed.

He heard his laugh echoed nervously, as though the girl at the other end of the wire were a little overwrought.

"Why, what's wrong, Jessie girl?" he asked quickly.

"Oh, Tom, I'm a bit frightened. I don't know just how to—I can't tell you over the phone—I don't want to—something's happened ——"

"Well," gasped Hanrahan, "if that something is happening in fifteen minutes it's liable to get a swift punch on the jaw, for I'm coming up that fast to see you!"

"Do," she said. And again he caught that note of strain in her voice.

He started again for the street, this time on the run. If anyone had been bothering Jessie Sigmund —— It happened that Jessie's parents were rather strict and old-fashioned. They loved their daughter and she loved them; but they did not approve of a young woman's painting for money. They only tolerated the idea because they loved her too well to make her unhappy by refusing their assent to her coming to New York. It also happened that they did not approve of newspaper reporters—thought them wild, carousing youths. So it further happened that Jessie Sigmund and Tom Hanrahan kept their engagement very much of a secret, waiting for the day when Tom should become a managing editor, or at least a city editor, before shocking Jessie's folks with the announcement. No wonder Tom hurried! He was closer to-day, he felt, to his goal than ever before. He'd find Mack, become a managing editor, and marry Jessie. Meantime, something was bothering his girl. He bumped into a man and knocked him down, so great was his hurry to reach the Elevated.

XIII

A MAN should never put love before duty; but inasmuch as it happened that Hanrahan's first place of inquiry for Handsome Harry Mack was a rather low resort not very far from Jessie Sigmund's apartments, he did not feel that he was neglecting his duty in calling first on her. Moreover, duty is comparative. A man doesn't owe the same duty to his boss that he does to his country. Private business duties may well be set aside in favor of love. Anyway, Tom Hanrahan made a bee line for the home of Jessie Sigmund. Arriving there he found her in a state of alarm which, though quite a distance away from hysteria, nevertheless gave him concern. He put his arm round her, led her to a couch and made her sit down.

"Now then, Jessie, tell me what's happened to you."

"It's not happened to me, Tom, it's happened to Kirby."

"Miss Rowland, the miniature painter?"

"Yes, Tom, and I don't understand at all. Th-the telegram, the man watching the house ——"

"What's that?" he demanded truculently. "Where?"

She drew him to the window and pointed at a man lounging with careful carelessness down the street a bit.

"He's been here this morning, and he asked for Kirby. When I said that she wasn't here he said that she had been here, and if I knew where she was I'd better tell him quick or it would be worse for me. I shut the door in his face, and—Tom, I don't understand it."

Hanrahan cast a menacing glance at the unconscious watcher down the street. Then he drew the girl once more to the couch.

"Now then, Jessie, tell me all about it—from the beginning."

His strength communicated itself to her; his firm clasp steadied her nerves. She even essayed a smile.

"Maybe I'm making a mountain out of a molehill," she began. "Last night, or rather quite early in the evening, Kirby phoned me. She said that she wanted to spend the night with me. Her voice seemed kind of—I don't know, not exactly frightened, but—worked up, I guess. I told her to come right over, that I had a dinner-dance engagement, but that I'd gladly break it and stay home if she wished. She said not to do that; merely to leave the key with the elevator boy, which I did. You know, Tom, Kirby is my dearest girl friend. We studied together, and she'll be bridesmaid at our wedding, if she doesn't do it first—then she'll be matron of honor. You haven't met her, for things have always come up to prevent, as you know; but she's the dearest, truest ——"

"If you say so, that's guaranty enough," said Tom stoutly. "Go on."

"Well, I left the key and went off. I came back about midnight. I was at the Morrisons' dance, as you know, and

Freeland Morrison brought me home. Well, the night boy gave me my key. I was surprised, but supposed that Kirby had decided not to stay, and went to the apartment here. On the table I found a note from Kirby asking me not to say anything about her having been here, and telling me that she'd borrowed a suitcase and some things of mine, which she'd return soon. Here's the note."

She handed it to Tom and he read it, returning it without comment.

"Well," continued Jessie, "I found a letter on my bureau that I'd forgotten to mail, and I rang for the elevator boy. When he came I gave him the letter and, out of pure idle curiosity, asked him what time Miss Rowland had left. He replied that she and the gentleman had gone out about nine or ten, he couldn't remember just when. He described the 'gentleman,' because I was curious, and it seems to have been Dixon Grant, whom I know only slightly, but who seems to have been paying lots of attention to Kirby lately."

"You girls don't confide in each other much, for all your chumminess, do you?" grinned Hanrahan.

"Well," retorted Jessie, "I can't talk about you without letting people know where my heart is, and that's a secret, isn't it? Possibly Kirby has her own reasons for not having told me much about Grant. Perhaps he hasn't asked her yet, and she hopes he will—girls keep quiet when things are at that stage, you know."

"All right," he smiled. "What next?"

"Well, just as I was beginning to wonder if Kirby had eloped with Dixon Grant, and was puzzled why she should take my clothing and not her own, the bell rang and a man insisted on talking with me. He said that he wanted to know where Kirby was. Not the man outside now, but another one. They both reminded me of policemen, somehow or other ——"

Tom whistled softly.

"Plain-clothes men or private detectives, eh? What did you tell him?"

"I told him I knew nothing about her, and got rid of him; but my own curiosity was aroused then, and I lay awake half the night puzzling. And this morning a message came to me from the telegraph office. It said that there had been an error in the transmission of a telegram to me; it said that in the message sent me last night the word 'three' had been written instead of 'two.' The corrected message was to the effect that Adele Rohan—who's been commissioned to paint the portrait of little Laurel Masterman—is going on a camping trip, won't leave Denver for two weeks, and wants me to inform the Mastermans."

"Well? I don't get the connection."

"You will in a moment," she answered. "I didn't at first, because I had not received the original telegram. But I had noticed a piece of yellow paper in the fireplace. I must be a born detective, Tom, or else I've imbibed detection from hearing you talk about some of your stories. I picked that piece of paper out of a little mass of ashes. It was the corner of a message blank. It had not been there when I left the apartment last night, I'm sure, so it's obvious that Kirby received and opened a message addressed to me. I made it certain by going right to the telegraph office and asking to see the book in which was the signature for the telegram. It was my name, all right, but Kirby's handwriting."

She paused and looked at him a moment before continuing: "Tom, what on earth does it mean?"

"You may search me," he answered slowly. "Is Kirby—er—all there?"

"The sanest girl I ever knew," she answered indignantly.

"H'm! Then why on earth should she act so queerly?"

"That's what I want you to find out, Tom. I think a lot of Kirby. I'm worried; I've phoned the Greenwich Studios, where she lives, and they tell me there that she is not at home. I don't understand it, and—Tom, this is a bad city for a girl alone."

"Seems to me she wasn't alone. Looks as though she had her best-beloved with her, doesn't it?"

"But not going home; borrowing my clothes; destroying a telegram addressed to me—it isn't like Kirby. I don't understand ——"

The doorbell rang. Jessie stopped short her speech, smoothed her hair and opened the door. A messenger boy handed her a telegram. She signed for it and closed the door.

"Maybe this explains it," she said. She opened the message, and her eyes expressed surprise.

"It's not from Kirby," she said; "it's from Adele. She announces that she has changed her mind once again, and will leave Denver to-day; she hopes I have not told the Mastermans that she wouldn't be here." She laughed. "That's the flighty, brilliant Adele always. But she is a genius and can afford to do things that poor plodding grubs like myself—oh, well, I have you; let Adele have her genius!"

She flashed a smile on Tom, but she sobered again at once.

"Tom, you're the best reporter in New York; the best amateur detective, too, and that means, with all the newspapermen in this town, as good as the best professional. Tell me, can you find Kirby? Can you find out what's happened to her?"

"I'll try," he said. "Know anything about this Grant?"

"I've heard her say he was with some brokers. Bryant, Manners & Co., I think."

"Brokers nothing! Bucketshoppers, she means. Well, I'll try them." He did, on the telephone, only to learn from the careful telephone clerk—cautioned by his employers, as had been his employers by Terence Greenham, against letting slip any information whatsoever as to Mr. Dixon Grant—that Mr. Grant was no longer with the firm.

"Well, My Dear, I Was a Little Afraid. I Thought You'd be Angry at My Slipping in Here"

"Maybe he's lost his job," suggested Hanrahan. "That might have upset Miss Rowland."

But Jessie shook her head.

"Kirby has plenty for both, I happen to know," was her objection to this offered solution. "But that isn't all you can do."

Hanrahan laughed. "Indeed not! I'll tip off the police and have them keep their eyes ——"

"Police!" Jessie was scornful. "Indeed you won't, Tom Hanrahan! Have the police looking for Kirby Rowland! Absurd! Why, Kirby would never speak to me again. Is that as clever as you are, Tom? For if you can't think of anything better than the police or the newspapers—look here, Tom, after all, Kirby is of age and probably knows what she is doing. That I am worried is no reason that her private business should be known to police and public. You promise me that you won't have her name mentioned in the papers, or told to the police, or—Tom, I couldn't forgive you if you did."

"Of course I won't, dear," he promised. "But, as you must see, that limits me. But I'll go to her apartment—Greenwich Studios, you said? All right. And don't worry; she's probably O. K. If she isn't—well, bad news comes soon enough. Myself, I think that she's eloped with Grant."

"I hope so," said Jessie fervently. "Then we'd know she was all right. You'll try to find her, though?"

"I surely will," he said. "And speaking of finding people reminds me that I've got to find someone for the paper and I'm not doing it. Don't worry. By-by, dear." He kissed her and was swiftly gone.

Comforted by his assurance that he would find Kirby, Jessie went to her mirror with deft fingers to repair the damage to her coiffure done by his parting embrace, and so did not witness the little drama enacted a few rods down the street. The worthy Greenham agent who had relieved the man who had questioned both Jessie and Kirby the previous night—this latter had been clever enough to avoid rebuke from his employers by concealing the fact that he had met Kirby face to face; a fact he discovered shortly after the real Miss Sigmund came home—leaned against an iron railing, trying to seem as though he were just a simple-minded gentleman taking the air. Hanrahan walked up to him.

"The air," said the reporter abruptly, "is very bad on this street. Do you grasp my meaning?"

The man stared.

"Who you kiddin'?" he demanded.

"No one," said Hanrahan; "I'm in deadly earnest. To-day you threatened a young lady by the name of Sigmund. You're watching her place now. Undoubtedly you intended to keep an eye on me. You don't need to; here's my card—Hanrahan, of the Citizen."

The man took the card dazedly.

"What's all this about?" he asked.

"Just this—I want you to beat it. Understand? Move, vanish, git!"

"Who you orderin' round?" demanded the detective truculently.

"You," said Hanrahan. "If you aren't on your way in just two seconds, I'm going to hand you something that won't taste a bit nice. Furthermore, I'm coming back here later, and if I find you here I'll clean house with you. For your information and edification I'll inform you that when it comes to licking cheap detectives I am the one and only, blown-in-the-bottle, original White Hope. Your two seconds are up. Are you going?"

"Well, I like your nerve!" began the detective. He didn't speak again for a moment, for Hanrahan's fist, colliding with his mouth, cut short his words. The reporter bent over the prostrate detective.

"Are you going?"

"I'll have you pinched," mumbled the man.

"And I'll get you thirty days for annoying a lady! Are you going?"

The law is even less kind to annoyers of women than Tom Hanrahan had shown himself. Also it had been impressed upon the Greenham operatives that secrecy was essential in this present mysterious case. The man shambled off, nursing a bleeding jaw.

"I'll get you!" he mumbled. "I'll get you yet!"

"So will the goblins, if I don't watch out," laughed Hanrahan. He watched the man out of sight, then continued

(Continued on Page 50)

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A Bit of Mere Gossip

AT THE beginning of this fiscal year there was a balance in the Treasury of some two hundred million dollars, and the Secretary calculates that by the end of the next fiscal year this will be turned into a deficit of nearly two hundred millions, which would seem to imply that, in spite of heavy additional taxation last year, the Government is going in the hole to the extent of about four hundred millions in two years.

Not, of course, that it matters at all. In reporting the figures the press, so far as we have observed, treats them as quite inconsequential. Figuring it out exactly would not be worth while, because a hundred million dollars, or two hundred millions, more or less, is so obviously unimportant. There is a perfunctory suggestion that the cost of preparedness accounts for whatever deficit may occur.

There is only a suggestion, official or otherwise, that this matter of spending a billion—or a billion and a half, as the case may chance to be—of public money is worth serious consideration for the purpose of determining how much of it the Government really needs to spend.

All talk about preparedness, in the face of continued indifference to economy and efficiency in the Government, may be taken in a jocular spirit; for it is clear that in looking over the state of the Union, with a view to heightened preparedness for either peace or war, an economical and efficient government would be the first item an intelligent outsider would insist upon.

A Legend for Bankers

BANKERS would have told you in July, 1914, that the supply of capital in Europe was strictly limited; that it increased through the difficult process of saving something each year out of income; and thus, that England, much the richest country, produced capital at the rate of about two billion dollars annually, Germany and France at a decidedly lower rate, and all other countries much below Germany and France. In May, 1914, a famous economist calculated the growth of capital in the United States, England, Germany and France, combined, at not much over ten billion dollars a year, of which about two-thirds was credited to the United States.

Since then England, Germany and France have raised over thirty billion dollars of capital for prosecution of the war. If they could do that the United States, under similar conditions, could probably raise twenty billions a year. Ask any banker what that would come to in the way of increased production of all the necessaries, comforts and luxuries of life.

There is no legerdemain about it. England, Germany and France did that by uniting the energy and enthusiasm of the people under capable direction. That is all there is to it. Set the people of this country to working and saving, with like unity and zest, under as efficient an organization, and capital would flow in torrents.

We are not united or organized. Leaders of business and leaders of politics are chronically at loggerheads. Capital and labor perpetually bristle at each other. Farmers are suspicious of railroads and of Wall Street generally. Behind a diplomatic front, Wall Street is pretty often contemptuous and indifferent to farmers.

Bankers occupy a peculiar position in the business structure. They are the medium by which the people's money is turned into industry. In proportion as they do not candidly and earnestly try, with a sympathetic and open mind, to understand politics, to understand labor, to harmonize and unify all round, they are not up to their jobs.

The Case of Gold

IN THE midst of afflictions that are natural to a sensitive mind which is misunderstood, Mr. Bryan may derive consolation from the fact that his celebrated cross of gold is already wabbling a bit, and another year of war might very likely fetch it down. Taking England, France, Russia and Italy together, government bank notes and deposits—payable in metal—have increased within a year by more than three and a half billion dollars, while stocks of gold have increased roughly only a hundred million dollars.

The Imperial Bank of Germany makes a better showing, with an increase of more than a quarter of a billion dollars in gold against an increase of about a billion dollars in notes and deposits, payable in gold. Some other paper money has been issued in Germany, however. That all the Allies, or all Europe, will be forced to abandon the gold basis is entirely probable. The United States would then be the only big commercial nation whose currency was redeemable in gold.

It is only in the last seventeen years that United States currency has been specifically redeemable in gold. A generation ago our currency was at a heavy discount for gold. England abandoned the gold basis during the Napoleonic wars, and France did so during the Franco-Prussian War. It was only at the end of the last century that Russia established gold payments. In comparison with Europe's other troubles, a paper currency which was not redeemable in gold, but which circulated at home with tolerable stability, would be merely an inconvenience.

And it is doubtful that the United States would derive any lasting advantage from being the only big country which remained on a gold basis. The presumption is that if Europe is poor and we are rich at the end of the war she will buy little from us and sell us much; she will bid high for our surplus capital and presently get enough gold to resume specie payments. Meantime, for some years, Mr. Bryan could point with pride to a prostrate ancient foe.

Speaking of Indoor Sports

BELOW are the rules for playing the greatest indoor game ever invented. Persons of either sex and of any age from six to ninety may engage in it with slight variations. It may be played at any hour of the day and in any season of the year; but it is especially appropriate for cold and stormy winter evenings.

The player first removes his shoes and puts on a pair of loose slippers. He then places a comfortable chair two feet and eight inches due south of a good lamp. Next—if a gentleman—he places a footstool or a smaller chair two feet and three inches due east of the first chair. He then places himself in the larger chair and elevates his feet to the smaller one—or the footstool, as the case may be. His next move—if a gentleman—is to fill a good brier pipe with prime tobacco, apply a match, and draw in his breath with a prolonged, unhasty action. He then takes up a good book, settles himself in the chair, and informs whatever members of his household may be present that anybody who speaks to him or otherwise disturbs him before eleven o'clock will be hit over the bean. Lady players and children should vary the above rules in detail, according to taste and the dictates of their elders. The joy of this game will be sensibly enhanced by a nice open-grate fire, located anywhere from ten to fifteen feet northwest of the player.

For cold winter evenings this game—measured by the yield of solid satisfaction in proportion to the outlay of money and effort involved—beats any other pastime ever invented by man. If you are not already addicted to it get the habit this winter.

Farm Yields

THE quantity of farm land under cultivation pretty nearly keeps pace with the growth of population. An equal division would give every inhabitant of the United States pretty nearly the same quantity of cultivated land as twenty-five years ago, when the prices of farm products were low. But no doubt it costs more to farm now than it did then. Up to about thirty years ago the land brought under cultivation was mainly rich and, with a dependable rainfall, required neither fertilization nor irrigation. Since then agriculture has pushed into regions less favored by Nature.

Dry farming requires more labor; irrigation and the reclamation of swamps require a considerable investment, which must be compensated out of the products of the soil. In spite of improved methods of cultivation, yields per acre have increased comparatively little in fifty years. Taking the ten-year average for 1866–1875, and the average for the five years preceding 1916, when crops were generally poor, the gain for the three chief cereals, taken together, is about ten per cent. Corn, which takes by far the biggest area, shows no gain at all.

As compared with thirty years ago, farming will continue to cost more effort. The celebrated business of tickling the land with a plow and making it laugh with a harvest will not answer. Land that has been farmed for a generation, land without rainfall and land that tends to slip back into the swamp are going to give the mere tickler another sort of laugh. To increase or even maintain the yield per acre requires more care and skill. Farming is a more difficult business than it was thirty years ago. Probably it will be increasingly a more difficult business. Compared with thirty years ago, probably food will always cost more.

Transportation Cost

MR. CARNEGIE used to sell pig iron at forty dollars a ton and steel rails at one hundred and thirty dollars a ton. For some years before this war boom the former ruled about fifteen dollars a ton and the latter twenty-eight dollars. Improved methods of production brought that drop in prices.

No doubt nearly everybody is more or less familiar with the fact that improved methods and large-scale production, from the close of the Civil War down to the beginning of the present war, brought a great decline in the price of various manufactured articles. The same causes brought a decline quite as great in the cost of transportation.

Thus it is calculated that for government in all its divisions the people of the United States paid in 1910 six times as much as in 1870, for manufacturing over five times as much, for mining seven times as much, and for transportation less than four times as much—the latter absorbing a steadily declining proportion of the national income. Comparing our costs with those of other peoples, probably transportation is the cheapest thing in the United States to-day.

Peace Terms

GERRYMANDERING the boundaries of Europe is not a matter of the first importance to this country. For us, for every neutral country and for every belligerent, the grand consideration—in comparison with which all others are decidedly secondary—is whether the terms of settlement definitely lessen the probability of another war.

There is only one possible way to accomplish that—namely, by a sweeping reduction of armaments and setting up some sort of international authority to which disputes between states shall be referred.

The old scheme of competitive armaments, and every nation the final judge of its own acts, will produce the old results. That is international anarchy, with no law that anybody is really bound to respect. A régime of international law must replace it or the probability of war will remain just what it was before, no matter how boundaries are rearranged or how much, for the time being, any nation is humbled. It was from the utter humiliation and helplessness of the Napoleonic era that aggressive modern Prussia emerged.

The old scheme has been very thoroughly tried out. Returning to it with a mere shifting of the weights and counterweights will not change its nature or effect. There must be complete recognition of a common European interest that is superior to any particular national interest.

This country's vital interest in peace terms centers there.

The Continuous Melodrama

FOOD prices are very high. Millions of people are injuriously affected thereby and complain about it. So the Federal Government seeks to discharge its duty in the premises by sending out flocks of detectives, special agents and district attorneys to see whom it can put in jail.

Such is our inveterate habit. No matter what unpleasant condition afflicts us, the first thought is that some malevolent combination must be responsible for it. If food prices are very low, producers of food blame speculators and want them arrested. The country seems to have a firmly rooted opinion that nothing untoward can happen except as some sinister individuals deliberately will it. If wages are low it must be because ruthless employers are determined to grind the face of labor. If labor is rebellious it must be because unscrupulous agitators stir it up for their individual gain.

Like devotees of good old melodrama, we demand a villain in every play. Adequate detective talent and a vigorous application of the policeman's club would cure all the ills of mankind. Run down the rascals and the problem is solved, no matter what the problem may be.

This produces a good deal of excitement; but, taking it in a large way, that is about all it does produce. If the energy spent in looking for a villain were devoted to looking for better methods of food distribution it would get better long-run results; but there would be fewer thrills.

Roughing It From London to Paris

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

IT REALLY began by my being turned back in the office of my hotel in London after I had paid my bill, handed out all my tips and had my baggage on top of a taxicab at the door. It was the manager who caught me.

"Starting for France?" he asked, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"Yes, finally." And I refrained from adding "Thank heaven!"

"Well, I'm very sorry, but I'm afraid you can't go."

"Why not?"

"No ship."

"What, again?" I had already waited three days with my engine started and my hand on the clutch lever, so to speak. "Why didn't you let me know?"

"Just got word."

"Do they say anything about the prospects?"

"No, nothing."

"Or about the reasons for such a delay?"

"They wouldn't, of course—would they? But we know there are submarines about again, don't we? There could be no other reason, could there? And they won't send a boat across until they think it is fairly safe; you may be sure of that."

"Well, there is nothing for me to do but to gather up my luggage and go back to my room and wait, is there?" One gets that already-answered-question habit in England.

"'Fraid not. Sorry!"

"Go back and wait some more." This to myself in dolefulness of spirit.

And then came that night's thrilling experience up under the clouds.

It was not in any way a part of my extraordinary trip; but I was just waiting, and there it was. I was glad afterward that I had not missed it. I never like to miss a narrow squeak, so long as it is a squeak—and not too narrow. This really was not a squeak at all, but it was a good imitation while it lasted. About half past two in the morning I was jarred out of a sound sleep and rolled out of bed, all tangled up with the blankets, and with my heart pounding ten to the second.

"Well, there they are!" said I. "Zeppelins!"

A Good View of a Zeppelin Raid

THEN I suddenly remembered that I was on the top floor, where I had insisted on being placed for the sake of air. Horrible thought! Horrible thinness of roof! A terrified wail and a bell-ringing from every part of the hotel sang a sort of Hadean obbligato to a boom of big guns and a screech of shells that would have been unnerving if one had been in a state to be definitely conscious of everything. But one was not.

I heard next morning that it had taken the combined efforts of three men to keep a wild American from walking off in mid-air from a fifth-floor balcony of the same hotel in his mad eagerness not to miss anything; and his rescuers were cursing him roundly and wishing they had let him do it, because he had made them miss everything. I know just how he felt, though considering that he was at a party perhaps his feelings were assisted by something of which I was wholly innocent.

I could not get far enough out of my window to see what was going on directly above me, and I had to resist a desperate impulse to try a hand-over-hand trip to a better viewpoint down a telegraph cable that swung close at hand and out across a wide open space to a tower beyond. All the time I was perfectly certain that a bomb was descending on a direct line with my upturned forehead, and I was bracing myself against the window to meet it. I was used to the searchlights. They do a nightly search of the London overhead, be it clouds or starshine; but they do it ordinarily in a leisurely, long-sweeping, majestic kind of way. This night they were in a hurry; they were agitated, and were swinging and darting hither and thither with a nervous swiftness that fairly yelled of excitement. They would focus together on a spot and instantly from every quarter would come the boom of guns, and round that spot a dozen shells would spectacularly explode. Then they would swing away like a pack of foxhounds seeking the right scent, while the roar of the guns from far and near was continuous.

Zeppelins? No; no signs of Zeppelins. The clouds hung low, and they were above them; and it was not until the great flare of light came that one realized—many things! Everybody saw the great flare; saw the monster flaming torch plunging earthward in its own unearthly aura; saw the dense blackness which followed it downward and down, and felt the hideous silence that settled behind the last echoes of the battle—which ceased almost immediately after that awful light went out.

I had been standing at my window in the dark, and not until that black silence fell did I turn and let terror really take possession of me. I groped my way to the door and flung it open. Outside, in the hallway, were half a dozen maids, leaning against the wall whimpering—all but one; she was standing, with a sputtering candle in her hand, giving the Germans a piece of her mind and wondering how many babies they would succeed in killing this time.

It was a refreshing bit of diatribe and brought me up smiling. Guests in pyjamas and kimonos were hobnobbing at the head of the stairway, and one determined-looking woman was standing with her finger pressed resolutely against the elevator-bell button, which she no doubt had been doing from the first instant.

"Well, cheer up! It's all over," I said to the maids.

"Not likely, ma'am," the garrulous one answered; "they're sure to come back."

"Oh, no; they won't. And did you know they got one of them?"

"Not likely," was the answer from the same person again; "our chaps don't do nothin'. Them Zeps can keep on comin' over here, and that's all there is to it!" Then she muttered to herself: "Who'd 'a' thought you got war right on the top o' yer own 'ead!"

"But they got one, I tell you!" I protested. "I saw it come down."

"If ye seen anything a-comin' down, ma'am, it was an English chap; make sure o' that!" said the same female. And that restored me completely. She has had occasion to change her mind about the English chaps since then, has she not? I turned back into my room, smiling, shut the door, and groped the way to my bed in the dark; though I will admit that I felt inclined to seek further rest under it, like a scared pup, instead of on it, like a Christian.

Other days I waited; and my permissions to travel had to be renewed, with considerable bother, long waiting at consulates and excessive taxi fares, no such permission being good for more than two days ever, no matter what happens. Then came a certain Wednesday when I was told that the boat train would leave for Southampton on schedule time at ten of the clock in the evening; and that presumably the boat for Le Havre would leave next morning at daybreak. Some influential friends had reserved a cabin for me on the boat for Tuesday night; but on Tuesday night there was no boat. Thinking, however, that such a reservation would hold good for the first boat leaving, I went on my way rejoicing and landed in Southampton at clammy, cold, curdling midnight.

Cold Comfort From the Purser

HAVING a special passport, I was shunted along with the army officers and the Red Cross crowd, ahead of much of the English and a large section of the European population that happened to be traveling in the same direction, and got inside with the baggage inspectors in good time. And now I am not going to exaggerate one little bit. I don't have to; the simple truth is horrible enough. I paid a man an exorbitant fee to get myself and my baggage aboard as quickly as possible, though he kept saying to me:

"They ain't no hurry, ma'am; you've plenty of time."

"Well, I want to get to bed; everybody has to be up at daybreak, you know, and ready for the danger zone."

"Yes, I know; but you don't need to hurry none."

"What time do we sail?"

"I really couldn't say."

I started straight for the purser's office, ready to produce my little reservation ticket and get to my cabin forthwith. But about midway down the deck I was stopped by a line of people ahead of me, a line which snaked along the bulkhead, through the door and down two companionways to the purser's window. And you had to stand in line or lose your place. I stood. The line moved not so slowly and I soon learned why.

"Ain't got nothin'!" was the purser's brief answer to everybody. "Ain't got nothin'!" was finally the purser's brief answer to me.

"But I have a reservation," I replied—"cabin 50–52."

"Le's see." I handed over my tickets. "Oh, that was for last night's boat!"

"But last night's boat didn't go."

"Don't I know it?"

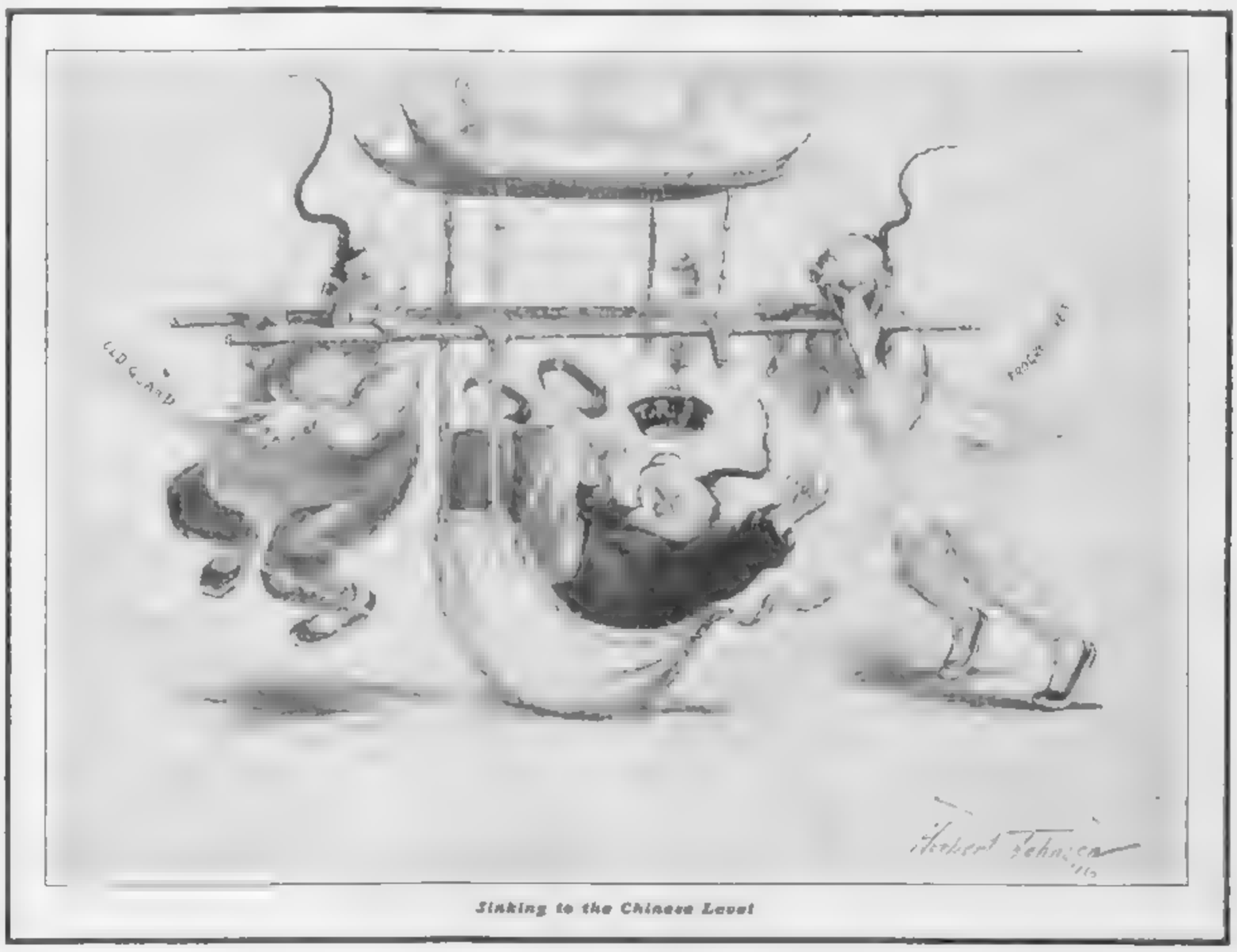
"Well, isn't this the same boat?"

"Same boat, yes; but different date. Sorry; but there is nothing left." And he ran his finger down his chart as though to make sure.

"Not a berth in another cabin?" I smiled encouragingly at his moving finger, as much as to say "I know an unusual situation when I see one and I'm disposed to be pleasant about it."

"Not a berth," he replied; and he added: "They're waitin' behind you, madam."

So they were. I drew to one side and looked them over. They were all that is conveyed to one's mind by the word mob. They were flushed and annoyed and nervous and ill-controlled; more French than English and almost as many women and children as men. I thought to myself: "Well, they had better



Sinking to the Chinese Level

be fairly certain that it is safe before they send this ship across the Channel." Then I sought a steward.

"Steward, can you get me a deck chair?"

"No, madam."

"Why not?"

"They are all gone."

"How does that happen?"

"Well, they's been people waitin' in Southampton for days for this boat and they let 'em come aboard early. Everything's taken."

"Oh, well," I thought, "it's only until to-morrow noon. I can stand it all right." And I went on deck.

It was bitter cold and people were lying everywhere, huddled in blankets and coats, while other people tramped up and down in the narrow space by the rail, trying to keep warm. There were more than five hundred passengers on the little boat and more than half of them were without a place to lay their heads. I thought I must find somewhere to sit down, anyhow; so I turned and went back down the companionway to the ladies' saloon. It was packed. Women had even stretched themselves out in the middle of the floor and were slumbering away as matter-of-factly as they might do in their own beds. Again I sought a steward.

"You can at least get me a blanket, can't you?" I asked.

"Well, I might manage that," he replied in a meaningful tone, a meaning nobody could possibly mistake.

I dug down and brought up a bribe, and got a blanket so promptly that I was certain sure there were plenty more where it came from.

"Another one," I said.

"Couldn't do it, ma'am. Sorry not to oblige you, but it would not be fair—now would it? Just look at all these here people here ——"

He was going on to another shilling climax; but I turned away in deep disgust, went back on deck, and began to search like a homeless hound for a corner in which to curl myself up. Amidships, near the funnels, I found a French officer and a beautiful girl locked in a close embrace and sitting upright on a bench that would have exactly fitted the uncomfortablest four-fifths of me; and I felt like asking them to get up and go on over and lean against the rail and look at the moonlight—as they should. But I only stopped to regard them for a second, and then turned, myself, to the deck rail.

Moonlight it was—glorious, glittering, cold, chilling moonlight; and a band of lit ripples lay out through the harbor entrance and across to the dark shore of the Isle of Wight. I sat down finally on the far end of the lovers' bench and gave myself up to moonlit melancholy. "Only the English could do it," said I to myself, trying to make myself believe that only the English could do it. But I suddenly thought—war!—and had visions of submarine terrors out there—out there! I wondered what dear mothers' sons were surrendering their lives out there.

Dreams and Nightmares

I turned to lay my weary head on the back of the bench and my heart lifted with a sudden discovery. Right behind the beautiful sweethearts was an open skylight, and nothing at all was lying along its ridge-pole—if that is what it should be called. Me for that! I spread my long short blanket and I suppose I should explain that my own steamer rugs and heavy coats had been left behind, with everything unnecessary, on instructions to "travel light." I spread my too short blanket on the ridgy center of the skylight and carefully stretched myself upon it.

By that time it was three o'clock in the morning and I was almost asleep standing up. The skylight was great! I heaved a sigh of relief and fell almost immediately into sleep—and incidentally into the nethermost depths of slumberous horrors. I had adventures that the really adventurous would envy. I fought a valiant fight with the prickly fiends of the outer dark; I was thrust into icy caves and swept with needle brooms to the blue icy edges of icy deeps. I struggled bravely, slipping and freezing, and clutching at blue icy gleams that bit into my fingertips.

And then I gave up. One always gives up. With a strangling sob I went over and started down—swiftly—down; but, midway in a long, long drop into abysmal depths, I was caught in the sharp talons of a flock of cold, snake-tailed, cooing doves, and was carried upward and up, and—oh, well, of course—into the dawn!

The dawn it was, and the cooing doves were the lovers murmuring of murmursome things on the benchback above me. I was glad they were there and awake, because the dawn in its just gray glimmering is a fearful thing. I struggled rather feebly at first, but I finally found one of my hands. It was tucked away under my lifeless body, and in its thin glove was all crumpled and blue and funny. Then I found I could wriggle a little, and after moments of tingling torture I was able to push the weight of my large aching head down against the inert mass of me and to slide off my skylight. But I set my feet squarely on the chest of a slumbering stranger, and he brushed at me in a way to make me know that I was figuring as something awful in his nightmare.

I write all this because, without knowing how it began, there is no realizing the rest of it. I would have bartered all the hopes that were in me for a cup of hot coffee somewhere—out of the dawn; but nowhere could anyone be found who might by any chance be able to administer to my wants. I carried my blanket and my misery round and round the deck, treading warily for fear of stepping on somebody, and finally I went inside and slid down on a step of the companionway, where I leaned against a nice rail and went to sleep again. I waked up every few minutes, but only just enough to hug myself closer to my own discomfort.

Food at Last

It was the hubbub that eventually brought me round, and I found that the people were packed, standing all the way down my companionway and the one below it to the dining saloon—or the purser's window; I didn't know which.

"What are you all waiting for?" I asked an English Red Cross nurse, who stood beside me.

"Breakfast, of course," she answered briskly; and she was kind enough to add: "If you want any you'd better stop right where you are and slip in with this relay. There are hundreds outside waiting to get in and they can feed only forty at one time."

"Only forty?" I yawned; and I peeked over the stair rail at the crowd below. "But there are a good many more than that ahead of us."

"Yes, of course; and one lot just went in."

"How long does it take for a lot to get through?" I yawned again.

"Well, this is the second, and the first took nearly three-quarters of an hour."

"That seems a long time."

"Oh, not very. They tell me we get ham and eggs and coffee and marmalade."

She looked bedraggled and she sounded hungry.

"What time is it, please?"

"About half past eight."

"Not really!" I looked at my watch to prove it; then I got solicitous. "Did you have a cabin?" I asked.

"Cabin? Well, rather not! I didn't have anything—not even a blanket."

"Isn't it awful! Where did you sleep?"

"Call it sleep if you like. I spent the night up on the forward deck."

And it did not occur to me until that instant that we were standing still.

"What are we stopping for, I wonder?" said I.

"We haven't started yet!"

"Oh, dear! That will make us late in landing, won't it?"

"We shall be lucky if we get off at all."

"Any prospects of not doing so?"

"All the prospects in the world."

But that is the sort of thing one does not believe on the instant. It sounded pessimistic and disgruntled, and I am nothing if not habitually hopeful. I sat where I was for another half hour; then went down with the crowd as the second breakfast relay gave way to the third. And I was right about there being more than forty ahead of us—there were more than eighty. One lot went in and we waited for them; then, when I thought our lot was really getting in, my Red Cross friend and I were stopped on the bottom step leading into the saloon, and a rope was swung across in front of us, as though there was some chance of its being difficult to control us. Only the English, however——

If I could but describe that day! Breakfast was over about half past eleven and luncheon began at twelve. Luncheon was over about five o'clock and the tea relays began to pour down the companionways immediately. The tea drinkers were English mostly, and they were driven forth from the dining room in time for the commencement of dinner, about half past six. I gave up trying to get three square meals, because it practically meant moving from the table to the end of the line, moving with the line to the table, and back again to the end of the line—not quite, but nearly—a hideous rotation in an atmosphere of sweating stewards, unbathed humanity, bilge water and burning grease.

Considering the odors, I really was glad when the hot food ran out, or they decided not to serve any more, as they did before dinner was over; and we were reduced to cold ham, boiled eggs and warm soda water. I got that about half past nine that night, after a day I should remember as miserable even in the midst of the worst miseries that could be meted out to me, for my sins, in the Kingdom Come.

After wandering round and trying to maintain a little dignity for two or three hours I sat down flat on the deck, where I had to be stepped over, leaned up against a bulkhead and went to sleep again. The sun came round and scorched me; a cold wind blew off the water and froze me; and a continuous hubbub of conversation in all languages buzzed at the door of my consciousness like a million torturing bluebottle flies.

Everybody else was as uncomfortable as myself, and underlying the discomfort there was a nervous thrilling fear, which set marks on men's faces and made women's voices high and hysterical. Outside the purser's window a placard had been put up early in the day instructing all those who wished to "abandon the voyage" to present their tickets and passports to such and such a port officer at such and such a time and place. The very phrase "abandon the voyage" sounded ominous; but everybody waited for everybody else to do it, and doubtless wondered, as I did, why they were so slow about it.

The second night passed as the first had done, except that I found a vacated chair and appropriated it, without a "By your leave" to anybody. I hauled it up close against the rail, where I could turn my back on the crowd; and in the first sweet comfort of sinking into it I decided to sit right there until we landed at Le Havre, if it took a week. But, of course, it would not take a week. We should be leaving by daybreak without a doubt, and it was just six hours across. Counting on slow running, we ought to be in by early afternoon of the next day anyhow, and I could go to bed in a civilized hotel and sleep the clock round! Oh, the world was not such a bad place after all!

French Deck Passengers

If they knew we would not sail, why should they not send us ashore and let us get a night's rest at a hotel in Southampton? Would they? They would not! Our passports were viséed at London or other points of departure, and they were good for nothing but a continuous passage from that point to Le Havre or Paris. Staying on the boat was by way of making a continuous trip and there was authority vested in no one to modify the regulations in any particular. Nobody could go ashore.

It was not until the second day that I really began to take an interest in people and things, and by that time bedlessness and bathlessness and foodlessness and discomfort in general had become a normal state. Out in the Near East, in the Ægean Sea and down Egypt way, one gets used to nomadic tribes infesting steamships; and they are one of the sights to write about in one's letters home to the folks. They litter all the decks in picturesque array and in blissful disregard of the deck rights of other people; but they carry with them many blankets and thick quilts, and even small stoves and cooking utensils, and plenty of good food according to their lights and their general comfort in comparison with what we were enjoying would be as the comfort of a palatial sleeping car compared with a tramp's ease in the place he bestows himself for a stolen ride, somewhere under a freight car. Yet we look down on these Eastern brothers and refer to them in a superior way as "The inevitable mob of deck passengers."

Deck passengers indeed! It was an amazing thing to me to see how quickly a civilized crowd could crack off its veneer of civilization against the sharp corners of an unusual situation and become the same kind of "mob of deck passengers," but without any of the nicenesses of Eastern habit to take the place of the habits they were forced to abandon. I looked round at the people sprawling on the littered decks and made some such remarks to my Red Cross friend.

"Oh, I don't know," she said; "though we are a little messy, are we not? I've never been in the East. Do they have bananas there? There is a perfectly good deep bay right over the rail. Does seem as though they might throw the peels and their cigarette ends over, doesn't it? But never mind!"

She was standing at the forward rail tossing cigarettes one by one to a crowd of French sailors on the well deck below.

"Who are they?" I asked.

"Oh, don't you know?" she replied, as though she thought little of my intelligence.

"No; I've been shutting my eyes and ears to everything as much as possible, and trying to gather up a little sleep. Who are they?"

"French sailors picked up out in the Channel. Their ship was submarined and some of them were drowned."

I knew what she meant, of course.

"When were they submarined?"

"This ship picked them up on its way over; and they haven't a thing with them—poor things!—not even tobacco. That's why I am giving them cigarettes."

Change for Egypt and India

It was a nice little game, but I can hardly ever keep from asking questions. Why were they not provided with tobacco and all the usual comforts, instead of having to play doggy and "speak" for single cigarettes tossed down to them from the passenger deck? I was quite serious about it, and was sending down a few packages, to which they might help themselves like men. But my English friend scorned the suggestion and advised me not to be foolish.

"They are only French sailors."

"Yes, I know; but there ought to be ample provision made for them by the authorities. Think of lying in a friendly port after going through what they have, and not getting everything they want! Can't they go ashore?"

"Certainly not. Nobody can go ashore. And besides, they have no money. I quite agree with you that provision should be made for such cases, but it is not; so ——" She shrugged her shoulders and continued in Anglo-French: *"Dites donc! Soldat! Ici!"*—and threw down more cigarettes.

There was another ship like ours, and packed as ours was, lying in the harbor; and, besides, there were transports, freight ships, battle cruisers, torpedo boats and other craft. An occasional flare of excitement was caused by the sudden buzz of a seaplane darting away and cutting a shining spray-wake as it skimmed across the bay, preparatory to lifting itself into the air. Then a burst of song from one of the close-lying neighbor ships would break the monotony for a short space.

The second day was passing and I was looking forward to the mercilessness of the chilling night—the third—when suddenly something galvanized the crowd into strained interest. It was a port officer going from point to point on the decks and below decks and calling out:

"Any passengers desiring to connect with the P. & O. steamer at Marseilles for Egypt, Malta and India will please return to London this afternoon at five o'clock. They will be met in London by an officer who will arrange about tickets and passports, and a boat will take such passengers to-morrow morning at daybreak to Boulogne. The extra fare will be nine pounds!"

"The extra what will be what?"

This was the first remark I heard, and it was uttered by a woman who declared, for the benefit of all and sundry, that she did not have, or, as she would express it, had not got nine pounds; that she was going to Malta to join her husband; that she had two children in school; and that it was all a pitiful outrage! She had bought her ticket, and now she must either give up altogether or stay where she was and take a chance on missing the steamer at Marseilles. Some Red Cross nurses for Egypt were in the same predicament, because they were traveling on arrangements made for them, and there would be no time to go through the red tape necessary to get a larger traveling allowance.

(Continued on Page 27)

See your dealer's exhibit *of Simmons Beds*

A MAN FEELS THE SAME ABOUT THE BED HE SLEEPS IN AS ABOUT THE CLOTHES HE WEARS

He wants style and comfort—and he wants it to *fit*. A bed that looks as if it belongs, and was built to be slept in, may be the most satisfying piece of furniture in the room.

A Simmons bed is just that.

The building of thousands of beds every day in the year is a colossal manufacturing job.

But it represents more than volume alone.

It represents skill and forethought and care, which play their part in the making of every individual Simmons bed.

Above all, it represents an understanding of the needs of the American home.

Years of leadership in the metal bed industry have given the makers of Simmons beds a national vision.

They have made it possible to produce handsome, comfortable beds for every type of room, for every family—at a lower price.

Always Buy a Simmons Spring for a Simmons Bed

SIMMONS COMPANY

The World's Largest Makers of Beds and Springs

FACTORIES: KENOSHA, WISCONSIN SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

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SIMMONS *Beds*

Firestone

Motor Car Snow Shoes

OVER deep snow and slushy roads Firestone Tires carry your car with maximum ease of going. They are steady, safe and sure.

The quality of rubber in the Firestone Non-Skid tread insures a firm grip, good traction and long added wear.

And this matchless Firestone quality is yours at prices charged for ordinary tires. This saving is possible only because of methods and machinery highly efficient and modernized up to the minute. Also because of enormous output, and wide distribution expertly and economically handled.

For safety and saving in the highest degree, ask your dealer for Firestone equipment.

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio Branches and Dealers Everywhere

"There Goes Another Fuse!"

That means that I am again forced to wait for a new fuse while my machine stands idle. In the job before this, I had a couple of Economy renewable Fuses and a handful of Drop Out Renewal Links. When a fuse blew I could renew it in a jiffy, stick it back in the circuit and speed up again,—making money for my boss and for myself. I know how safe and saving Economy renewable Fuses are because I use them in every electrical circuit at home to protect my house and my family against the fire hazards of overloads, short circuits and the effect of lightning discharges on electrical circuits."

"Glad you called this to my attention. Tell the superintendent to write out a requisition for Economy Fuses and bring it to me. I think I'll try them at home, too."

ECONOMY renewable FUSES

Sectional View, Ferrule Type

are made in all commercial capacities, ferrule and knife blade types. The cut shows a sectional view of a ferrule type Economy renewable Fuse.

When an Economy Fuse operates, these inexpensive "Drop Out" Renewal Links, inserted by any one in a moment or two, restore the fuse to its original efficiency.

ECONOMY FUSES

should be installed wherever electricity is used for power, light and heat.

The renewable feature cuts annual fuse maintenance expense 80 per cent. Safety is assured under all service conditions.

Economy Fuses have been carefully investigated by the United States Government Bureau of Standards.

Write for details. See our liberal sample offer, last published in The Saturday Evening Post of December 30.

Economy Fuse & Manufacturing Co.

Kinzie & Orleans Sts., Chicago

(Continued from Page 24)

However, there was nobody to give ear to any such troubles, and these people stayed aboard and took their chances, while a number of officers, and women going out to join officer husbands in the East, got instantly excited and began to add confusion to confusion in their hurry to get their baggage ashore. The crowd was so thick that my quick determination to try for some berth which might by chance be vacated only served to agitate me and to emphasize my helplessness. But a twenty-franc note, offered smilingly to a worn-out stewardess, got me a smile in return and a promise that she would do her best.

"And don't you do nothin' about it; I'll attend to it," she said.

The Mediterranean passengers got away, about twenty of them—not enough to thin the crowd to any marked extent; twilight came down and the chill of night began to creep into the air, and still my stewardess made no sign. I got impatient at last and went to look for her, only to find that she was looking for me, and that she had a berth all ready and freshly made up for me. I could have wept from sheer relief. If you think sixty-odd hours in your clothes under such circumstances is a joke, you have a curious sense of humor.

The stewardess led the way down the narrow corridor to—of all things!—my own reserved cabin, 50-52, explaining as she went that I was going in with "the English lady with the little white dog." Neither the lady nor the dog was there to receive me, for which I was duly thankful. For a moment, at least, I could renew my acquaintance with a sense of decency and privacy. I found water in the tank, and the stewardess gave me a clean towel and told me to be careful with it, because it would be the only one I could have. I could open my dressing bag and refresh myself; and this I was proceeding to do with almost normal cheerfulness when the lady and the dog breezed in—that is, the lady breezed; the dog seemed rather dejected.

The Lady With the Dog

Did anybody ever say just "Oh!" to you in a way that made you want to commit murder? Well, that was what the English lady said to me, and that was exactly the way she said it. She probably thought that, having lost one roommate, she would be permitted to occupy my cabin all by herself. And I rather sympathized with her, in a way.

Her white dog was very woolly and very fat, and must have been a most uncomfortable sort of sleeping companion in a narrow berth. They really needed a stateroom all to themselves. She got pleasanter right away, however, probably because, after all, a dog under such circumstances would do with a bit of explaining—as the English would express it.

"You won't mind my little dog, will you?" she said; he really was not so very little, though he was meant to be.

"Oh, not at all!"

"He is a nice little person—aren't you, Pettikins? He never makes the slightest bother."

And it just happens that I do like dogs, even fat, white, woolly ones, if they must be like that; so it really did not matter. Then—strange thing for an Englishwoman to do—she volunteered the information that her husband, an army man, had been in India for a year, and that she could not live in India on account of the climate. But he had been transferred to Egypt and she was now going out to join him. The English always go "out," you know; never up or down or across. They even go "out" to the United States, which implies a center of a world circle not to be mistaken by anyone who knows the English. She was not going on a P. & O. ship, but on a Dutch liner from Genoa, because it was safer.

"But how splendid!" I said. "How glad your husband will be to see you! These war separations are pretty dreadful, aren't they?"

"Yes, rather! And he will be so glad to see Pettikins too. I just couldn't bear to go to his fazzer wizout ums, could I?"

She stooped to caress Pettikins; but at that moment Pettikins was making strange curlicue motions, as though he was trying to make up his mind about something particularly important; and she picked him up by the very scruffy scruff of his neck and tossed him into the upper berth—which was hers, because of its superior advantages in the way of light and air. Then she fluffed away, up on deck again—a sweet-scented sample of real femininity in blue, with a coquettishly patterned veil drawn close about her little hat and her rather well-preserved and delicately tinted face.

I didn't care. I didn't care for any mortal thing. I wanted to go to sleep. No dinner for me—no anything—just bed. And I lost no time. The linen was new and glacial, the mattress was lumpy, and the pillow was stuffed with sawdust as tight as a Christmas pincushion; but of all the beds I ever slept in that was the most comfortable. I would have made an even bet with anybody that nothing short of a torpedo through the ship could wake me, once I got to sleep; but along about nine o'clock I came up out of the depths on the strains, in close male-quartet harmony, of I want to be—I want to be—I want to be down South in Dixie! Now what do you suppose that meant on an English Channel boat in wartime? I did not find out until next morning.

Barber-Shop Harmonies

The berthless passengers had discovered an American negro vaudeville troupe on the lower deck and a couple of other artists in the first cabin, and they were amusing themselves by having a concert for the benefit of the British Red Cross. There was a soprano, devoted to long, high notes and ragged cadenzas, which really needed an orchestral accompaniment to cover their deficiencies; but the gashes she cut in the atmosphere got healing balm from soft negro voices in Mah Ole Kaintucky Home! and Honey on Mah Lips! and were completely filled up by the wild applause that greeted even them from everything afloat in the harbor. It was a noisy hour; but I finally slipped back into the deeps, accompanied by the soothing of God Save the King!—and that finished that day.

Next day about noon an announcement got itself circulated through the crowd—it was posted, as a matter of fact, on the purser's window, but only a few could have read it; it just got itself circulated—that any British citizens, British citizens only, who desired to do so might go ashore until four o'clock. All others must remain on board. Whereupon a large company of smiling and greatly relieved British citizens hustled into their hats and got away as promptly as possible. That left the French people, some Belgians, some Latins from the south countries, and a nondescript assortment of humanity in which I figured as a unit.

I had read everything I had with me and a few things I had picked up where they had been too carelessly left by their owners; but I found somebody's short-story magazine—which I had not yet seen—in somebody's sheltered corner, along with somebody's rugs and things; and I proceeded to make myself comfortable, trusting to luck that it was a British cache and that I should have until four o'clock to enjoy myself. By that time food venders from the town, accompanied by a port officer, of course, had been allowed to come aboard, which was cheaper than feeding the mob; so all one had to do was to reach out and buy a ham sandwich occasionally and a bottle of warm soda water or beer, which one drank in a free-and-easy way, without troubling about such an unnecessary thing as a glass.

I was engaged in this kind of pleasing performance, and reading a tale of thrilling South Sea adventure, when a tinkling stringed instrument struck up on the other side of the deck and a gay boyish voice began to sing something about My Hooaloo-a-Hono-lulu Ba-a-a-by! And I just could not stand it. I got up and went over. There were other songs and I softly hummed what is known as a second for a little while, greatly enjoying myself. Then came She Wore a Tulip! when I and half a dozen others frankly joined up; and the first thing you know we had some close harmony that must have filled our colored compatriots on the deck below with professional jealousy.

We sang everything we could think of, from Robin Adair to Rosey O'Grady, with occasional flights into what our accompanist called "good stuff," such as Beauty's Eyes, Jerusalem, and Love Me and the World is Mine! But the ukulele, which the tinkling stringed instrument turned out to be, was better adapted to the Honolulu-lu-lu variety of endeavor; and, among us, we produced more hula melodies than I thought had ever been written.

(Continued on Page 29)

This little "Eagle Brand" girl wants her "Daddy."

Last August he left home and has not returned.

But if he sees this picture, little Jean thinks that he will come back and she wants him to know that she and her mother want him very much and will be very happy when he comes.

Jean's mother wrote a letter to Borden's in which she said that inasmuch as Jean was a splendid example of what

Gail Borden EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK THE ORIGINAL

would do in the way of raising healthy, robust babies, Borden's might use her picture in an advertisement, coupled with an appeal to her absent "Daddy" to come home. She said that "Daddy" looked at the advertisements in magazines and would be sure to see Jean's picture. She further wanted "Daddy" to know that matters at home have been fixed up so that he now has no reason to remain away.

So here is Jean's picture and if "Daddy" sees it, please go home at once.

Borden's Condensed Milk Company,

"Leaders of Quality"

Est. 1857. New York.

$815

F. O. B. Flint
for the Sedanet.
$1065 for the Sedan.
$695 for the Touring Car and Fleur-de-Lys Roadster.

DORT

The Sedanet

HERE is another Dort innovation—the Sedanet. It fills a need not heretofore satisfied in enclosed or open car types.

The Sedanet is smart, handsome—and as comfortable as a limousine for winter driving. The plate glass windows and side panels are quickly removable, making an equally fine open car for summer. Quick acting storm curtains are conveniently placed for use when needed.

Each top is built and fitted individually to the body of the car in our own shops. The finish throughout is beautiful, the construction solid and substantial—different, in short, from the ordinary "winter top."

The Sedanet is built on the famous Dort chassis—mechanically supreme.

With all its additional advantages the Sedanet is priced only slightly higher than the Touring Car.

"The Quality Goes Clear Through"

DORT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Flint, Mich.

Canadian Factory: Gray-Dort Motors, Ltd., Chatham, Ont.

Twenty Years Hence

she will be as free from the many illnesses caused by neglected teeth as she is today. Back of this statement is the known experience of countless intelligent, middle-aged men and women who, like the girl in the picture, since childhood have used

Dr. Lyon's

For The Teeth

Powder ~ Cream

Prepared by a Doctor of Dental Surgery

You can look forward with confidence to a life-time of good teeth if you use Dr. Lyon's and visit your dentist twice a year.

Send 2c stamp today for a generous trial package of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream.

I. W. Lyon & Sons, Inc.
522 W. 27th St., New York

Purity Cross Creamed Chicken à la King

The Choice Delicacy of the "Four Hundred"

The proudest dish of the finest hotels and dining cars now prepared by Purity Cross Model Kitchens from the recipe of Paris, ready to serve at home. Over 35c and 50c at all fine grocers'

Book, "How and When," giving 41 ways to serve, sent if you mention your best grocer.

Purity Cross, Inc.,
Model Kitchens, Route 23,
Orange, N. J.

A Curtis Success

Wesley Kemp, of Colorado, is putting himself through Yale Law School on Curtis-earned dollars. Subscription profits have made this law course possible. His average summer earnings are $50.00 a week.

But—Kemp knows that this is the easiest time to secure a lot of subscriptions quickly, so he spends his vacation and spare time adding to his income under our plan.

If you, too, need more money, the opportunity is yours—now—to start the New Year right. You can turn your spare time into cash. A post-card will bring you details.

Educational Division
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
806 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

(Continued from Page 27)

Meantime everybody left on board had gathered round. They were sitting perched on the rail in a long row and flat on the deck in a close circle, while the rails of the neighboring ships were crowded with people, who proved their eagerness for any kind of diversion by vociferous applause and yells for more.

I found a seat—or, rather, a place was vacated for me, I having become one of the "artists"—on a bench beside an American woman, who would have been a puzzle to me if I had been puzzling about anything, which I was not. She was just a nice, comfortable sort of person, who spoke my language as anybody can hear it spoken any day at Coney Island or any similar haunt of innocent American joy. She had sleek black hair, was rather smart in her get-up, and sang in a tone that made me homesick for a Broadway cabaret. Some polite Frenchman complimented her on her singing; and then she spoke. She was a pure delight.

"Say," she said, "don't talk to me! I know I can't sing for scorched prunes; but if I could sing as well as I can shoot—well!—say, they'd have to enlarge the Metropolitan Opera House on my account, and Geraldine Farrar would have to begin to play leads for her husband in her natural speakin' voice! And to think I have to set here waitin' for 'em to ketch submarines in nets! Say, I could pick the nip off a periscope, as far as I could see it, with an ordinary rifle!"

I took a deep breath first, and then I said:

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Don't you know who I am?"

"No."

"Well, I'm the crack lady rifle shot of the world, and I'm sittin' here losin' sixty dollars a day! That's what I'm doin'!"

"Why, how's that?"

"Me and Lon"—indicating the nice boy who played the ukulele—"were due to open in Paris two days ago, and we get paid by the performance." She was evidently worried about it; but she added with a whimsical little twist of her upper lip: "The only comfort I get out of it is that our manager, who had the nerve to send us over here—darn 'im!—loses too. Every sixty dollars we lose, he loses fifteen per cent of it; and the fifteen'll hurt him a whole lot more than the sixty'll ever hurt us."

"What do you do?" I asked.

Shooting for a Living

"What do we do? Oh, the usual stunt. Though it ain't so usual, either, because it's good. We've got a sketch with a lot of songs and some bully lines. The lines sure are gettin' good! Lon fakes some new ones every day of his life. He's good at that. Then I do a lot of fancy shootin', of course." I noticed how she gave her "fancy shootin'" second place, and I knew by that she was in love with Lon. "I ketch lead nickels in the air with rifle balls," she added, "and snuff out a row of candles as fast as you can think—and that sort of thing."

"Do you speak French?"

"Good Lord, no!" It was a slight explosion and I was afraid for a moment that I had offended her; but not at all.

"If you don't speak French what do you do about your lines for a French audience?"

"Well, we've had 'em translated; and, say, we're boning 'em hard. The only thing is, I'm a little bit afraid of our pronunciation. But it don't matter, really. If the lines don't get across we can cut 'em; and Lon'll do an extra song, and I'll put in some shootin' specialties. Say, I can do enough fancy gun stunts to hold an audience for an hour!"

"But, how wonderful! It must take a tremendous amount of skill."

"Betcher life it does! And yet, I don't know. It ain't a thing you can learn to do. It's all in your eye and you've got to be born with it. That's why it's valuable. I can't remember when I couldn't shoot; but I couldn't tell you how I do it to save me. There's no fake about it—that's one thing sure. I never use a sight and I really never take aim except in front of an audience, once in a while, in a delicate bit, to make it look harder. Say, the thing that's worryin' me is that if this ship gets it from a submarine or somethin' I'll lose all my stuff, my rifles and my costumes. And, say, I got some peaches too!"

"Well, I wouldn't bother much about that if I were you. If this ship goes down, with this mob on it, you are not likely to have much further use for your outfit, are you?"

"Say, I guess that's right, all right! Ain't it the limit? Well, thank Gawd, our manager's losin' his fifteen per! Come on, let's sing."

But for the moment we could not break up what was going on; in fact, it had been dividing my attention with my interesting compatriot all the time. There was a little French girl, as chic and as cunning as she could be, who had every unattached man on board interested, to say the least. She spoke English with a charming accent, and had a way of pushing her shaggy mane back off her forehead suddenly with a graceful swing of her arm, and looking up into the faces above her with very wide-open, inquiring blue eyes.

An American had engaged her in a little game of matching coins for the benefit of the British Red Cross, in whose sacred name anybody anywhere seems to be able to do anything. They were sitting flat on the deck in the midst of a tremendously interested group.

"Now," he would say, "heads, I win—tails, you lose!"

"Yes," she would answer prettily. "Aw ri'—go!"

Up would go the coin, and down it would come into his palm. Of course whatever turned up she lost; and while she cheerfully paid, the crowd shrieked with merriment.

"Heads, I win—tails, you lose!"

"Aw ri'—go!"

Games of Chance for Charity

It was a sweet little game and she lost one shilling after another. After a while a shrewd look came into her eyes, which indicated that she began to realize something was not quite right; but she did not accept an invitation to be the spokesman herself, with the same formula—to change her luck. The American was perfectly fair about that. Whether she got the joke or not I do not know, but she said finally:

"Now we stop that—eh? You play my game—*n'est-ce pas?* And ev' time you lose you pay to me one shillin'—*n'est-ce pas? Voilà!*"

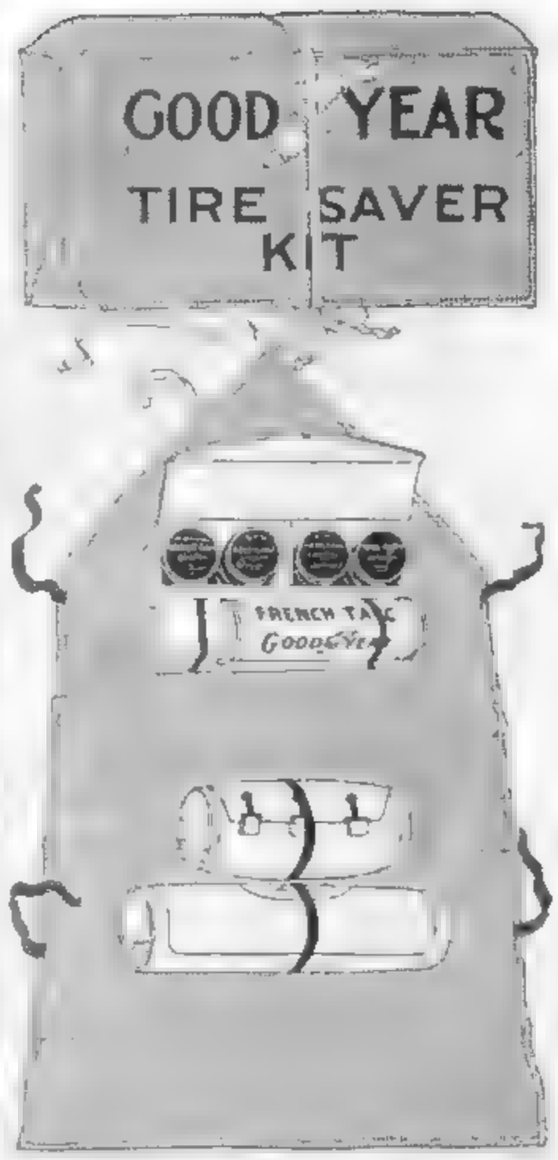
And she spread out a little row of coins and told him to change them, end for end, beginning at the middle, moving two coins at a time and never leaving a space—or something like that. She could do it with dizzying swiftness, and it looked so easy when she did it that everybody had to have a try at it. It was not long before she had a pile of money on her outspread skirt that the Red Cross might well accept with gratitude. And the Red Cross got it too. Make no mistake about that. She went straight inside and chucked it all into a tin contribution box that was nailed on the wall of the corridor.

It really was funny, most of it; though, underlying all the combination of grouchiness and lightsomeness, there was that curious nervous tension which expressed itself occasionally in some such remark as: "Well, never mind; we can't drown so long as they keep us tied up here, can we?" If I heard that once, I heard it twenty times. One felt that the interminable delay was a necessary precaution for one's own tremendous benefit, and it was all right.

But all the time I kept thinking about the operations out there in the Channel, wondering what they were doing, and how they were getting the submarines, if they were getting them, and what tragedies were being enacted.

There is no vision of horror on earth more horrible to me than the vision of men in a submarine under the sea, caught in a pitiless, strangling steel net. It is no way to make men fight, and I wish all the inventors and improvers of the submarine had been drowned in their infancy. However ——

One game of chance followed another until pure boredom drove the crowd back to a fresh demand on the ukulele, and we were in the midst of a sort of half-hearted repetition of the old songs when the English crowd came back aboard and put new enthusiasm into the artist soul of Lon by their eager appreciation. The fire he is going through has already done one splendid thing for the Englishman: It has melted his icy reserve and made him almost like other people. He will actually smile and speak to a perfect stranger without an introduction! And he will do it cheerfully, even almost heartily, and not as though it hurt him, as it used to do like anything. Lon went from one Honolulu song to another until he came to one which a small company of young English officers wanted to learn, so that they might introduce it in



Preparedness and Its Virtue

Not every motorist who travels with a Goodyear Tire-Saver Kit in his car expects immediate trouble. But, in the knowledge that trouble *may* come, he feels it well to be ready for it. He holds security and peace of mind above price.

Of course, in the case of the Goodyear Tire-Saver Kit, the price is trifling—$3.50, $3.75, and $4.00, according to size—but the peace of mind it affords is none-the-less invaluable.

You should have this Kit in your car. You may not need it this week, or this month—but if you *do* need it, it's *there*. You'll want it there when trouble comes—it cannot serve you in the showcase of the dealer several miles away.

You'll find in its compact package an inside protection patch, outside protection patch, self-cure tube patches, cement, tire putty, talc, friction tape, valve parts and pressure gauge—everything you are likely to need. Get one, the next time you buy gasoline.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

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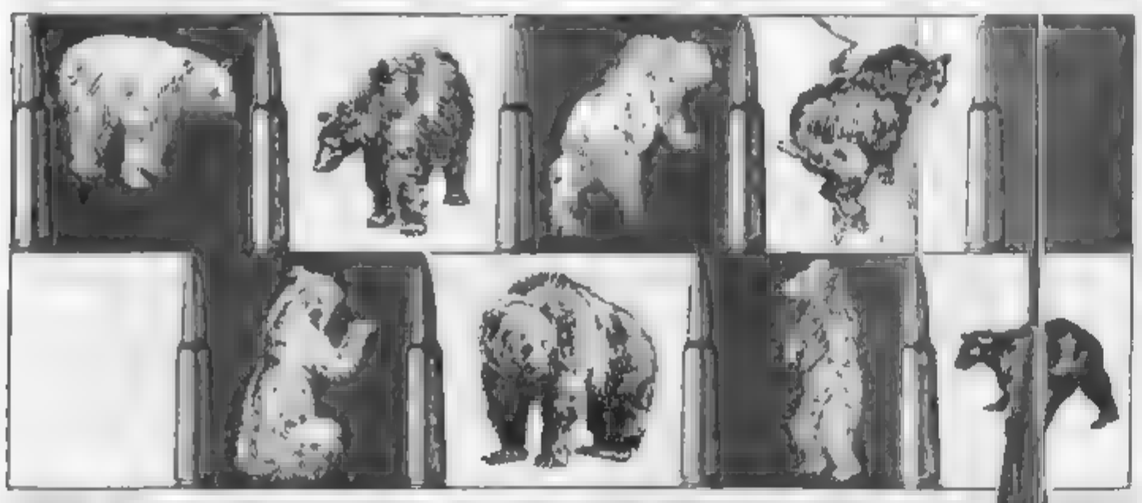

8 Bears with 9 Shots

"I have tested the .250-3000 Savage I got from you last Spring on eight head of bear without a miss, and only shot one of them the second time."

Letter from Mr. James R. Gill, Cascade, Idaho.

Write us for a description of the rifle he used. Price $32.50; cartridges $5.30 per hundred. Gun dealers everywhere will be glad to show you this

.250-3000 SAVAGE

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY, 71 Savage Avenue, UTICA, NEW YORK

$774

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Gordon-Van Tine Homes are not ordinary "plan houses." Many of them, adapted from the work of America's best architects, are inexpensive simplifications of costly town and country homes. And all are sold at Guaranteed Costs at "mill-to-owner" prices. Save big money—often enough to pay for your lot and help furnish.

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Let our Adviser to Women help you build. Tell her approximately what you expect to pay, and get her [illegible] letter telling you how to [illegible]. Gordon-Van Tine Homes have many home comfort ideas and built-in conveniences for women. Over 100,000 customers [illegible] Homes built in every State and all climates. Local references everywhere.

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Best quality. Shipped Ready-cut to fit—or not Ready-cut. We alone price houses both ways. Former method saves time, material and reduces cost. Price includes everything. Shipped promptly anywhere. Prices from $300 up.

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Just out—"Gordon-Van Tine Homes"—shows color photos, plans and Guaranteed "Mill-to-Owner" Prices. Get this book before you build. Use the Coupon.

Quantity House Buyers

We are in a position to deliver big quantity cost houses, varied in plan and appearance, on short notice.

Those interested are invited to visit our plant at Davenport.

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the trenches. And everybody knows what that means—over and over; over and over!

Meantime I had gone on talking quietly with the champion lady rifle shot of the world, and she was telling me how she and Lon were planning to settle down. They had as cute a little bungalow, near a certain live Western town, as you ever clapped your eyes on; and she was going in for a swell hairdressing parlor in town while Lon raised chickens. They had it all planned.

"No more of this for mine!" she said. "I've had enough. They ain't nothin' in it—except money. Say, ain't it funny the way they'll pay you good money for the sort of thing me and Lon do? But, he's good. I will say that. He bought me that ukulele for a birthday present last year and he's never given me a chance to touch it. Not that it makes any difference; it was just the same as it would be for me to give him some kind of a fancy new rifle. He can't shoot and I can't play. He can play any old instrument he ever saw. His specialty used to be the xylophone. A xylophone is too awkward to pack round nowadays; but, say, that kid sure can play a xylophone!

"He was doin' a fancy, all-round musical turn with a team that called themselves the M—— Family when I married him. And maybe you think we didn't take a tumble to the kind of thing we was up against! We started right in to savin' money and we've got nearly enough now to begin to do somethin' real with. Just one thing more we want: We are goin' to do a movie with a lot o' crack shootin' in it. We got the scenario and the contract; and that's goin' to be where we quit.

"Then us for the chicken ranch and the hairdressin' parlor! I'm goin' to take some hair lessons in Paris—though I really know enough already from havin' my own hair done so much. But I like to be honest. I don't want to claim to be a Parisian hairdresser when I ain't. And, say, I've got the plans and everything. I'm goin' to have my waitin' room in old rose ——"

The Scotchman's Repertory

And she went on to describe her dear honest dream, which goodness knows I hope may come true in its rosiest detail. Think of submarining such innocents!

Meantime Lon was sitting on the bench beside us teaching the young English officers My Honolulu Ba-a-aby! And a nice old Frenchwoman, sitting on the hard brass sill of the doorway on the other side of me, took occasion to get my attention for the purpose of saying:

"You Americans really are too extraordinary! I wonder what it is about you! Wherever you are there is always cheerfulness. It seems to me that all the Americans I have ever known have carried happiness round with them. Can you think what this ship would be like if you Americans were not on board? Not anybody else has uttered a sound."

Which was not quite accurate, but I knew what she meant. I was disposed to talk with the nice old thing and tell her just how we happen to be just what we are, but at that moment a Scotchman reeled up and leaned over Bill and me—Bill was what Lon called the shootin' lady, his wife—leaned over Bill and me to lay a hand lovingly on Lon's shoulder.

"Meestr-r-r Amer-ri-can," he said, "yer-r gr-reat! I thank you fer-r yer-r music." I cannot possibly roll his r's the way he did, nor can I describe the soft-lipped, watery smile on his flushed, sandy face. He spoke very, very slowly. He swayed gently back and forth, and continued: "But is it poseeble now that y'u could play My Hame is in the Heather-r-r?"

"No," said Lon shortly; "I can't."

He was a decent, sober, right-minded lad, and he was associating at the moment on rather nice terms with proud British officers. He did not like the intrusion.

"Weel, thot's bad!" said the Scot. "If y'u could only play My Hame is in the Heather-r, now—I'd seeng it fer-r y'u. I've got juist three songs: My Hame is in the Heather-r; Scots Wha Has Wi' Wallace Bled; and Seelver Threads Amang the Gold. Y'u must know thot now. It's an Amer-r-ican song."

"No, I don't."

"Weel, thot's bad! Was y'u at the concert last night?"

"Yes."

"An' why didn't y'u seeng?"

"Nobody asked me to."

(Continued on Page 32)

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Manufacturers also of the famous Benjamin Swivel Attachment Plug shown on the right at one of the screws into the socket without removing the cord

(Continued from Page 30)

"Now thot's juist it—juist it! Y'u shouldn't wait to be asked. I was seetin' there theenkin' to mysel' all the time—now it's yer duty to git up an' seeng an' put hairt into th' ithers. But I'm a teemid mon; thot's what I am—a teemid mon. But I juist sot there and thocht that if now y'u'd juist git up an' seeng y'u'd put hairt into th' ithers. Thot's what y' ought to do when y'u c'n do it—put hairt into th' ithers."

Lon had stood up at once in order to relieve Bill and me of the threatened burden of the chap, and he was getting rather impatient.

"You've been ashore, haven't you?" he said.

"Yes; a lot of us been ashore."

That was evident, for one must admit that he was not entirely alone in his blissful state.

"Time, too," he continued; "th' way some of these her-r-e offeecials ——"

"You went a long way, didn't you?"

"Not me! Juist up the hill yonder-r. I wouldn't git far-r fr-rom the dock, y'u know. Or-rder-rs to be back at four-r o'clock. Always obey or-rder-rs. 'Sneces-sar-ry. 'Squod if y'u don't."

"Where are you going?" Lon asked—not that he cared, but he had to say something.

By this time the man had a firm grip on his shoulder and they were the center of an interested group.

"I'm goin' to Leghorn to join my ship. I'm an engineer-r in the Royal Navy. An' y'u can't play My Hame is in the Heather-r, now? It's a gr-r-and song!"

"Say," said Lon, "if you don't mind taking a friendly tip from a stranger, your hame is not in the heather just now; your hame is in the hay. And if I were you I'd beat it."

"Well, I juist thocht thot the theeng fer-r a mon to do thot c'n do it was to put hairt into th' ithers; an' if it wasn't thot I'm a teemid mon ——" But, at that, Lon led him gently away.

A Rummy Lot

He reminded me of a Scotchman I encountered once out in the China Sea. He was older than this lad, but otherwise he was his twin brother—though at the moment sober. It was on a ship bound from Hong-Kong up to Shanghai, and the few passengers aboard were at luncheon at one of the long tables in the middle of the dining saloon. There was a very sick American from Manila sitting next to me, a tall, smooth-faced young man, with deep-set gray eyes, who had evidently just been through a siege of some kind of tropic fever, which still had its grip upon him; in fact, I learned afterward that he was merely trying to climb back into life by the usual route up sea to a cooler climate.

The Scotchman, who sat opposite us, across the narrow table, was the mumbling sort, and with a bur in his tongue that would have been delightful if there had been anything else delightful about him to go with it. All at once, apropos of nothing at all, he said:

"These Amer-r-icans out in thees pairt of the world are a rummy lot!"

He rolled his r's outrageously and what he called us sounded more like roomy than rummy. Instantly the American laid down his fork and straightened up:

"I beg your pardon—what did you say?"

"I said the Amer-r-icans out thees way are a r-r-roomy lot!"

It was just like touching a match to a fuse. The fuse sputters lazily at first; but pretty soon, as the fire runs up the length of it, it begins to throw out crackles and sparks, and at the point where it connects with the main works there is an explosion. The sick American began very gently. He was polite; he was almost suave; but as he went on enumerating Scottish characteristics he grew earnest. His command of choice English was a joy to hear, and he finished with a vivid description of Glasgow on a Saturday night as he himself had seen it, when he had to walk warily in the streets to keep from stepping on the recumbent forms of inebriated Scotchmen.

He got up in the midst of this description, laid his napkin gently but firmly beside his plate, by way of emphasizing a telling point, and when he concluded, in a low sweet voice that you could have heard a mile, he turned and walked, as resolutely as his weakness would permit, toward the companionway. But before he got out of hearing

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the Scotchman, who had sat quite calmly through it all, raised his bristling red head in a funny, half timidly defiant kind of way, and said, loud enough for everybody to hear:

"Weel, I still theenk so!"

This relieved the tension, and everybody, even the American, laughed.

The Britishers brought back from shore a rumor that we were to sail that night at ten o'clock; but nobody believed it. They do not send passenger boats across the Channel in the night. They prefer to take their chances in daylight, because a night tragedy is a too fearful thing. However, the rumor persisted—we were to sail that night at ten o'clock.

I must go back and record that along about the second day a noticeable trend in the mental processes of the crowd began to make itself manifest, and that I was highly entertained by the way in which everybody began eying everybody else. Eying is the word, and it implies a curious kind of squint, which seemed usually to say: "Now who on earth are you, and what possible business can you have in a situation like this?"

Really, though, in looking at such a mixed lot of apparently free agents, an Englishman might well congratulate himself that his government has caused to be posted in all public conveyances a warning to all British subjects to guard their tongues. They were all over this ship, and "Your enemies may be listening!" is what they say. Sure enough, you never can tell! A majority of the men on board were in uniform, but the women were not so easily distinguishable as to race and their reasons for being there.

For instance, there was the stout one with very blondined hair. She was a human curio if ever there was one. She had a stiff straight-up-and-down chair, and so far as I could discover she sat straight up in it for four straight days and nights. I never saw her anywhere except right there in that chair, with her large blue eyes fixed on vacancy. I think maybe she imagined she was suggesting tragic history, the perfidy of men, and the tense emotions of life, which, being burnt out, leave a woman's eyes so very sad. Her hair was perfectly waved and dressed, and she wore, perched on top of it four days, mind you—a little hat made of some kind of white birds' breasts. Her face was beautifully enameled, and the only motion I ever saw her make was with a small vanity box containing rouge sticks and a powderpuff. She wore high-heeled patent-leather shoes with white kid tops, and her black cloth gown fitted her ample figure so snugly that it made me ache.

The Mona Lisa Girl

Then there was the mysterious Mona Lisa American girl. She wore her hair in a Mona Lisa fashion and her black taffeta gown was cut square in the neck. Also, she affected a Mona Lisa smile—not unsuccessfully—and moved her brown eyes slowly and deliberately. She was one of the berthless mob; and, because she was an American girl, she rather worried me. She said she was seventeen years old and a student on her way to school in France; but she vouchsafed no information with regard to a family that would allow her to travel alone under such unexampled circumstances.

My twittering roommate twittered mostly to British officers, while I, in the end, took care of her dog. There were French groups, who stood or sat about on deck quietly talking together; and there was one little company of Spaniards, who *no-habla*-ed anything at all except their own staccato language. And then there was the long, lithe smoking lady, who appropriated the lounge at the head of the companionway and, with an imitation leopard-skin rug and a green veil wound round her head, made herself look like an advertisement of Egyptian cigarettes.

After all, if I had been looking for somebody to tie to in the crowd I think I should have selected Lon and Bill. They were as wholesome as green hickory. Vaudeville artists? Betcher life!—as Bill would say. But they were teetotalers and right livers, both of them. Incidentally they went to bed that night like Christians. They had a cabin!

It was after ten o'clock when red and green lights aloft on a tall staff at the entrance of the harbor announced that a ship was going out. Then came the rattle of an anchor chain from the Channel boat lying at the dock just ahead of us, and a long cheer rose from the crowds on the decks of everything within hearing. A troopship followed; then a cargo steamer, a great black hulk with just a few lonely sailors leaning against her rails. After that our anchor came up, a tug caught us by the bow, and we warped out into the path of moonlight, while in our wake came other craft, seeming as vibrant with relief as we were.

"Well, I'm glad we didn't have to lead the way," someone remarked, and there was a general assent.

We were glad we did not have to lead the way, but we found that each ship had to go her own way, just the same. We were not all bound for the same port. There were those that turned westward and made out through the Solent to the open sea, and we were to all intents and purposes alone with our own chances by the time we had run Spithead and rounded the east end of the Isle of Wight. There began the danger zone.

The Dutch say that a majority of the mines washed ashore on the coast of Holland have been British—more than thirteen hundred of them; but this seems rather strange when one reflects upon the fact that England employs more than one hundred thousand men on mine sweepers and auxiliary naval craft just to keep the Channel clear.

"To bed or not to bed?" That seemed to be the question occupying the minds of many persons; and "Not to bed" seemed to be the general answer.

And So to Bed

The ship was as dark as it possibly could be under such a moon, not a light being shown anywhere except at the masthead and presumably on each side of the bow.

About midnight, when we were all the way out in the Channel, I carefully picked my way through the silent crowd down the full length of the deck on one side and back on the other. I think I have not said that most of the people seemed to be traveling in pairs, and that many new pairs had achieved themselves during our long wait in Southampton. The beautiful French lovers were my first encounter, you know, and they afterward sort of adopted me. Wherever I sat on deck they would usually come and sit near me; and when they went for a walk or to look for food—the dears!—they would leave their belongings with me and ask me prettily whether I would please watch them while they were away. Whatever and whoever they were, they were adorable humans.

I walked up and down the deck; and in the shadow of the aft funnel I saw something to take my mind off myself for a moment. Say!—as Bill would say—Naughty! Naughty! There sat my sweet-scented roommate with the handsomest British officer on board. And he looked as though he was saying to her: "Cling to me, little one, I will save you!" And she looked as though she was saying to him: "Oh, you great, big, woo-underful man!" And she hild never seen him in her life before she came aboard that boat! I know, because I happened to be with her when she exchanged her first remarks with him.

Having no officer and no bench and no blanket and no anything, I decided to go down and take my chances in my cabin.

When I got down below I found Pettikins asleep in the upper berth. I took the life preservers down from the rack overhead; placed them and my overcoat where I could get hold of them instantly. Then I stretched myself in my berth, with my clothes on, and almost instantly fell into a deep sleep.

I was wakened by a cuddling little voice, saying: "Well, tum to its mumsey—b'ess it!" And I knew the danger was all over. My roommate had come down to get "itsy b'essed sugarp'um!"—and we were lying, in the early morning sunlight, in the roadstead at Le Havre.

And that is crossing the English Channel in wartime. I have crossed several times during the past two years, never without the thrills and the unusualness, but only once before with such a long delay—and that was at Boulogne after a big storm had torn loose a number of British mines.

The British may not take one's temporary comfort into such consideration as one might desire on all occasions; but when you think of the thousands—not thousands: millions—of people they have sent in safety across that waterway during the past two years you just must take off your hat and make a low salaam.

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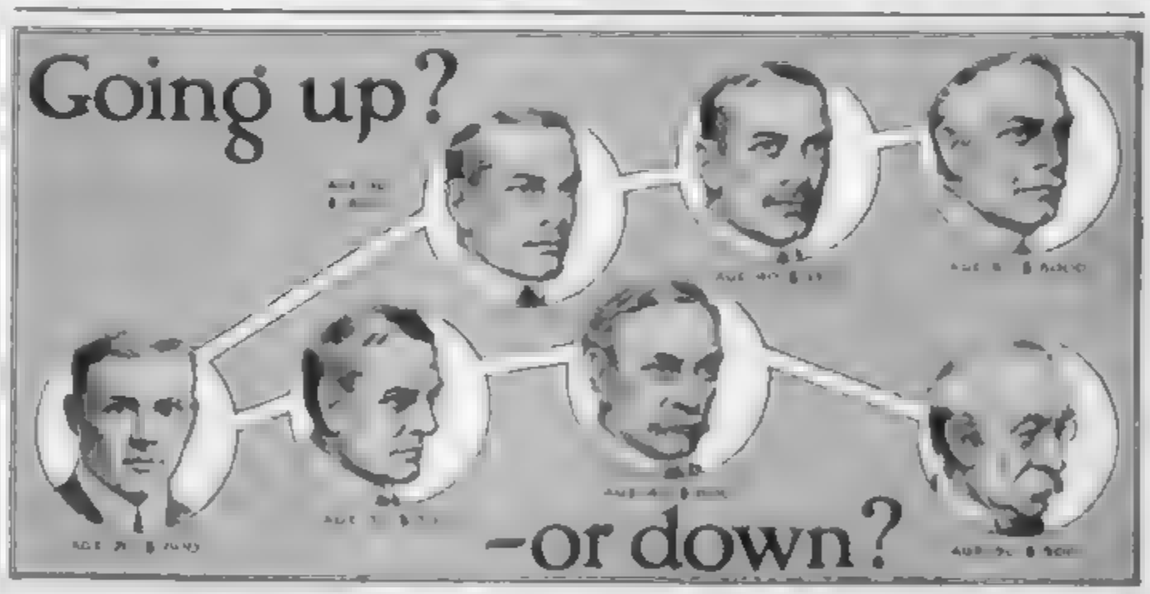

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The Story of ASBESTOS

Asbestos

—secret of earth's dawn
—source of age-old fable
—wonder tale of voyagers
—curio of kings

—even today, still Nature's paradox, riddle of science—yet one of man's most useful servants.

* * *

MILLIONS of years ago, Mother Earth drew closer her mantle—and in countless fissures of the folded rock, through untold ages of flame, a marvelous mineral slowly formed. Nature's gift—Man's armor against fire—Asbestos.

Millions of years later an audience faces a theatre curtain—on it this word, Asbestos, spelling safety. Around are brilliant lights, energized from distant generators through a system safeguarded by this same Asbestos. Many here live or work in buildings roofed with Asbestos; here, too, are many housewives whose dining tables it protects. Even the motor cars, waiting without, have brakes lined with this same Asbestos—mineral of many marvels, fashioned to meet Man's needs.

Think of a rock, heavy and dense as marble, yet a nugget of silky fibres, a floss like thistle-down. Each fibre so light it floats on water—yet so rugged that these million years 'mid the chaos of earth's change have neither broken its slender thread nor marred its silken sheen. Like wool or flax, yet a mineral; both crystalline and fibrous, brittle and pliable—this is Asbestos—Nature's paradox.

The Ancients Held it in Awe

and wonderful tales grew with each telling. Legend made it the hair of the Great Salamander, the lizard that lived in fire; or again a wonderful plant immune to flame. Small wonder that Asbestos became the stage property of Magi, the costly curio of kings and their shroud on the funeral pyre.

Charlemagne astounded his warrior guests by flinging the cloth of Asbestos from the table into the fire, only to withdraw it unburned—even bleached and cleansed by the flame.

Marco Polo was the first to set his little world to rights. Returning from Tartary, he wrote, "In this same mountain there is a vein of the material from which Salamander is made. For the real truth is that the Salamander is no beast, as they allege in our part of the world, but is a substance found in the earth." And he tells how the rock was mined, pounded into wool in great copper mortars, and woven into napkins for the Great Khan.

But for centuries after, Asbestos remained merely a curiosity.

Unique Combination of Properties

Compared with other materials, its aggregation of properties is unparalleled. Wood burns—Asbestos is unchanged by flame or by a temperature of 1500° F. Stone disintegrates—Asbestos defies erosion. Steel rusts—Asbestos is immune. Asbestos resists wear and the action of oxygen and acids, is a non-conductor of electricity, and insulates against heat or cold. The old Greeks named it ἄσβεστος—"inconsumable." And nothing was ever better named.

Its Service to Man But Begun

Had someone championed Asbestos earlier, the world today would be further along. The Chicago fire might never have happened—indeed, it is probable that 50 years hence the community fire will be a finished page, as the Asbestos roof gains ever wider acceptance.

Steam pipes, once plastered with mud, are now being insulated by Asbestos to prevent waste of heat; engines improve their economy by Asbestos packings. Modern chemistry, too, requires this marvelous mineral for its filters. At every turn, in the homes or work-shops of the nation, we find Asbestos, converted into useful form.

How It Was Made Useful

Natural products are usually developed by necessity. But it was left to the vision and foresight of a business institution to realize the possibilities of Asbestos and to supply the effort, the courage and resources to make Asbestos what it is today.

To really appreciate the task so successfully mastered by Johns-Manville requires a trip through one of their ten great factories. One must see giant machinery transform rock into felts—see paper pressed from pulp—see fibre and wire pressed back into rock-hardness for the brake blocks of some great lift or dredge.

In another section a complete textile mill,

Charlemagne's Table-Cloth of Asbestos

where this same rock of Asbestos is spun or woven—spun into thread so fine that a hundred yards weigh but an ounce—woven into cloth like linen or into heavier fabrics as thick as your finger.

On one side a tailor making clothes of flameproof cloth; on another this same Asbestos combined with rubber for engine, pump, or compressor packings,—again into cements to withstand fierce furnace heats.

So it is made into Shingles, Roofings, Brake Linings, Insulations, Cements, Electrical Devices, Tapes, Clothes, Yarns—hundreds of products that enter every avenue of science and the useful arts.

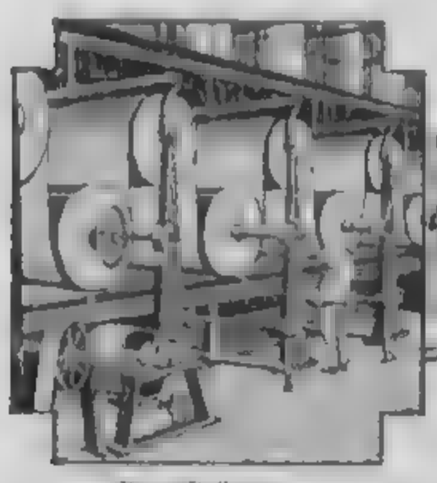
Through Asbestos Johns-Manville has made industrial history—has contributed to progress—has made life safer and more complete. It has taken the mystic mineral, the curio, the paradox of the ages, and made it serve Man. A task for any fifty years, and surely an achievement which justifies the linking of Asbestos with Johns-Manville.

Marco Polo Finds Asbestos

The Salamander Is Born

Hydraulic Press

Spinning Frame



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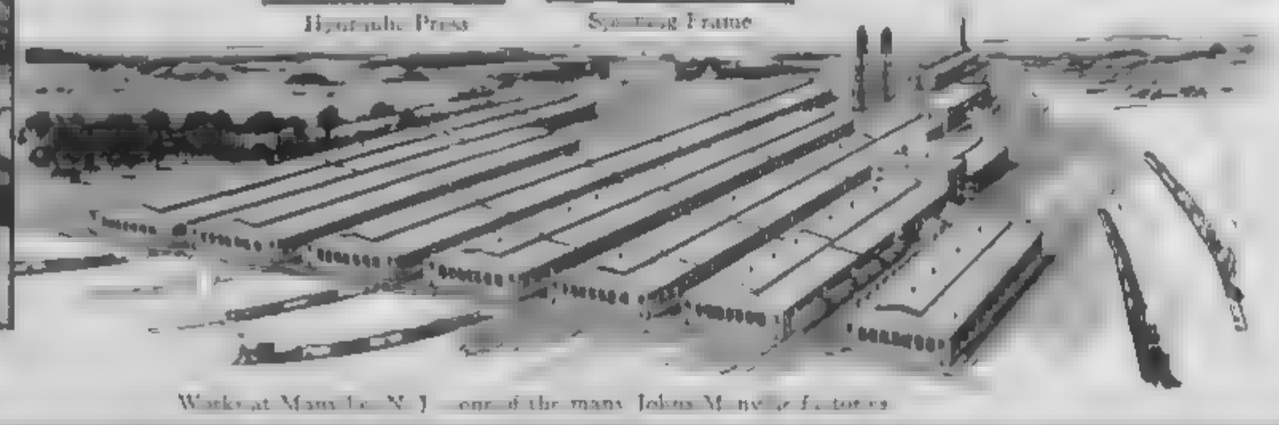

Works at Manville, N. J.—one of the many Johns-Manville Factories

When you think of Asbestos you think of

JOHNS-MANVILLE

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE COVERS THE CONTINENT

ENGLAND AND LABOR

(Continued from Page 10)

with limitation of output—that capital as well as labor must make concessions. Some do; these are the very men who adhere to the fairly revolutionary doctrine that labor should be represented in the directorates of the large companies.

The British workman, like the British employer, has a special psychology; and neither German methods nor American methods wholly go down with him. Your Briton of any class does not like to work so much as the German or the American. He sets value—and I think sensibly—on leisure. He wants time for a little sport and a little talk in his club or his bar. It may be this racial tendency, it may be an inheritance of the restriction-on-output system, but the English laborer seems often indifferent to high wages, while vitally interested in keeping the employer from loading him with too much work.

The munitions factories in this period of national stress have been importing American efficiency experts schooled in one or another system of scientific management. I find that the British Trades-Unionist looks upon them with general suspicion, believing their "premium bonus systems" are only excuses for "speeding up"—as in some hands they are; in fact, American speeding-up seems a kind of bogy with British workingmen. Again and again labor leaders told me, as a matter of common axiomatic knowledge, that the American workman is short-lived. And this anecdote was told twice in my hearing from the platforms of labor meetings:

"An Englishman inspected an American factory near New York. The superintendent showed him the plant, with great pride, and boasted of their tremendous output.

"'Your operatives are all young men, I notice,' said the Englishman; 'where are your old men?'

"'Outside,' said the superintendent; and he took him out and showed him a graveyard!"

However, the war may start a countercurrent; this is one of the decisions which must wait on the mood of that demobilized army. In these first three years of the war, the condition of the working class has been immeasurably improved by the demand for munitions workers. It is true that the prosperity is not universal; go down any block of lower-middle-class or working-class London, and you will find some families much better off because of the war, and a few much worse off.

The Munitions Agreement

Then, too, certain employers have not been roused to such a pitch of patriotism as to forget the main chance. When, in the celebrated Munitions Agreement, the Trades-Unions agreed to suspend restrictive practices, the government agreed, on behalf of the employers, that no one should be paid less than a pound—twenty shillings—a week. In October, 1916, certain factories were paying fifteen or eighteen shillings to some of their girls.

It was agreed, further, that there should be no cutting of the scale on piecework unless improved machinery was introduced. Certain employers were caught adding some inconsiderable or useless attachments to their machines and making this an excuse to readjust the scale. Labor is now, under this Munitions Agreement, deprived of its great weapon—the strike; labor courts adjust these things, and generally with justice. It has been noticed, however, that even in these times the workmen who complain most loudly get the most.

These are the exceptions. In some cases of very expert workmen, wages have risen to a point beyond the dream of avarice. Fifteen pounds, or seventy-five dollars, a week is not an uncommon wage in the Clyde works. Yet snap statistics, gathered by some of the labor leaders, go to prove that wages, as a whole, have not gone up so fast as the cost of living—the poverty line, which was twenty-four shillings a week in 1914, is now thirty-six shillings.

On the other hand, unemployment is unknown; the wife, the daughters, the boys can get continuous work. For this reason, most families, despite the rise in the cost of living, are well above the poverty line. The rise of standards is most noticeable in the very districts where poverty was most distressing, like the dock regions of London.

As I have said before, the mobilized British workman from the slum districts of London has known in this war—despite its dangers, its pain, its occasional great hardships—the blessings of ample food and clothing; known them often for the first time. His wife has bought new clothes for herself and the children; has been to the theater; has installed a phonograph. It is not in human nature to give up without a struggle a luxury once known; much less a comfort. When the British workman puts off khaki wages may appear to him a greater consideration than leisure.

Finally, there is the question of the women, too great and wide for thorough treatment in a general article. One of the superb things about this war is the force and fineness with which British women of all classes have risen to the emergency. Women of all the European nations are at war work; but the British woman is distinguished above all others for the spirit she brings to the task. She goes at it like a free soul. A large proportion of them are genuinely interested in the job; genuinely trying to get ahead.

Women in Men's Places

The rush of women to gainful occupations in England has been rather exaggerated. Not much more than three-quarters of a million have been added to industry since the war began. As a matter of fact, England had greater proportions of women workers than any other European nation; the labor market was already feminized almost to saturation. More significant than mere numbers has been the general rise of the women workers to higher, better-paid, and more specialized occupations, as when a domestic servant has entered a machine shop.

Some general statements about female labor have gone into the discard of abandoned theories, along with many other economic generalities. Where physical strength enters into labor women cannot compete with men, of course. But with every improvement in machinery, physical strength cuts a smaller figure in labor calculations.

The war has killed its hundreds of thousands of the best workers in England; it may—alas!—kill its millions. If, in the new spirit of English industry, the industrial lords of England succeed in raising production and extending markets to a point beyond the possibilities of Germany, that pathetic figure of post-bellum days—the unmated and unmateable woman—will retain her place in the factory system. War conditions have shown the leaders of England how many things done formerly by men can be done as well by women.

On most European railways the tickets are taken up not on the train but at the gate as the passenger alights. The ticket collectors, who simply sit on a stool, receiving and punching the tickets, used to be men; now they are women. Why employ a man for this work when a woman will do as well? Women are making good elevator operators, subway-train and omnibus conductors, department-store floorwalkers and clerks. Why not keep them in these occupations, releasing thereby some men for the higher processes of production?

The answer depends on the efficiency and intelligence the industrial lords of England display in their campaign for increased production and more equitable distribution. If they virtually abolish unemployment, if they stimulate markets to a point where the demand for labor exceeds the supply, well and good. If England settles back into the old conditions the industrial situation will be complicated by a sex issue.

In fact, signs appear that some of the gentlemen who still hold profits higher than patriotism are hoping to use that sex issue for their own ends—to replace male labor by female labor, always in the nature of things cheaper—and to fortify themselves by stirring up what the feminist argot calls "sex solidarity." If they can organize women against men they may achieve all they desire. Behold here a paradox of this war: the Conservative used to deplore "the war of the sexes"; now he prepares to encourage it!

It seems doubtful that this effort can succeed, even partially—whether the movement can be anything more than a slight

(Continued on Page 38)

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VICTOR RED SEAL RECORDS

Ca

CALVÉ, EMMA, Soprano (*Kahl-vay'*)

CALVÉ

Emma Calvé, half French, half Spanish, is descended from a prosperous and cultured family. She was born in 1864, at Madrid. The premature death of her father was followed by reverses, and the young girl knew that she must face a world in a more serious rôle than that of a society belle, so it was not long before the dark-eyed beauty found herself studying with Rosina Laborde, and afterward with Marchesi and Puget. As a pupil the young girl endeared herself from the first to her teachers, and made rapid progress. Although her début was made at Nice, her first important appearance was at the *Théâtre de la Monnaie*, in Brussels, in 1882, as *Marguerite* in *Faust*. Her Paris début occurred in 1885 at the *Opéra Comique*, in *Chevalier de Jean*, but her first real triumphs came in Italy, where she made several tours, and when she reappeared in Paris as *Carmen* and *Santuzza* the Parisians made her their idol. She appeared in London in 1892, and Americans first heard her at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, where she made her début in 1894, and her fame spread rapidly. Her beautiful voice, her remarkable gifts as an actress, her beauty and magnetic personality, united in presenting a picture at once alluring and fascinating. The singer's further triumphs in America are familiar to all, and although she spends most of her time in Europe, her admirers may find consolation in her Victor records.

Mme. Calvé's exquisitely trained voice, always remarkable for its beauty of timbre and emotional quality, was at its best when her Victor records were made. This great artist has recorded *exclusively* for the Victor the list of records catalogued here.

THE CALVÉ RECORDS (*Sung in French unless noted*)		No.	Size	
Carmen—Habanera (Love is Like a Bird)	Bizet	88085	12	$3.00
Carmen—Chanson Bohême (Les Tringles des Sistres) (The Sound of Tambourine)	Bizet	88124	12	3.00
Carmen—La bas dans la montagne (Yonder Mountain) (with Dalmores)		89019	12	4.00
Cavalleria Rusticana—Voi lo sapete (Santuzza's Air, "Well You Know, Good Mother") *In Italian*	Mascagni	88086	12	3.00
Hérodiade—Il est doux, il est bon (He is Kind, He is Good)	Massenet	88130	12	3.00
Marseillaise, La (*with Metropolitan Opera Chorus*)	de L'Isle	88570	12	3.00
Old Folks at Home (Swanee River) *In English*	Foster	88089	12	3.00
Pearl of Brazil—Charmant oiseau (Brilliant Bird) *Flute obbligato*	David	88087	12	3.00
Serenade—Cantez, nez dormez *Flute obbligato*	Gounod	88119	12	3.00
Three Little Songs for Very Little Children (Trois chansons pour les tout-petits) (a) Frere Jacques—Brother James) (b) Au clair de la lune" (In the Moonlight) (c) "Une poule" (The Hen, *Pianoforte acc.*)		88572	12	3.00

CAMPANARI, GIUSEPPE, Baritone

CAMPANARI

Giuseppe Campanari, one of the most famous baritones of the modern operatic stage, was born in Venice, and in his youth played the 'cello at La Scala. Young Campanari was ambitious, however, and endeavored to improve his naturally good voice at every opportunity. In 1884 he was engaged by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and after arriving in America took up vocal studies in earnest, making his first appearance as a singer in 1890, at a concert under the direction of Walter Damrosch. A season with Hinrich's Philadelphia Opera Company brought him to the attention of Mr. Abbey, and he was promptly engaged for the Metropolitan, where he remained for many years. The record of the favorite Toreador Song he has made for the Victor exhibits well his splendid voice, intelligent phrasing and good enunciation.

CAMPANARI RECORDS (*Sung in Italian*)		No.	Size	
Carmen—Canzone del Toreador (*Toreador Song*)	Bizet	85073	12	$3.00

VICTOR RED SEAL RECORDS

Ca

CARUSO, ENRICO, Tenor (*Kah-roo'-soh*)

CARUSO

Caruso's success is the greatest ever attained by an artist in this country. His American engagements have been a continuous ovation, the great audiences being held spellbound by the exquisite refinement, beauty and power of his voice.

Caruso is a native of Naples and was born in 1873. When he was a mere boy he sang in the churches of Naples, and the beauty of his voice arrested the attention of all who heard it. His father did not encourage the boy at first, but a few years later was persuaded to allow him to take a few lessons in singing. The family was very poor, however, and Caruso was forced to work as a mechanic. This work not being very profitable, he began to seriously consider whether he could not make more by singing.

He was eighteen years old when he met a distinguished baritone singer, who, after hearing his voice, decided that he would give Caruso substantial assistance. He therefore took him to Maestro Vergine, who was captivated by the beauty and purity of his voice, and began to give him vocal instructions.

Caruso made his début in 1894 in Naples, in a now forgotten opera, L'amico Francesco, afterward singing in various Italian cities and in Cairo. A South American engagement followed, and on his return, after a season in Milan, it was clear that here was one of the most promising young tenors ever heard in Italy. Caruso had made a success in various countries of Europe before coming to America in 1903, but it was his performance of the *Duke* at the Metropolitan on November 23d of that year which convinced opera-goers that the greatest of all tenors had arrived.

Caruso has made records *exclusively* for the Victor since 1903, and as the present contract with the tenor does not expire until 1933, the public is assured perfect reproductions of his voice for many years to come.

THE CARUSO RECORDS (*Sung in Italian unless otherwise noted*)		No.	Size	
Africana—O Paradiso (Oh, Paradise!)	Meyerbeer	88054	12	$3.00
Agnus Dei—(Lamb of God) *In Latin*	Bizet	88425	12	3.00
Aida—Celeste Aida (Heavenly Aida)	Verdi	88127	12	3.00
Amor Mio (My Love) (Vocal Waltz)	Costa-Ricciardi	87176	10	2.00
Andrea Chenier—Un di all' azzurro spazio	Umberto Giordano	88060	12	3.00
Berceuse *In French*	Teschemacher-d'Hardelot	87162	10	2.00
Boheme—Io non so che una povera grisetta	Leoncavallo	88355	12	3.00
Boheme—Racconto di Rodolfo (Rodolfo's Narrative)	Puccini	88582	12	3.00
Boheme—Testa adorata (Adored One!)	Leoncavallo	88331	12	3.00
Canta pe me (Neapolitan Song)	Bovio-de Curtis	87092	10	2.00
Carmen—Air de la fleur (Flower Song) *In French*	Bizet	88308	12	3.00
Carmen—Il fior che avevi a me (Flower Song)	Bizet	88309	12	3.00
Cavalleria Rusticana—A Dio alla madre (Turiddu's Farewell)	Mascagni	88458	12	3.00
Cavalleria Rusticana—Brindisi (Drinking Song)	Mascagni	81162	10	2.00
Cavalleria Rusticana—Siciliana (Thy Lips Like Berries)	Mascagni	88460	10	2.00
Cavalleria Rusticana—Siciliana (*Harp accompaniment*)	Mascagni	87072	10	2.00
Chantique de Noël (Holy Night) (Christmas Song) *In French*	Adam	88561	12	3.00
Cid, Le—O souverain, ô juge, ô père! (Almighty Lord, Oh Judge, Oh Father) *In French*	Massenet	88554	12	3.00
Cielo Turchino (Neapolitan Song)	E. Capaldo M. S. Cocumo	87218	10	2.00
Core 'ngrato (Neapolitan Song)	Cardillo-Carullo	88334	12	3.00
Don Pasquale—Serenata—Com' e gentil (Soft Beams the Light)	Donizetti	88348	12	3.00
Don Sebastian—In terra solo (On Earth Alone)	Donizetti	88316	12	3.00
Dreams of Long Ago *In English*	Carroll-Caruso	88376	12	3.00
Duca D'Alba—Angelo casto e bel (Beauteous Angel)	Donizetti	88556	12	3.00
Elisir d'amore—Una furtiva lagrima (A Furtive Tear)	Donizetti	81027	10	2.00
Elisir d'amore—Una furtiva lagrima (A Furtive Tear) Act II	Donizetti	88339	12	3.00
Ermanuette (For All Eternity)	Mazzoni-Mascheroni	88333	12	3.00
Faust—Salut demeure (All Hail, Thou Dwelling!) *In French*	Gounod	88003	12	3.00
Favorita—Spirto gentil (Spirit So Fair)	Donizetti	88004	12	3.00
Fenesta che lucive (The Shining Window) (Neapolitan Song)		88439	12	3.00
For You Alone *In English*	O'Reilly-Geehl	87070	10	2.00
Forza del Destino—O tu che in seno agl' angeli (Thou Heavenly One)		88207	12	3.00
Germania—Non chiuder gli occhi vaghi (Those Dreamy Eyes)	Franchetti	87054	10	2.00
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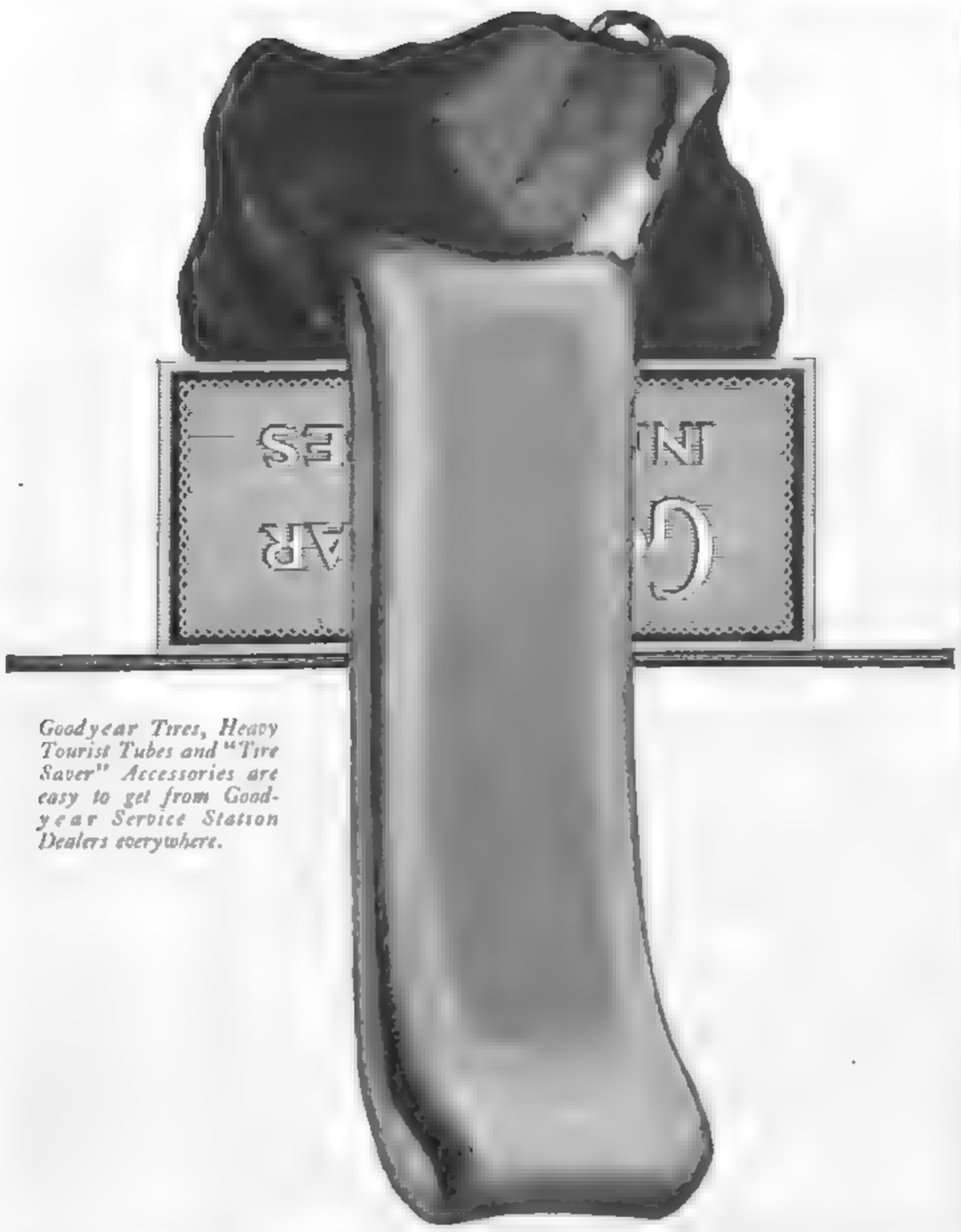

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GOODYEAR
AKRON

(Continued from Page 35)

complication. After all, only abnormal people hold the sex tie to be stronger than the personal tie; most of us have at least one person of the other sex who is dearer than opinion, or even principle.

Experience, British labor leaders tell me, has shown that, in a pinch, the women workers stand by their unions rather than their sex. This question has come up again and again in the past ten years, when employers tried to "dilute" certain trades by the introduction of low-paid women. It was found almost invariably that the women already employed in the trade resisted the innovation, along with the men.

"They don't think of it abstractly, as we do," said a woman labor leader. "They look at it in the light of some concrete case. Maggie says: 'Ere's Bill, my brother-in-law, gettin' his thirty shillings. What's poor Nellie goin' to do if they begin to put in girls at twenty bob and get him out of his job? Not if I have to starve!'"

The future of the feminine element in labor is, however, even more complex than that. The necessities of the times have given employment at fair wages to thousands and hundreds of thousands of women with no real technical or trade training—mere stop-gaps, doing the work as best they can, but doing it badly. They will not relinquish their jobs without a struggle; and on this point I can do no better than quote the general remarks of a woman who keeps a large stenographic and typewriting establishment in the city.

I had great difficulty in getting stenography and typewriting done in London. Once, wishing to have a manuscript manifolded for the military censor, I found that not a single agency would promise me the work in less than a week. Stenography has never been so distinctively a woman's occupation with the British as with us, and probably nine-tenths of the male shorthand writers have been mobilized.

"We daren't let girls go out of the office to do work," said the manager, "for fear people will steal them from us. We had eight or ten girls—good ones—at the beginning of the war. In the early days, when no one knew what was going to happen, we made up our minds that we'd all stand and fall together. We didn't lay off the girls or reduce their salaries. And I must say they've been very loyal—they've stayed, even when offered big wages to leave. We've advanced their wages as the labor rates went up; but they've never once struck for a raise."

Complex Labor Problems

"But when the great demand came we had to increase our force—take anyone we could get. A lot of girls, without much general education and with four or five months' hasty instruction in a business school, came in. Some of them will never make good, with all the education in the world—they haven't the brains. We do the best we can with them. We have a list of instructions that we make them learn by heart—mostly answers to the questions which people are likely to ask them.

"One of these girls goes out. She comes back with her notes, and tries to transcribe them. She makes a dreadful mess of the letter—badly punctuated, misspelled, long or unusual words all wrong—that sort of thing, you know. I take the copy, puzzle out the real meaning, correct the spelling and punctuation, and have it all retyped. When the customer sees this workmanlike letter and remembers how intelligently the girl answered the questions, he sends for her, as like as not, and offers her a job at once and a half her salary with us. I laugh when I think what happens when the girl tries to work on her own!

"These girls will go, after the war, of course. But they won't be contented to go. They won't see any reason why they shouldn't have employment at the old high wages. They'll have the vote, or most of them will, by that time; and you're going to see them marching down the Strand with banners, demanding that the government shall give them back their jobs."

Against this class must be put the hundreds of thousands of women who have made good and shown their ability to compete with men. Nevertheless, the incompetent woman will be a problem.

Complexities grow even more complex when you consider that the question of the land will enter into the reconstruction of England, as it entered into the Liberal program before the war. France, with a

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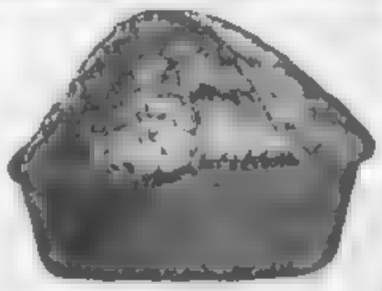

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slightly smaller population than England, has four million landholdings. England has less than three hundred thousand. An undue amount of the best English land is in parks and unproductive. The men who tilled the soil of England are typically renters or day laborers; whereas the French farmer is typically a landed proprietor. That, if the advanced program goes through, must change also.

Heavy taxation, through a graduated income tax, which must keep up for a generation after the war, will in itself return much land to peasant ownership.

A certain rich and titled Englishman, strolling across his private hunting park to play golf on his private links, made a gesture that included the whole gentle landscape, and remarked in the casual tone with which your Briton advances his most tragic statements:

"I enjoy it while I may; my class won't have this sort of thing for long."

Even the lords of the land see a new era dawning.

And, as if this were not all complex enough, there remains another factor: The British are not all one people: they are two or three peoples. Norman and Anglo-Saxon have more or less mixed, and have learned how to get along together. But there is the "Celtic fringe," in Ireland and Scotland. Their ways and habits of thought are not English ways and habits—least of all in Ireland. What would suit the English will not suit them.

A New Order of Things

Yet England is approaching this problem with the same sturdy pluck with which she approached the problem of turning a peaceful nation, generally ignorant of military affairs, into a militant nation. "We'll muddle through somehow," they said in 1914, showing a kind of ingenuous pride in their own national faults that slightly irritated the friendly alien. "We'll muddle through somehow," they still say, but more apologetically. One who saw the ridiculous blundering of 1914 found it hard to believe that they could reach national efficiency in war.

Within two years they have achieved that miracle. In military affairs they muddle no more. That new British Army, raised for the most part by a volunteer effort which makes ours of the Civil War look slight—that army, trained, coördinated, instructed, purged of its old stupidities—stands as the future hope of the Entente, as the French was its past hope.

Whatever needs to be done they will probably do, after a series of those apoplectic rages that characterize British public affairs. If their new industrial state resembles Socialism—that word which used to make the Conservative shiver!—they will not condemn it for the name.

Only one thing will I venture in the way of prophecy: The system will not be German in spirit—there will be no Germanization of England. The Briton can be made to stand for discipline, for self-effacement as part of a machine, when that becomes really necessary; but he does not like it, as does the German. He is an individual; he prefers to give that individuality all possible play.

Now to illustrate the greater by means of the smaller: Everyone who knows factory management, and views it broadly, is acquainted with certain establishments that work well, return profits, give a due share to labor, under one or another of the modern systems of scientific management, wherein everything fits as in a complicated machine. Yet he knows of others which laugh at such systems, yet which profit just as much.

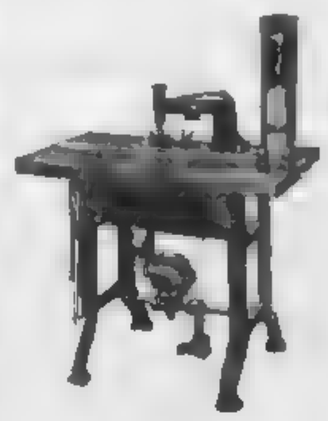
Probably there are as many roads to efficiency as there are ways to heaven or stars in the sky. The British will find their own way—one which gives their individuality its play and still yields results.

"Mailing Done In One-tenth the Time"

Read the Letter

"We have been using one of your addressing machines for the past three (3) years, the results are entirely satisfactory in every way. We find that we can address our mailing list in one-tenth the time that it formerly took. We have no trouble of any kind with the machine."

(Signed) Emanuel Blanc,
Distributer of Victor Talking Machine Company's Product,
2795-2799 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.



If you have a mailing list, large or small, be sure to read the letter shown at the left.

It shows how *you*, too, can reduce time and expense by using a DIREX-ALL for addressing, billing, listing, and all similar work now done by hand.

And we can show you hundreds of other letters just as interesting—some from concerns in your own line of business.

With every DIREX-ALL goes our guarantee of time and money saved through its use. The DIREX-ALL does all that any other addressing machine will do—has advantages that no other has. It is the addressing machine with the typewriter ribbon principle, and one-piece metal plates.

Wonderfully easy to operate. A boy or girl can do it all. The plates that do the imprinting serve as index cards.

Whatever your business, whatever your line, whatever your location, write today for free book "Doing the Day's Work *Better*." It shows the particular DIREX-ALL made for your use, and tells how it will save time and money for you—guaranteed!

Write to our nearest office today.

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New York, 279 Broadway San Francisco, Wells Fargo Bldg.
Chicago, 180 N. Wabash Ave. Chattanooga, 33 Short St.
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DIREX-ALL

FOR MAILING - LISTING - BILLING.

Only $1241

(Ready to Erect)

OUR famous Wisconsin [illegible] Sent all material cut ready to put on the foundation. No waste [illegible] he home at once [illegible] of two men half as much by the old way of [illegible] Send coupon below.

The Sterling System of Home Building

Saved $700

[illegible] at least $450 [illegible] $600 [illegible] $400 [illegible] $400

Find out about the Sterling Ready Cut System of Home Building. The [illegible]

Mail the Coupon For Our Plan Book

[illegible] of designs. Taken from actual photographs [illegible] plans and specifications. Shows you just what [illegible] is a Sterling home—and what you ought to get whatever way you build. Gives you valuable information. Gives you hundreds of suggestions, ideas and facts about home building. Send for it.

Write NOW! Don't delay on this. Even if you will not build until Spring, get this book and [illegible]

International Mill & Timber Co., Dept. 2381, Bay City, Mich

International Mill & Timber Co.
Dept. 2381 Bay City, Mich.

I want all the information I can get on building, especially [illegible]

Name [illegible]

For grown-ups and children

For new shoes—for new soles

As the Transcontinental Express is to the Old Prairie Schooner

THERE are two travel methods. One is old. Once it was prized, but its day is done. There is another, and it is new. It was born in the living time—today—born of the necessities of today for the modern men and women who live today.

There are two shoe-soles. One is of leather and is the product of an older time. It is not healthy for it is not waterproof; not foot-easy for it is not flexible; not economical for it will not wear.

There is another shoe-sole. It is not leather for it is the product of a generation that demands better than leather. It perfects every virtue leather has and possesses every virtue leather lacks.

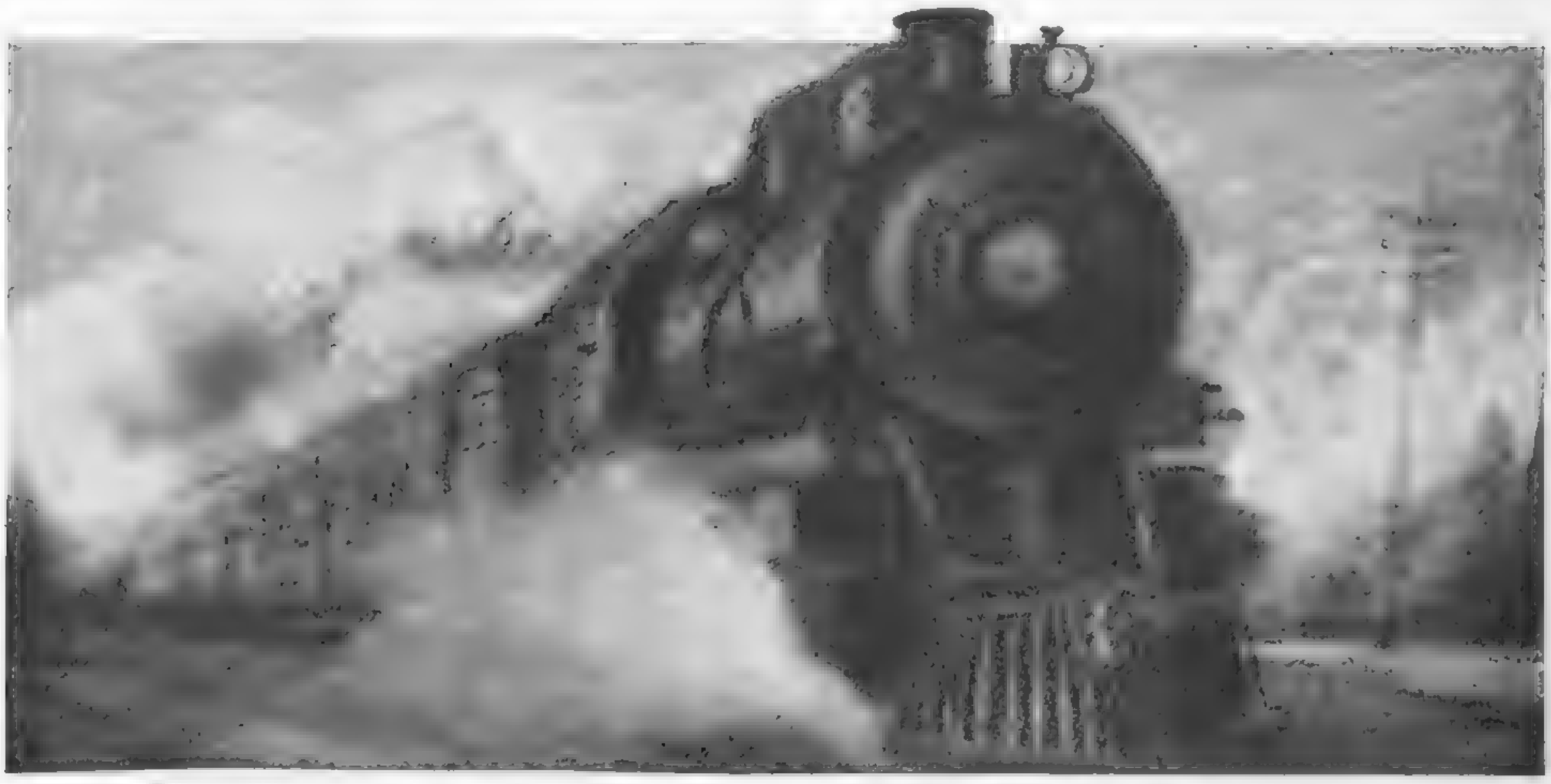
That modern shoe-sole is called Neōlin—Neōlin, that scientific marvel balanced to a universal need.

* * *

Does *your* shoe-leather meet the problem of wear?

Neōlin has met it—yielding grim, invincible wear which has revolutionized men's conceptions of what sole-wear means.

Does your sole-leather meet the problem of foot comfort?



So is Neōlin to the Leather Sole

Neōlin has met it with a flexibility that captains buoyancy and is soothing as chamois or the touch of a well-worn glove.

Does your shoe-leather meet the problem of foot health?

Neōlin has met it with a waterproof, snug-foot tread, secure against wet as a cocoon and winter-proof as waterproof.

But how can any material be all these things, you ask, and yet light and ground-gripping and fitting even for the highest grades of shoes?

Modern science has given Neōlin all these qualities—has given it *every* quality you can ask of a sole. And it is always the same on any price of shoe, whether for man, woman or child.

Ask for Neōlin with the accent on the "O." Ask for Neōlin of your dealer, who should have it, or will next time if you tell him you *must* have Neōlin. Also have it soled on old shoes in black, tan or white—it costs no more. And to avoid imitations—*mark* that mark; stamp it on your memory: Neōlin—

Neōlin

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Better than Leather

—the trade symbol for a changeless quality product of

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

Lemons are Economical

Every Part of a Sunkist Lemon has Scores of Valuable Uses. Learn What Lemons Do—See What They Save

The Meat

of the lemon in slices or quarters makes hot tea more delicious and healthful. It is also an attractive garnish for meats, game and fish.

The Juice

of the lemon is an important ingredient in scores of culinary recipes. It is an excellent cleaner of pots and pans, glass, brass and silverware. Lemon juice and salt generously applied to ink stains on white goods will remove the stains completely. And lemon juice whitens and softens the skin.

The Rind

Use the rind of the lemon in making sauces and lemon catsup to serve with fish. Try delicious candied lemon peel. Also use the grated rind in lemon pie.

We are issuing an interesting illustrated booklet which tells how lemons lighten the labors of housekeeping, and we are sending copies without charge to those who answer this announcement. The book contains recipes for charming lemon dishes as well as labor-saving ideas.

Thousands of housewives, who have already received these booklets, now know new ways of short-cutting old methods and reducing household expense. They have found lemons to be the most economical as well as the most useful fruit.

Every housewife should learn all the facts about lemons. Just say "send your book," on a postal card, giving your name and address—also the name and address of your dealer.

Sunkist

Uniformly Good Lemons

Lemons are healthful. Sunkist Lemons are juicy, tart and practically seedless. They are mechanically washed until bright and waxy and are sent to your dealer in clean, crisp tissue wrappers.

Sunkist come in several different sizes at the same prices asked for ordinary lemons. Write today for the Sunkist Lemon booklet.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
A Co-operative Non Profit Organization of 8,000 Growers
Dept. M 46 Los Angeles, California

Even The Wrapper

in which Sunkist Lemons are sold is valuable because of the recipe printed thereon. Ask your dealer to send you Sunkist Lemons *wrapped*. The Sunkist wrapper is an assurance of receiving uniformly good lemons.

"Lemons for Usefulness"

THE SPENDTHRIFT INVASION

(Continued from Page 4)

ridiculous for anyone even to consider entering most of the cabarets this winter without leaving all thought of expense behind. Only a flushed carnival crowd that had cast away every consideration but a good time would permit the imposition which the horde in the metropolis accepts with a careless grin.

Practically all of the big cabarets now levy in one form or another an admission fee. These charges vary from seventy-five cents to two dollars. In some cases the sum is paid at the door; in others it is merely added to the patron's check. Thus two men and a woman, upon entering one of these places upon an evening not long since, were led to a table by the head waiter. The party all ordered horse's necks—ginger ale and lemon peel. Not a word was said about the "cover" charge, as it is termed. The check in due course came and it was precisely seven-fifty—two dollars per person to start with and fifty cents apiece for the drinks. The guests inquired if the cover fee would be omitted in case food or wine had been ordered.

"No," replied the head waiter, "not if your check were a hundred dollars."

But the admission fees are only the beginnings. Once within any of the great cabarets of New York, one encounters a scale of prices which only a demand vastly exceeding supply could make possible. For example, eggs, which in various forms have become the almost universal supper dish of the city, are invariably at least a dollar a portion, and a portion is never served for more than one. Cocktails range from twenty-five to forty cents, champagne from six-fifty to seven-fifty a bottle. Rolls and butter are commonly twenty-five cents a person and small cups of black coffee a quarter each. There are plenty of fat purses to stand this sort of thing, and the cabarets can this season successfully take the position that those who object to their charges may stay away.

One marvels not so much that the public accepts cheerfully the unprecedented prices, but that it unmurmuringly puts up with some of the palpable tricks of the night-life conductors to extract in addition other forms of toll. There is one establishment, enormously patronized, which early in the season hit upon an expedient which has brought a rich return. This establishment is conducted upon two different floors. Upon the lower floor is a sort of combination lounge and supper room; upon the upper floor the dancing takes place. Shortly before eleven in the evening the lower floor is thrown open; the upper floor remains rigidly closed until the stroke of twelve.

The Check-Room Nuisance

At a little after eleven the theaters are out and the lower room begins to fill with people awaiting midnight; and during the forty-five minutes or an hour before the opening of the upper room the management assures itself a very tidy extra profit by a cover charge of seventy-five cents a person unless food, at the usual extravagant rates, is ordered. If one does have supper there in the lower room before midnight, it is only a preliminary to the real supper festivities of the night, which will come between two and four o'clock above. If one remembers the fact that stomachs are not indestructible, here is an entirely typical New York tax upon prudence.

The check-room nuisance manifests itself more flagrantly than ever. The dodge of separate coatrooms or ladies' room for everyone in the party has been resorted to everywhere and amounts to nothing more nor less than an added admission fee of twenty-five cents per person; for you will be made to feel that you do not belong if your tip, upon presentation of the individual check you have received, is not a quarter at the minimum. Then, too, there is that threadbare old device of the flower girl, who with her best smile brazenly plants a *boutonnière* on a man's coat lapel and holds out a cluster of two or three roses to the woman he has with him. The trick, when it works, generally brings two or three dollars. However, such is the spirit of New York's stranger horde that the very establishments which are the boldest in their extortions are also the ones to which the vast nightly throngs most eagerly flock. Thousands of close-fisted business men who have never paid a grocer's bill without adding it twice seem in a mad rush to offer themselves victims to various forms of the big city's cupidity.

The practice of tipping head waiters and captains in addition to the ordinary waiters has, like everything else, also run riot this year. Again it is the stranger who is primarily responsible. Not being known, he ingratiates himself at the plush ropes with a bill. It has grown so that head waiters and captains expect solid tips as a matter of course. They do not maneuver for them as they used to, because it is unnecessary to do so. All that they have to do is to stand still, smirk, and let their bank accounts grow. There is not so much of the sensational tipping as there once was. Hundred-dollar bills are not slipped often any more, but there is an almost unbroken flow of fives, tens and twenties. Far more people than formerly tip, but they tip more modestly. The other night a head waiter, standing by the door of a cabaret, bowed out ten parties; something passed into his palm from some one member of six of them. It is a practical certainty that in not one instance was that something less than five dollars.

Yellow-Backed Tips Preferred

There is a tipping story current in New York this year which concerns a gentleman and a checkroom boy. The man, who has greeted his share of tardy sunrises this season in cabarets, had completed one particular evening's festivities, and flushed with wine, prosperity and dancing, discovered, upon presenting his hat and coat check, that he had nothing left in his clothes save some large bills.

"Boy," he said to the attendant—who really was not a boy at all but a thoroughly astute young business man with a wife, several children and a small car of his own up somewhere in the Bronx—"I'm short in change to-night. But never mind, I tell you what you do: Buy ——" And he whispered the name of a copper stock. Any number of those nimble youths who ease luxurious individuals out of and into overcoats can slip into the market at any time with four or five thousand dollars. This one could. He plunged, and the proceeds of the happy accident of the missing quarter or half dollar, or whatever it might have been, were sufficient to set the young man up in a business on his own account.

Of course stock-market tips are no new form of compensating head waiters, waiters, and the like. There was a time when nearly one guest in ten had some bit of confidential information that he was willing to impart to his favorites among those who served him. There are many such now; but, generally speaking, speculative advice in lieu of cash is at a discount among the shrewdest employees of hotels and restaurants. In the past too many "good things" have gone astray for the canny servitors to gamble their takings on every hint that is offered on how to make a fortune. As a class they now prefer a yellowback every time, and, as has been observed, expect to get it, which adds to the general expense of the gay life in New York.

But it is not alone in the charges of restaurants and cabarets that the roistering thousands have raised havoc. Theater tickets, for example, have become a prohibitive luxury for the average man, and in New York may cost almost anything this winter. Upon one occasion, after the season had got well under way, an attempt was made on a Friday to buy orchestra seats for the next Saturday night for any one of the ten best-drawing attractions in the city. To begin with, it seemed that all tickets had got into the hands of speculators; also that the speculators had already disposed of the bulk of their supplies; and, thirdly, that such left-over, none-too-good seats as they still had could not be obtained for less than fifteen dollars apiece. There was a particular rush at the time this attempt was made; but, nevertheless, under conditions normal to this year the good seats for successful productions cannot prevailingly be secured for less than five dollars apiece, and the best seats are usually half as much again, mounting higher toward the end of any week.

What it all comes to is that people from all over America have this winter swarmed to New York in such numbers, with such fat purses and so bent upon pleasure, that a not inordinate evening—an evening in

which little, or perhaps no, wine is purchased—now means an expenditure for three or four persons of from fifty to a hundred dollars, and night after night thousands of persons are spending such sums and more for their gayeties. However, it is not these people, composing the affluent army of invasion, who are doing, except in the aggregate, the sensational disbursing of the winter. As always, the excesses of individual extravagance are committed, not by a great mass made carefree and jubilant by general prosperity, but for the most part by that group, relatively small, to which boom times have brought large, sudden wealth. Seemingly there has never been so great a contingent of overnight millionaires as there are now and, exploring round the city, one gathers many tales of their feats of spending.

One man, a munitions millionaire who had come to the city for the winter, became bored with the congested conditions of his hotel and decided that he would fit himself up a city apartment. Accordingly he secured one at an annual rental of eighteen thousand dollars, and then proceeded to spend eighteen thousand more in having the interior woodwork altered to suit his taste. The changes which he made, such as the erecting of a carved mantelpiece, all became a part of the building, and hence improvements to which he could have no claim at the expiration of the lease.

A fond mother from the Middle West, whose husband not many years ago wore overalls but whose income has recently become troublesomely large, arrived in the city to do her fall shopping for three small children. Among what she conceived to be their requirements was an outfit of linen for each. She visited one of the smart linen shops on Fifth Avenue, and in a single afternoon her purchases of linen for her three children amounted to more than seventeen thousand dollars. Each child was equipped with bibs that cost twenty-five dollars apiece. Whether or not that is extravagance is a question which everyone may settle individually. The man's income is computed at one hundred thousand dollars a week, and, incidentally, you would not recognize his name if it were given.

Early in the season a music hall, built upon a new scale of magnificence and representing a huge investment, was opened. The initial performance was a big event to a certain class. Speculators got hold of many of the best seats and played them very close to the chest until the first night was almost upon them. A new munitions millionaire, whose evident ambition is to become a Broadway figure, arrived in the city only the day before the première. There was nothing to it but that he and a party of friends must witness the next evening's production, and he started upon a hunt for six seats "down front." He finally secured them at one hundred dollars apiece.

A Simple Way to Shop

Last year those incredibly rich South Americans, who before the war had always made an annual pilgrimage for several months to Paris, became a definite factor in New York life. Added to this group there are this year a large number of Cubans who have grown fabulously rich through the rise in price of sugar. Like the South Americans, they arrive with their wives and relatives and troops of children and nurses and maids, hire vast suites at a hundred dollars a day, buy automobiles for use during the period of their visits, and roam the shops, paying prodigious sums for enormous quantities of everything that takes their eyes.

The manager of one of the city's Babylonian ten-million-dollar hotels told of a woman who had set a new high point for that particular establishment in the matter of credits. She had come on from the West to do a week's shopping. The management had had her as a guest before and had known her for some years as a trustworthy person of moderate means but not of conspicuous wealth. The day after her arrival bills to the amount of a thousand dollars for C.O.D. purchases by the woman were presented at the cashier's desk. The woman had made no deposit and had not requested the management to make payments for her. Nevertheless, the bills were met.

Upon the following day goods to the value of several thousand dollars more were delivered. Although it was an unusual proceeding, the hotel believed that the guest realized what she was doing, and paid. The third day brought another heavy consignment, and there began to be anxiety. Meanwhile the woman was going about her affairs in the most ordinary manner, apparently entirely unconscious that some sort of explanation might be in order. The third lot was paid for, but when a fourth lot arrived the manager began telegraphing West for information. Word came back that the woman's husband was practically unlimitedly good, that during the last year he had become many times a millionaire, and that there was no reason why the guest should not have all the credit she wanted. Before her departure the hotel had paid for C.O.D. packages to the amount of fifteen thousand dollars.

As a simple matter of course and convenience the woman had adopted that method of doing her shopping.

The present writer was in the office of another manager when the telephone rang.

"Yes—yes, sir," said the manager over the wire, and there was a pause until: "Sixteen covers, you say, for dinner, and a quart of champagne at each place when the party arrives. Very good, sir."

The manager hung up his receiver, and after he had scribbled a memorandum turned about with a smile.

"The man who gave that order," he said, "is a broker. Three years ago he was so hard up that he got a job here in the city as a professional cabaret dancer. He kept himself alive in that way until the market came back. He's making up for lost time now. That champagne he's having served is seven-fifty a quart, and it's not unlikely that there'll be another sixteen bottles opened before the dinner's over."

What Can a Poor New Yorker Do?

There is any amount of that kind of thing going on in New York this winter; but, nevertheless, it is not the man or woman gone mad with sudden riches, but the stupendous crowd, drunk with prosperity, that is giving the city its present essential character. And this crowd has done much more than make the night life more riotous and costly than it has ever been. It has given the shops the heaviest season that they have ever had; it has forced upon the town, to the exclusion of many legitimate plays, an unparalleled number of musical comedies of the kind that are rarely seen in the smaller cities—gigantic productions, with marvelous processions of scantily clad choruses, and comedians and dancers without count; it has impelled a sudden rush of capital into the hotel business so that New York will have next year, among other new hotel structures, a fifteen-million-dollar, thousand-room hostelry. But most of all, this crowd has made the New York spectacle of this winter possible.

New York, in its glitter and noise and movement, is more a spectacle than it has ever been. No one picture can sum it up or adequately epitomize the spirit of the town.

None of the episodes related penetrates to the gist of the matter. Somehow it seems that, if one is in search of true significances, there is nothing more noteworthy than a picture of what the evening of the average, every-day New Yorker has come to be. By the average New Yorker is meant the man who would be affluent, even rich, in any other community in the world. Where is he while this mad, riotous, moneyed whirl is in progress all about him? Jostled to one side by the crowds, left gasping by the cost of town pleasure conducted upon a spendthrift carnival scale, he has been reduced to that for which he has long chided his provincial cousin.

The rest of America has seized New York. It is theirs and they are turning it to their own uses, and the proud resident of the metropolis is the real stranger in the strange land.

He no longer either dares or has a chance to approach his own fleshpots. And so take as a final picture the ordinary New Yorker, the gay, ever-diverted person whom he has so long boasted of being, and observe him at nine o'clock of any evening stretch himself, yawn and creep to bed. That's what the invasion has done to him.

Manning-Bowman Electrics

Means H E Best

NO household is complete without one or more of these electrical appliances. For everyday use or on special occasions they add pleasure as well as convenience.

Their utility and durability are guaranteed by the name "Manning-Bowman"—your reminder of the high reputation for quality which has always been attached to the many household articles bearing the name "Manning-Bowman."

Look for Manning-Bowman Ware in jewelry, hardware, housefurnishing and department stores.

No. 11793. Percolator, $9. Other patterns to $15

No. 1298 54. Chafing Dish and Stove, $14. Other patterns, $12 50 up

Write for Booklet N-22, illustrating and describing Manning-Bowman Electrics

Water Heater and Egg Boiler No. 18. Price, $7 50

MANNING, BOWMAN & CO., Meriden, Conn.

By all means ~ SEE "The Piper's Price"

The Dramatic BLUEBIRD Photo-Play

DOROTHY PHILLIPS

WILLIAM STOWELL

MAUDE GEORGE

A beautifully enacted modern drama which is a new angle to the eternal triangle. You wives and husbands who have problems confronting and menacing you, will find keen delight in watching this superbly produced picture play, "The Piper's Price". It will answer many of your unspoken questions.

The definition of BLUEBIRD is—the *perfect play*, produced by Stars of unquestioned capability, amid perfect surroundings. This play "The Piper's Price" is a BLUEBIRD, therefore it's got to be good.

Be sure to see this BLUEBIRD play, as well as the following: Ruppert Julian in "The Right To Be Happy"—Cleo Madison in "Black Orchids" George Hernandez in "God's Crucible"—Ella Hall in "Her Soul's Inspiration"—Franklyn Farnum in "The Dev—'s Payday" —Watch for the coming BLUEBIRD plays announced in this publication every week.

BLUEBIRD PHOTO-PLAYS

1600 BROADWAY NEW-YORK

"If it's a BLUEBIRD it's got to be good"

You can make — in one minute — the pancakes that made me *famous*

Fifty-five years ago—'way down in Dixie, Aunt Jemima first made the brown, fluffy, delicious pancakes that became famous.

She had a secret recipe—the envy of all the mammy cooks on near and far plantations.

Today not only her recipe is yours—but the *complete* flour, ready-mixed.

You have nothing to add but water—nothing to do but bake!

No fuss, no bother, no depending on cook's luck—but perfect batter made in a minute.

AUNT JEMIMA'S PANCAKE FLOUR
WITH
POWDERED SWEET MILK

Copyright 1916, by Aunt Jemima Mills Company

"I'se in Town, Honey"

Everything needed is in the flour—even to sweet milk in *powder* form. It's just like getting a bottle of milk free with every package.

There is the right amount of wheat flour—ground to just the fineness best for pancakes.

There is especially ground corn flour, scientifically prepared baking powder, powdered sweet milk, salt, and just a dash of rice flour to make the cakes brown beautifully.

You can also get Aunt Jemima's Buckwheat Flour—containing all the necessary ingredients ready-mixed—milk and all.

"The sweet milk makes them perfect"

Look on the tops of the packages for the coupon telling how to get the funny Aunt Jemima Rag Doll family for the little ones

Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Mo.
Millers of Red Top and Royal No. 10 Flours

WARD EIGHTY-THREE

(Continued from Page 15)

"Don't stop to do him now," said Miss Ransome, approaching the bed. "He's just been brought in and is going up for operation. You can make his bed while he is away. Look at those feet!" she exclaimed, pointing.

I looked. Beneath the caked and dried blood from his wounds the mud of the Somme was ground into his skin until it was blackened as if from powder.

"Some of them are worse than that!" said she. "Last week there came in to us a little *poilu*, straight from the first-line trenches of Verdun. How long he had been without a wash even he himself did not know. The doctor gave one long-range sniff and said hastily: 'Send him to the baths!' It seemed, however, that he was not acquainted with baths—at least not in the 'all-together' and in an American bathtub; for the attendants said that he fought like a wild cat—and when he came back he was crying! He had faced the cannon at Verdun; he had been smashed to pieces by a shell, and had his leg cut off up to his thigh with only a local anæsthetic without flinching; but he wept with fear at sight of an American bath and demanded to be sent back to the trenches!"

The bedmaking went on, somewhat raggedly to be sure, for on those first days I was obsessed by an absurd and fantastic fear that sometime when I pulled away the drawsheet I should pull away also a mangled leg upon it. There was one bed, however, which I grew to enjoy making, and that was the bed of Grandpère—fat, dirty, profane, cross-grained, whimsical old Grandpère. He was notorious in the ward as a grouch. Claudius declared that he had been jilted in love and had had the "black butterflies" ever since. He was what is known as an endless-chain smoker. He lighted one cigarette from the end of another and kept going the entire day through, with the result that his *chemise* front was always full of little burnt holes and powdered thick with ashes.

Nor was his bed much better. One swept out of it each morning aluminum filings, chunks of bread, apple parings, handkerchiefs, books, nutshells, letters, as well as innumerable little pillows and pads with which Grandpère combated the hated "currents of air" from the open windows. The fact was, he got no peace day or night from a badly infected leg, and sometimes he was hard driven for diversion.

Grandpa and the Old Machine Gun

Between him and a certain substitute nurse in the ward there existed a violent and mutual antipathy. She was an excellent nurse professionally, but hard, brusque in manner, and without a single word of French to build a bridge of sympathy between herself and her patients, among whom she was known as the old *mitrailleuse*. Between her and Grandpère was waged a fierce battle each morning over the making of his bed. She lectured him roundly in English for his untidiness, and Grandpère retorted volubly in French, with a vocabulary that would have enchanted a cowpuncher. She was displeased with the state of his *chemises*, and Grandpère was highly displeased with her displeasure.

"What is she saying, the old *mitrailleuse?*" he would whisper to me, his little gray eyes gleaming with mischievous humor. "Why has she always the great anger?"

"She says you smoke too much—that your bed is full of trash."

"But, *mon Dieu*, that is my sole distraction! And what else?"

"She says you burn holes in your *chemise* and that it is always covered with ashes."

"But—my word!—does she know nothing, then, of the laws of Nature—the old Anglaise!—that ashes always tumble downward, not upward; and that fire always burns? Can I make the ashes go upward into the air? I am not God. I am only a Frenchman."

An hour later he would beckon me secretly over to his side, point to a fresh perforation of his *chemise*, a fresh sprinkling of ashes, and whisper gleefully:

"Tell the old *mitrailleuse* to come and sweep me out again!"

He enjoyed the encounters! And as they were, indeed, his sole distraction through weary days, I sometimes humored him.

The dressings, meantime, continued, with their unceasing accompaniment of groans and cries of "*Doucement!*" A young surgeon told me that *doucement* was the first French word he acquired; and undeniably it is the word oftenest heard during the dressings period. This does not signify that the patients are, as a rule, given to outcry. On the contrary, these young Frenchmen endure the intensest pain with a kind of smiling white fortitude that brings a furtive tear to the eye.

Let me take, for example, the demeanors of the three whose beds are on a little sleeping porch on the terrace—Claudius, François, Emile. Their being on the terrace carries its own significant hint of special weakness. Of these three, Claudius, when under extreme stress, shuts tightly his one eye, thrusts his knuckles into his mouth and bites them until they bleed. If the pain has shaken him unendurably, when the doctor and the nurses depart he puts a pillow over his face and weeps into it silently.

François, on the other hand, an idyllically handsome aristocratic youth of twenty-one, with a smashed arm and leg, takes an opposite course. He looks his pain squarely in the face, as if it were an adversary, with an assumption of nonchalant scorn. Under a particularly painful dressing or probe his eyes grow steely and narrow, while his lips under the little golden mustache begin to smile sternly. As the pain increases, that smile becomes more distinct, more contemptuous and challenging. I have a notion that secretly François loves pain for the opportunity it affords him to test the fine unblunted steel of his young courage.

French Views of Germans

Emile, a Breton lad of twenty-two, with a ball through his lungs, has a different reaction. He hoists himself painfully up in bed, stares out upon the garden with his mystical blue eyes, coughs, winces; and at the end he lays himself down again, gasping, and says gently, "Sank you, mees!" That is all, a soft "Sank you, mees!" spoken in English to please me! Of those three reactions Emile's is the hardest to bear.

In lively contrast to these is the conduct of Grandpère. Grandpère no longer has any romantic illusions to sustain, no youthful reticences. The first article in his creed is that if you suffer pain you should yell. If it makes you feel better, begin to yell beforehand. And curse! Use all the powers of protest the good God has given you. Accordingly from the first to the last moment of a dressing he lets himself out, so to speak, and the entire ward chuckles over his choice list of epithets.

But, despite the amount of concentrated pain that it holds, the big airy ward is much more a place of laughter than of depression and gloom. When the dressings are finished, and the aftermath of painful throbbing has died down, the natural life and vivacity of fifty Frenchmen reassert themselves. They banter and chaff each other and discuss every discussible or undiscussible subject under the sun. Naturally the present struggle comes in for the lion's share of debate; nor is the feeling concerning it by any means unanimous. In that small bedfast community are ardent imperialists, conservatives, radicals, syndicalists and philosophic anarchists; and each one of them takes a hack at the great conflict from his own angle of vision. Nor have they within them the hate for the German that seems to animate some of the spectators on the side lines. At any rate he is not a monster; in fact, one was forced to believe from their many stories of good will that the average German was really almost human!

"What do you think of the Germans?" a young soldier asked me suddenly one day as I was taking his temperature.

"Their methods, you mean? I thought there were no two opinions on that."

"Very well!" he retorted. "Then you take the French side and I'll take the German side, and we'll discuss the subject. Begin, if you please."

"No; you begin!" I said, rather curious to hear what a wounded Frenchman would have to say in defense of his foe.

He talked for ten minutes, brilliantly, earnestly, caustically, holding the thermometer like a cigarette in one corner of his mouth; and at the end of that time he had proved not indeed that the Germans were right, but that war itself was so intrinsically degrading and hellish—despite what

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romanticists might say to the contrary of its elevating spiritual effect on the soul—that it exerted a debasing influence on whoever engaged in it, be he German, French, English, Russian or American.

"War is a rotten business for the individual," he wound up soberly. "And don't let them sidetrack you by saying it's the Germans. They're not monsters. It's war itself that's the monster. It's a bad microbe. A mean little soul it poisons, and a big soul it poisons also. The physical wounds—like this," he touched his bandaged shoulder—"you can see. The wounds on the soul are invisible. But, believe me, they exist just the same, and are even more ghastly. I know!" And he handed back the thermometer with a smile.

The real word-battles, however, take place between themselves. Sometimes an argument lasts for weeks, and they have a go at it every fine afternoon, wrestling with each other like the conversational experts they are. Sometimes it is only a brief but hot dispute. It was one of the latter that took place about a month after my arrival, between François and Claudius. That particular afternoon a concert was impending. It was to be given in the garden by a crack Belgian military band, and programs had just been handed round.

Claudius looked over his card and I saw his expressive face darken.

"The Marseillaise isn't down!" he exclaimed. "If they haven't the courtesy to play the French national air to wounded French soldiers in a French military hospital, I, for one, shall not listen to their old concert. I shall sleep!"

Saying which, he scornfully tossed the program over into the garden and composed himself for slumber. But François, who was feeling gay that day, could not permit such a remark to pass.

"I don't think so highly of that Marseillaise!" he remarked languidly, but with the light of battle in his eyes. "It's not a good song. On the contrary, it's a very bad song."

Claudius' one eye popped wide open. He fairly leaped into the combat.

"What!" he exclaimed, flushing with anger. "You say the Marseillaise is not a good song? You say this is not good?" And, propping himself up on one elbow, his eye still blazing, he chanted the immortal battle cry:

> "'*Aux armes, citoyens!*
> *Formez vos bataillons!*
> *Marchons! Marchons!*
> *Qu'un sang impur,*
> *Abreuve nos sillons.*'

"*Voilà!*" cried Claudius, his voice shaky with emotion. "You dare to say that is not a good song?"

"Ah, the music's all right," admitted François loftily. "It's the words."

"And what's the matter with the words? Why aren't they good?"

"Why?" said François coolly. "Because they incite to carnage! '*Formez vos bataillons!*' But what for? To kill somebody! No, no; such words are not good."

The irrefutable logic of this, Claudius chose to ignore.

"You are not a true Frenchman," he declared scornfully.

The Admirable Clarice

François began to smile—the cold distinct smile of the dressings hour. He glanced round for a weapon. A cup of wine stood on his bedside table. His fingers closed round it.

"Say that again!" he remarked pleasantly.

Claudius' hand had likewise gripped his wineglass. Of the two he was much more passionate. He glared hardily and began:

"You're not a ——"

The head nurse appeared opportunely on the threshold.

"François," she said severely, "you know you mustn't drink that wine when you're going up for operation!"

François looked at the nurse, at me, at the wine in his cup, and from thence to Claudius, who by now was grinning broadly.

"I wasn't going to drink it," he observed mildly. "I was going to give it to the *camarade*, there!"

And he proffered it gravely to Claudius, who drank it down with equal politeness; then suddenly both of them tumbled back on their pillows and went off into boyish little yips of laughter under the startled eyes of the nurse. And, to finish off the episode, the Belgian band really played the Marseillaise after all.

The first few weeks I was in the ward we were enlivened each morning by the performance of Clarice. Clarice was a hen; and every day, at precisely ten o'clock, she laid an egg. It happened in this way: There was a young one-armed soldier, an opera singer before the war, who, for the amusement of his companions, would lie upon his bed and with his voice conjure all the animals of the farmyard into lively existence. The deep growl of the watchdog, the grunting of a pig, the whickering of horses down in the meadow, the lordly crow of the cock, the busy cackling of the hen—he reproduced them all with startling realism. The hen, in particular, he loved to delineate.

The sound would start suddenly under one of the hospital beds—the low Tuck-tuck, tuck-a-tuck! of a hen talking softly to herself as she scratched in the hay.

"Sh! It's Clarice! She's going to lay an egg!" somebody would cry; and all the ward held its breath during the operation.

After a period of soft clucking—Tuck-tuck, tuck-tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck!—which Clarice required to dispose herself suitably and discreetly upon her nest, a profound silence ensued. Clarice was laying her egg! The men lay perfectly still, smiling expectantly, glancing now and again at the clock. The hush was absolute. It was Clarice's moment.

Presently a loud, triumphant cackle issued forth: Tuck-tuck, tuck-a-tuck, tuck-tuck, tuck-a-tuck! The egg was an accomplished fact. And Clarice, her proud duty done, flew straight to her lord and master, who added his crow of patronizing approbation. The illusion of the performance was perfect, and little Clarice was a source of great delight to the men, who built round her all sorts of romances.

"That's our little Clarice!" Emile explained to me the first time I heard her. "But she is admirable, that Clarice! She lays an egg each morning; and we give it to a sick *camarade* for his *déjeuner!*"

When the Post Arrives

By the time the beds are made, clean bandages adjusted, vacant beds disinfected, the individual tables scrubbed and hot drinks fetched from the diet kitchen, the day is well under way. The dressings, meantime, proceed steadily down the ward. Sometimes, after a new offensive, when the big war hospital has received a fresh influx of the wounded, and every bed contains a battered wreck, these dressings fill the entire morning and continue straight through the afternoon.

Those are trying days for heart and head and feet. Through all the hours the busy stream of traffic flows constantly through this, the heaviest ward. There are men going up to operations on stretchers; men coming down from operations, unconscious, on stretchers; men being discharged, with their meager little sack of possessions, also on stretchers. Good-bys are shouted—"*Bon voyage!*" "All aboard!" "*En voiture!*" Or the orderly enters with a batch of letters—letters from home.

"Simondon!" he bawls cheerily.

"Present!"

"Girod!"

"Present!"

"Coussin!"

"Discharged!" a voice volunteers.

"Morel! . . . Morel! . . . Morel?"

"Give me that letter," says the head nurse quietly, for Morel cannot receive it; Morel is dead.

At about half past ten, when the ward is in fair order, and the *blessés* under their fresh linen look like rows of good children in bed, the *médecin chef*, or chief surgeon, makes his rounds. As he approaches a bed its occupant salutes, and then listens with intense concentration to the strange English jargon of the ward doctor, who is making his daily report. Perhaps he catches the word "operation"—which every soldier knows. After the surgeon has passed he beckons and whispers eagerly:

"What did he say? What did the *médecin chef* say? Operation?"

I nod.

"Only a little one. But no lunch to-day. No good *pinard!*"

Pinard is the trench slang for wine, corresponding to the English "booze." That word, upon my lips, will nearly bring a laugh from a *poilu*. But no laugh greets me this time. He sinks back upon his pillow, a little white and very quiet. The day has suddenly lost its color for him.

(Concluded on Page 48)

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(Concluded from Page 46)

After the great *médecin chef*—or God, as he is irreverently termed in the ward—has departed, with his halo of dread, *déjeuner* is the next important feature of the day. Serving a community of fifty a three-course meal—soup, meat and vegetables, and dessert—is a man-size proposition. Serving it on bed tables, often cutting up the food and feeding the armless patients, further complicates the task. The first day I completely lost my head. My clamorous young brood, nine of whom were under twenty-two, reminded me of nothing so much as a nestful of yawping baby robins waiting to be fed.

It was: "Look out for my leg, mees!" "More bread, mees!" "My *serviette*, mees!" "Have you forgotten me, mees?" "My God, my soup's tipped into my bed! I'm afloat, mees!" And all in a rapid bubble of French that made my head spin. At last, in sheer desperation, I addressed them in the American language: "You darned kids—shut up!" As was usual in those first days, it was old Justin who came to my aid and disentangled me.

The patients' *déjeuner* over, the *auxiliaires* have three-quarters of an hour off for their own, which they may get at the hospital or at some of the neighboring *pâtisseries*. As for me, that first day I choked down a few mouthfuls and then retired to the *vestiaire* to rest my feet.

The afternoon was cut off the same piece of cloth as the morning—more beds, more dressings, more bandages, more high shrill cries, more gayety and laughter. But about four o'clock in the afternoon something began to happen. It began to happen in bed Number Ten. Its occupant, a handsome dark lad of eighteen, had a gangrenous arm, the sight of which, with its deep gashes to let out the poison, turned one faint with horror. All the morning, at intervals, I had held a basin while he retched, or fetched hot-water bottles.

About four o'clock he began to babble of his mother, his brothers and sisters, and his home in the country. He laughed, chatted, cried out "*Maman!*" repeatedly, and tried to rise to go to her. Presently it was found necessary to strap his supple, strong young body to the mattress. At this time I had not the faintest notion that he was already in the antechamber of death, so alive he was, so palpitant with restless energy.

Suddenly he lay still. I had turned to get another hot-water bottle. "Never mind!" said the nurse, and at some quality in her voice I paused, startled, and looked again. He was gone. His passing had been as light and unpretentious as a breath of air through the open window.

After he was carried out I disinfected his bed and made it afresh, in a strange confusion of soul. Thus I had my first glimpse of that vast, interminable procession which must haunt the dreams of ambitious kings.

The Charge of Sergeant Girod

As yet, I have been to no battlefronts. I have letters, to be sure, which if presented in the proper quarters, I am told, would result in personally conducted trips to lines not engaged in an actual offensive. But those letters still lie, unsent, in my trunk. I may use them some day. But at present there is within me a reluctance to visiting ruins and battlefields. Perhaps it is because I have seen so many ruins who have returned from those battlefields.

Moreover, I have already been to the Front and I have made a charge. It was a hand-grenade charge, under the leadership of one Sergeant Girod, who since then has been awarded the Croix de Guerre. The announcement of the award reads, "For conspicuous bravery in leading a brilliant hand-grenade attack against the enemy while under fire from our own *mitrailleuses*." I know it was a brilliant attack, for I made it with him. It happened in this way:

It was six o'clock in the evening, and the big *salle*, with its forest of overhead apparatus, was wrapped in warm darkness, through which the bright, glowing ends of cigarettes bloomed like tiny stars. The electricity was out of order and the sole lights—two tall candles on the head nurse's desk in the middle of the room, with their straight still flames—lent an air of enchantment to the place. The men, their suppers over, lay smoking tranquilly, or chatted in undertones. To me it was the pleasantest hour of the day. I had lingered to make up another bed, the occupant for which, a fresh arrival, had not yet come down from the operating room.

"Can you stay a few minutes?" called the head nurse as she hurried past me. "I am called away; the nurses are down at first supper, and someone should be here when your man arrives."

I promised to remain. A few minutes later the big double rear doors were flung open and a dark jumbled mass appeared. The same instant a loud shout shattered the quiet gloom:

"*En avant, mes enfants! Vive la France! En avant! Toujours en avant! Ils approchent! Les Boches! Les infidels! Les brigands! Ils approchent à gauche! Regardez à gauche! A gauche!*—They're approaching on the left! Look out on the left!—*En avant, mes enfants! Toujours en avant!*"

It was a shout that would send a thrill along a dead man's spine. A ripple of laughter went round the room. Raised heads peered eagerly. The *brancardiers* came forward, two wheeling the stretcher and two more holding down the occupant, who was struggling convulsively to raise himself and shouting hoarse commands in a voice that could be heard a block away.

"Where does he go, mees?" came Justin's steady tones.

"Here—Bed Eight."

"*En avant! En avant, mes enfants! Regardez à gauche! A gauche! Ils approchent à gauche! Les Boches, ils approchent!*" The hoarse shouts did not cease for an instant.

The Night Attack

"He's leading a charge," said Justin, grimly pleased, as they paused beside me. "Hand grenades! He's a terrible fellow. He killed ten Boches coming down the stairs!"

Then, all together, with a "*Un, deux, trois—Allez!*" the four lifted him from the stretcher into bed.

He was a powerfully built man, fair, with blue eyes and a blond mustache, and his *chemise*, torn away in the struggle, revealed a torso that gleamed like ivory. Suddenly he looked up and gripped me with a hand of iron.

"*Criez avec moi: 'Vive la France!'*"

"*Vive la France!*" I repeated in a low voice, to soothe him.

"Louder! Shoutlouder: *Vive la France!*"

"*Vive la France!*" I said more loudly. "Lie still now. It's over. The attack is finished."

"And the Boches?" he queried eagerly. "They are gone?"

"All gone."

"No, no!" he cried violently, trying to rise. "They're not gone! They're still coming on! My God, see them! Wave on wave! *Regardez à gauche, mes enfants! Les Boches! Les brigands!* Ah, my poor comrades!" he murmured. "See them fall!" He turned to me, whom evidently he took for one of his grenadiers: "Citronne went down just then. Did you see him? Was he killed?"

"No; only wounded. Be quiet now. It's done."

"But not well done," he retorted impatiently. "We hadn't enough balls. Tonight we attack again. Listen well!"

And then he gave me my orders. It appeared that on each side of us were Moroccan troops who were to follow our attack with a charge. For a few minutes Girod was silent. Suddenly he broke out:

"Boom! *Soixante-quinze!*"—the French seventy-fives. "Boom! *Les canons!*" He appeared to be listening to the bombardment. Presently he sighed. "Ah, my poor wife! My poor Cécile! You know, I have a wife and three children—two boys and a girl."

It was evident to me that the sergeant had a presentiment that he was going to fall in the attack. After a long silence his voice came to me abruptly out of the dark:

"What time is it?"

I named the hour.

"Well then, my friend, we have still ten minutes. Let us smoke a cigarette before we part." A second later he was shouting at the top of his powerful voice:

"*En avant, mes enfants! Ils approchent! Les Boches! Regardez à gauche! A gauche!*"

Over and over he issued his commands to his grenadiers; over and over he shouted his warning cry, calling frantically for bombs that were not forthcoming; and always he was driven back, despairing, by the tide of Germans on his left. His brain, like a talking-machine record, had recorded faithfully every detail of that last wild, brilliant attack, terminating so disastrously because of the shortage of balls, and in his delirium he played that one record ceaselessly, with no thought, action or sensation omitted. But as the hours went by the record played slowly and more slowly, with gaps of silence in between. Finally he slept.

There is another chapter to add to this episode concerning Girod. It happened some three weeks later. And as this is not fiction, but a plain reporting of facts, I hasten to add that Girod did not die.

Passing his bed, however, one afternoon, I laid my hand casually on the iron bedframe. It was trembling. The entire bed was vibrating steadily, gently, as if to the oscillation of some remote earthquake. Astonished, I looked at Girod. And Girod was trembling too. It was he who caused the tremor of the bed. Beneath the white coverlet his big body shook with a ceaseless, mysterious agitation.

"What is the matter?" I cried. "Why are you trembling like that?"

He gave a faint, apologetic smile.

"I'm afraid!" he said simply. "I'm afraid of that operation this afternoon."

"But it's nothing," I assured him—"really nothing at all. Only a slight incision in the shoulder."

"I know. But—I'm afraid! You see——" He broke off, knitting his brows. "It was not always thus. Once I did not know what fear was—before —— That's why they made me leader of the bombing squad. I was reckless. But now—I'm afraid. I'm afraid of that little operation!"

"You've been under a strain," I said.

I recalled Girod's history. He had narrated it to me one rainy afternoon. From his wife, Cécile, and his three children, he had not heard a word since the war opened, as they lived in the invaded territory. For the last six weeks before he was wounded he and his comrades had been in the first-line trenches, unrelieved, without food save for their reserve stores; and without water, unless one crawled on one's belly at night to a spring in the dangerous strip of No Man's Land between them and the enemy's trenches.

A Letter From Claudius

Each night he crawled to the spring, filled his canteen and crawled back to his wounded companions. And then came one night when the spring failed.

"I crawled out there, as usual," Girod related, "and found it full of cadavers!"

"And after that?" I persisted.

But Girod made no reply.

"It's the strain, the heavy strain," I said again.

A nurse—the one known as the *mitrailleuse*—at that instant passed his bed.

"What's the matter with him?" she demanded brusquely. "What's he shaking for?"

"The operation," I said. "He fears it. It's the strain he's been under so long——"

"Pooh!" she broke out impatiently. "Some of these men can't stand pain any better than a baby!"

As the days and the weeks go by, the ward changes. Men recover or die, or are discharged to convalescent hospitals; and fresh wrecks appear in their places, sleep in their beds, and smile up to one from the pillow. The big *salle* is an antechamber, with exits leading both ways—out into the great adventure of life and out into the still greater adventure of death. At the end of three months scarcely a single familiar face remains. But the exit leading back into life is always open. The recovered men return.

An aviator, whose leg had been amputated at the hospital, comes to announce that he is to have the honor of returning to the Front. He is the last of his class of eight—and he must fly with a wooden leg.

Even Claudius has been discharged. He has gone home to his mother and sister, of whom he is the sole support. A letter from him lies before me.

"My leg is no good," he writes, "and I never shall be able to use it to work. What shall I do? I shall have to ride that leg all day in a carriage! But where am I to get the carriage? I shall go to America! Do you think some rich—and pretty—young American mees would marry me and let me ride in her carriage?"

That, indeed, would be a solution for Claudius! And I am making his modest wants known, with the hopes that some pretty—and rich—young American "mees" may wish to take a flyer on a young Frenchman, considerably smashed but with his sense of humor intact. If she should, and can guarantee the carriage, I will send her Claudius' address.

Mother

MOTHER goes into the kitchen. She selects this; she selects that. She sees to it that her cooking utensils are spotless. She is cleanly; she is careful; she is *particular*. And the dish she prepares is the *event* of the day for the whole family.

Why? Because mother *thinks* of you, and you know it. You know her sole interest is in the home and the family, and she wants what you eat to be choice, and good, and wholesome, and of the very best quality. And you *enjoy* it all the more, because she is thinking of all this for *you*.

Because *we* believe food products should be handled and prepared with the *respect* due that which you are asked to buy and eat, we actually insist upon that same sort of *home influence* in this big institution of ours.

WE select; we choose; we are *particular*. This rule applies to *every* Wilson product, whatever label it receives.

For the very choicest, the *finest* quality, we reserve Wilson's Majestic label. This means that Wilson's Majestic Bacon is really the *heart* of the finest bacon-sides.

It means that Wilson's Majestic Hams are so rigidly selected that only an average of four out of ten can earn Wilson's Majestic label.

WITH meats of such surpassing quality, it naturally follows that our *particular* curing and smoking gives them their old-time flavor and "deliciously different" taste, which you will appreciate.

Order Wilson's Majestic Ham and Bacon today. Be *particular*—look for Wilson's Majestic label on the meat food products you buy.

All Wilson and Co. food products are prepared under U. S. Government supervision.

"This mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"

CHICAGO NEW YORK KANSAS CITY OKLAHOMA CITY LOS ANGELES

Be *particular*—ask for Wilson's Majestic

Your Grandfather Knew These Rubber Footwear Trade Marks

WHEN he bought a new pair of rubber boots, the thing he was most particular about was to see that one of these trade-marks was plainly stamped on each boot.

Their names are names to conjure with; each one of them represents a modest beginning, a remarkable growth, a continuous record of quality production, coupled with honorable tradition.

The thought of making any article in any way or from any materials that were not the very best for the purpose would never have occurred to any of these great manufacturers.

To-day, these same trade-marks are on good rubber footwear for *your* guidance in buying. Only an expert can distinguish good from poor rubber footwear by external appearance and touch. Thus it becomes a matter of self-interest and self-protection for you to make certain that any rubber footwear you buy is marked with one of these famous brands.

Seventy-four years of successful manufacturing and the experience of forty-seven great factories are back of every pair of rubber shoes, overshoes, arctics, boots, etc., produced by the United States Rubber Company, the largest rubber manufacturer in the world.

Rubbers that fit wear twice as long as rubbers that do not fit

United States Rubber Company

A SCRAP OF PAPER

(Continued from Page 21)

toward the Greenwich Studios. He felt much better. Be he ever so civilized, there is nothing so gratifying to a man as the discovery that he still "packs a punch." Humanity is very human, after all.

XIV

MOSE, the colored elevator boy at the Greenwich Studios, glared at Tom Hanrahan.

"What you askin' me questions for? You another one of dem bulls? Believe me, mister, I hopes you chokes if you is. Miss Rowland she had plenty annoyance from you people yesterday, and if I knowed where she was I wouldn't tell you. I just wisht I'd seen dem men lay a hand on her; I'd just about busted dem. Go long outa here, white man! I got nothin' to say."

The reporter pulled a bill from his pocket. It had a V on it, and would have been able ordinarily to purchase the soul of Mose. But not to-day.

"Put your money away," he growled. "Ain't got nothin' to say; don't know nothin'. And just you listen to me! Miss Rowland, when my wife was sick, she got de doctor and hired de nurse, and—what you take me for? Git along, git along!"

Hanrahan smiled in his friendliest fashion. The most uncommunicative persons had thawed before that smile, and given the reporter valuable information. The decent, clean soul of the man showed in that smile.

"Look here," said he, "I'm a friend of Miss Rowland. I'm afraid something has happened to her. You talk as though something did happen to her yesterday. What was it? I give you my word that I'm her friend.

The colored boy shuffled his feet.

"Dat sounds all right, boss, and I believe you. But dere's one of 'em upstairs now, and de owner of dis house give me orders to keep my mouf closed, and—you're dead sure you're a friend of Miss Rowland?"

"Do you know Miss Sigmund?"

"De lady what's chummy with Miss Rowland? Sure I do."

"Call her up and ask her if it's all right to trust me. Hanrahan's my name."

Mose looked the reporter over. If ever a man looked honest Hanrahan was the man.

"I ain't got such a awful lot to tell anyway," said the negro. "What dere is I'll tell you, boss. But I dassent do it here. De man upstairs might come down and see me, and he'd tell de owner, and de owner would fire me—just like dat!" And he snapped his fingers.

"But I'll be off for de afternoon in ten minutes. De other boy'll be here den. You jus' wait round de corner, will you?"

Considerably puzzled, Hanrahan assented. In less than the specified time Mose met him.

"Here's what happened," he began. "First, a gemman calls on Miss Rowland. Real swell. He stays about a minute. Then another gemman calls on her. 'Pears like they're ol' friends, and 'pears like they ain't. For they both looks in the letter box as though to find out if she lives here, but neither of dem phones up to her first. Jus' tells me to take 'em up. Well, Miss Rowland comes down about two seconds after de second gemman calls. She's in a hurry. About three minutes after dat I hears a banging upstairs. I shoot de cyar up in time to see de second gemman comin' through her door, what he'd busted wid a chair. I grab him, but he flashed a badge on me, an' I know he's a bull. He outs of the buildin' like a flash, an' I start after him, wonderin' what's up. But the elevator bell rings, an' I has to go back.

"It's five minutes before I'm free to look out, an' den, before I gits to de door, de first gemman and de second gemman—an' anodder gemman, dey all comes in. An' de first one—de swell gemman—an' de third gemman, is all mussed up like dey been scrappin'. And it looks like de first gemman is pinched by de odder two. Well, I'm puzzled by all dis, an' refuses to let 'em go upstairs. But de owner lives here, you know. Dey ask for him, and dey buzz him in a corner, an' it's all right. I has to take 'em upstairs. Well, little while passes, and de first gemman and de second gemman comes out arm in arm, but lookin' like de swell one is prisoner of de other. And de third gemman stay in Miss Rowland's apartment, and de owner tells me dat if she gets any phone calls to connect de third gemman. She only gits one, and I hears him tell the party what calls dat he's Miss Rowland's brother. Dat call came jus' as I'd taken de two gemmen downstairs. But de gemman what phones he don't come down here, and after awhile de gemman upstairs has a visitor who's upstairs now—been dere all night, takin' de place of de gemman what answered de phone, I guess. He's got a badge, too, for he showed it to me, and says if I talks he'll put me in de cooler for eighty years.

"An' dat ain't all! For when I gets through las' night de fruit man on de corner tells me what happened in de street. 'Pears dat when Miss Rowland ran outa the building a man grabs her. He's got her by de arm when anodder man jumps on him an bats his jaw. While dey're scrappin' Miss Rowland ducks through a tenement, and she's gone. Den de second gemman what busted the door open comes down with a gun, and—well, dey comes back here, like I tol' you. But dey ain't got Miss Rowland, cuss 'em! and I hopes dey don't, no matter what she done. I'll bet she ain't done nothing either, a nice li'l' lady like her. And dat's all, and for de Lawd's sake, don't tell no one I told you, for I'd lose my job, mister."

Hanrahan promised. He cross-questioned the boy; got him to describe the three gentlemen. Though he did not recognize two of them, he did recognize the "first gemman." For that person wore exactly the clothes, had the same colored hair, and was the same general build as Harry Mack, whom he had left at a Tenderloin restaurant at one o'clock that morning!

Harry Mack! What connection had he with Kirby Rowland? And who were these other two? The description of one of them might fit Terence Greenham; but Mack's raiment had absorbed Mose's attention to the neglect of the other two. If only he could be sure that the others had been Greenham men. But why not be sure? It was not so very long after this fracas, according to the record of Mack's arrest which he had scanned the previous night, that Greenham had brought the crook to headquarters. Could there be anything in Mack's tale of the faked portrait after all? Miss Rowland was an artist. Was it conceivable that she was in league with Harry Mack to palm off fraudulent old masters on unsuspecting financiers, using her knowledge of art in combination with Mack's knowledge of ways that were evil?

It seemed a good theory. But Lindley Jackson had stated positively that the Botticelli was an original! The suddenly evolved theory was smashed to smithereens! Hanrahan gave the colored boy the five-dollar bill and assured him that Miss Rowland was guilty of nothing, and that the people who were pursuing her would land in trouble. Then, cautioning him to say nothing about their talk, if he really were grateful to Miss Rowland for her many kindnesses, he left the boy and started for Village Hall. But neither in that dive nor in any of a dozen that he visited that afternoon could he find anyone who knew of Harry Mack other than by reputation as a big gun. Harry Mack, he decided, though a famous crook, was not the sort who traveled with the cheap gangsters who make up the cream of the city's admitted underworld. Mack went with only the highest-class crooks, and such crooks were more apt to live abroad, preying on their fellow Americans in a foreign land. The Americans on a vacation, or purchasing art works, were the victims of Harry Mack and his kind.

He soon decided it was hopeless to attempt to find Mack in these haunts of the underworld. But in certain hotels of the Tenderloin, at night, a man of Mack's vocation might be reasonably expected to be found, unless he were strictly under cover. Hanrahan returned to his office. It would do no harm to look up Mack in the office files; there might be some record of the man's life there that would tell him who were his criminal friends, if he had any in the city. And to these Hanrahan could apply for information as to the present address of the crook. It was his only chance anyway. There were now two reasons why Mack must be located. He had rescued Kirby Rowland from the Greenhams. Undoubtedly, therefore, he knew where Kirby was. And Kirby was Jessie's friend. On his

(Continued on Page 53)

KISSELKAR
EVERY INCH A CAR

The ALL-YEAR Car

The logical car for every month in the year

Kissel's original idea that changed the motoring habits of a nation.

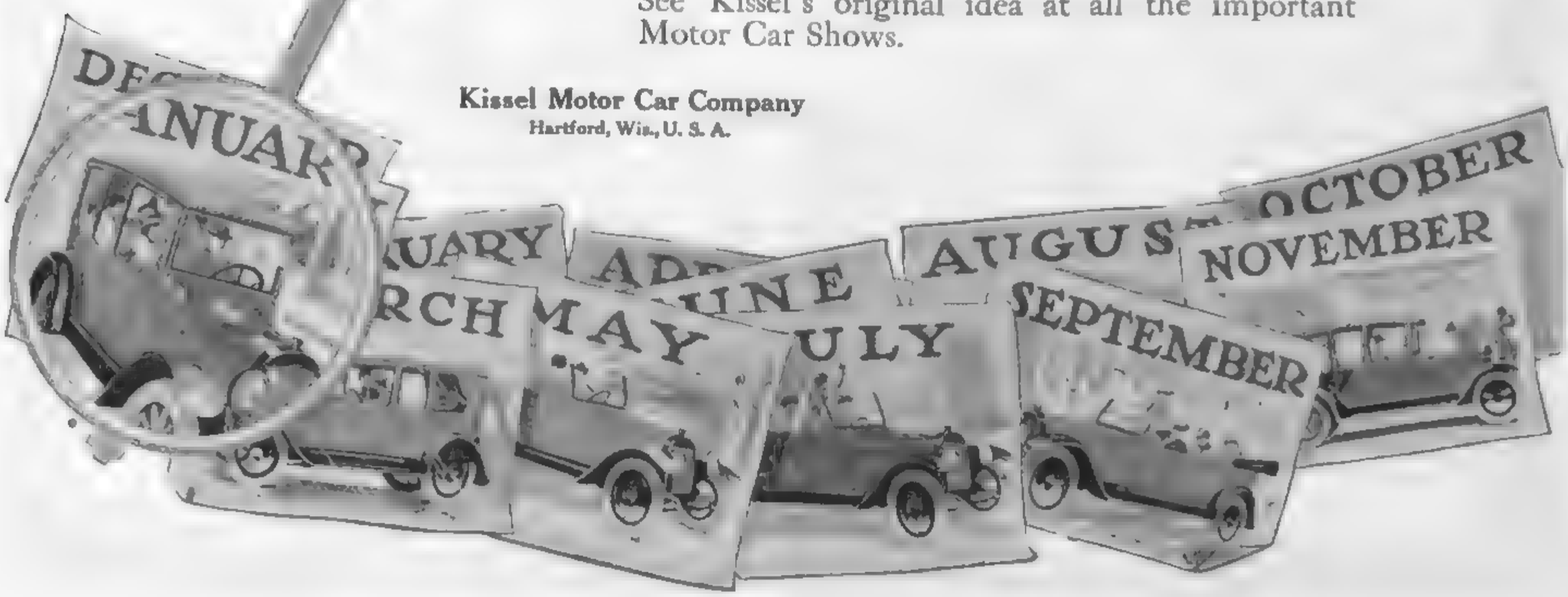
FOR every *hour*, every *day*, every *month*—for social functions—for business use—for *all* purposes in *all* seasons and *all* weather.

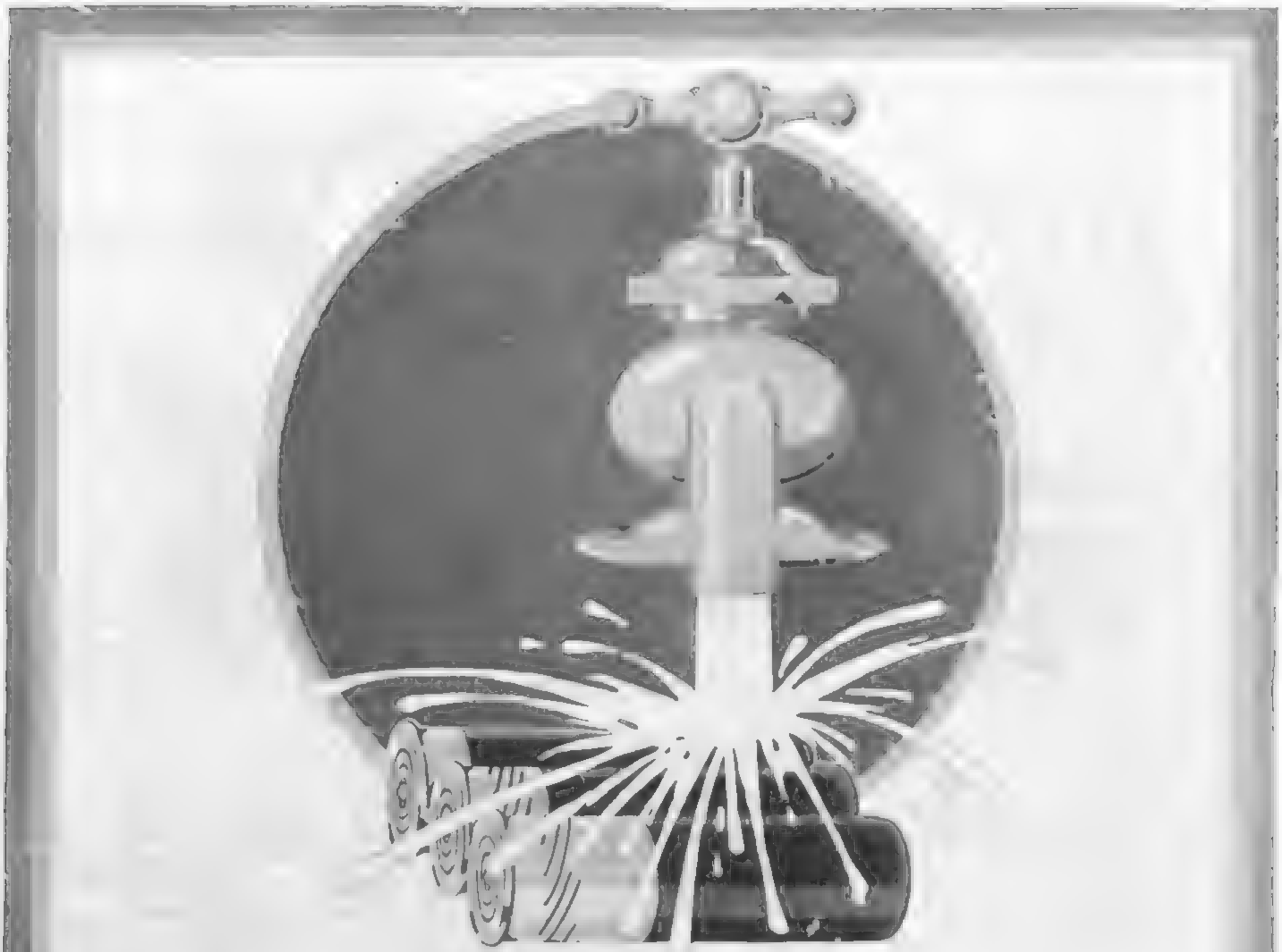
NO PERMANENT ROOF. It is *completely removable.*

Not an *ordinary* convertible car. The top is *built in*, not on.

See Kissel's original idea at all the important Motor Car Shows.

Kissel Motor Car Company
Hartford, Wis., U. S. A.





If shells will stand *this*— they are waterproof!

A bad rain, or dropping in a leaky boat bottom would get them nearly as wet. Whether you hold The Black Shells under a faucet or hunt all day in a mean drizzle with pockets full of water—they are waterproof. You can soak a Black Shell for half an hour in a glass of water, and even then you will find it still chambers perfectly in your gun and ejects smoothly when fired. Try this test yourself!

US THE BLACK SHELLS

Smokeless and Black Powders

Ask your dealer for The Black Shells. If he hasn't them, mail one dollar to nearest selling agents to pay for a box of twenty-five (25), they will be prepaid. Be sure to specify gauge and length of shell. This is a trial offer and holds good only in those towns where The Black Shells are not now sold.

General Selling Agents: National Lead Company, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, John T. Lewis & Bros. Company, Philadelphia, Baltimore; National Lead & Oil Company, Pittsburgh, United Lead Company, New York; Selby Smelting & Lead Company, San Francisco.

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE COMPANY, 2688 TRINITY BUILDING, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 50)

way downtown to the office Hanrahan reviewed what he had learned. He weighed all of Kirby's actions as related to him by Jessie. The girl was crazy, or else a bad character. No question about that. Only a person mentally or morally unsound would have destroyed the telegram addressed to Jessie. And yet Jessie Sigmund was no fool. It didn't seem reasonable that Jessie could have chummed with a girl and never even suspected that that girl was not all right in every way. Still, the two hadn't been so intimate in the past few months, and people change in a mighty short time.

Puzzling thus he reached the office. He went at once to the morgue and looked up the clippings about Harry Mack. There was a record of Mack's recent arrival in this country and his departure therefrom. Also his name was mentioned several times as having been arrested—always abroad—charged with various offenses of which later, it seemed, he had been proved innocent. But there was nothing to indicate who, if any, were his pals in this country. The reporter decided to make a round of the uptown hotels in the hope of locating his man by chance; but as he started to leave the office a boy brought a note to him.

"Mr. Jackson left this for you. Said he'd be back at midnight—gone to some banquet, I think—and that even if you didn't have anything, to wait for him."

"Thanks," said Hanrahan.

He opened the note. It read:

"*Dear Tom:* Sent Lovett out on this Masterman matter. He reports that telephone clerk at M.'s office told him that there was quite a to-do in M.'s office yesterday about some paper that had been lost. Later a woman called up M. Evidently a stranger, for she didn't know M.'s private number but called up office. When told M. was busy, as is always done when calls come over listed wires, said to tell M. that she wished to speak about a paper signed by M. and certain other gentlemen. That's all clerk got. None of this is for publication—yet! I must observe a confidence. But that confidence applies merely to publication, I take it. Therefore, get busy. For Lovett also learned that after paper was lost Masterman offered ten thousand to clerk who would recover it. It had blown out a window. Also the Greenhams are busy on the case, as you know. I'm certain this paper has something to do with universal transfers. Take my word for it, but not to be used in your story. But I'm not divulging any confidence in what I'm writing, because what Lovett learned was caused by our putting two and one together—Masterman and Greenham, and Mack. Get hold of Mack if you haven't done so already. If we can make him talk I think we've got the biggest story of the decade. JACKSON."

Hanrahan leaned back in his chair and thought over the situation. A woman had called up Masterman in words that might be construed to hold a threat. Later the Greenhams tried to arrest a woman, but she was rescued by Harry Mack. Later Greenham, after a conference with Masterman, went to police headquarters and released Mack. Mack then was followed until he, Hanrahan, aided him to elude his pursuers. What was the answer?

The answer was this, clear as day: In some scheme that affected the Masterman interests, Kirby Rowland and Harry Mack were partners. Kirby had fled to Jessie's for refuge, not daring to return to her own studio. Then Dixon Grant had located her, and they had decided to seek some safer spot. That was clear. Suddenly Hanrahan thought of the burned telegram of whose existence Jessie had learned only by accident. Why had Kirby done this? What possible reason could she have for withholding from Jessie the information contained in the telegram?

And then, lightning-like, came the answer to that.

Kirby Rowland was not withholding information from Jessie nearly so much as she was withholding it from Masterman! Another link; another evidence that Miss Rowland was inimical to the financier. But what petty spirit actuated her enmity? Why hide from the financier information about such a trifle? But was it a trifle? Kirby Rowland was an artist. It seemed certain that, with Harry Mack, she was scheming something inimical to the Masterman interests; also that the Masterman agents knew of her part in the plot against their employer, were seeking her, and she had chosen a hiding-place where Masterman would never look for her—in the Masterman house itself, impersonating Adele Rohan!

It was clever reasoning and it held no flaw! Straight up to the Masterman mansion he would go, ask for Miss Adele Rohan —— But Jessie had insisted that what she had told him was for his ears alone. Without her first aid he could never have deduced what he had. It was up to him to see Jessie first, explain as much as he could—hang confidences anyway! He and Jackson were tied up with them! However, he could explain to Jessie all that he had learned, and she would, of course, tell him to go to Kirby. But he must see her first! He must play absolutely fair with the girl he loved. He jammed his hat on his head and started for the door.

"Oh, Tom!"

It was Lyden, the city editor, calling.

"In an awful rush, boss! Chief has me working on a special assignment ——"

"Well, stick round a second," grinned Lyden. "The business office thought there might be a story in this 'ad,' and they're stalling the man downstairs until I get a slant at it and send someone down. Read it."

"Oh, all right," snapped Hanrahan. He grabbed the "personal" which had been handed in at the business office, and which that department had promptly rushed upstairs by automatic tube. This was the advertisement:

"K. R. and D. G. If don't hear from you by Thursday at six P. M. will tell all to newspapers. Address this office. H. M."

The name of Kirby Rowland was buzzing in Hanrahan's brain. Almost unconsciously he fitted it to the first initials. Having done that it was obvious that he should fit Dixon Grant and Harry Mack to the other initials. He crumpled the paper in his fingers and ran for the door.

"I'll tend to this, Lyden," he called over his shoulder, and the city editor, amazed, watched him disappear through the door, and heard him wildly ordering the elevator boy to return and get him.

Harry Mack was in the business office downstairs, wondering why newspapers were so fussy about accepting advertisements, when Hanrahan touched him on the shoulder. He wheeled, to meet a smile.

"Nice work last night, Mack. You fooled me to the queen's taste. However, I got a readable yarn, even if it wasn't true. But now I want a more readable yarn that is true. I want you to tell me just what your little game is; what you've been trying to do to Masterman; and how Miss Kirby Rowland figures in it. Going to talk?"

Over the face of Handsome Harry spread a smile of admiration.

"Hanrahan, you certainly are there! How on earth—sure, I'll talk. I'm always willing to talk when the game is up. I know when I'm licked. Will your paper treat me right?"

"Have to ask the boss about that," said Hanrahan, elated at his easy victory, "but he's always mighty generous to whoever hands the paper a tip. Spill it."

"It's a long story. Let's go somewhere and sit down," suggested Mack.

"All right," agreed the reporter. "Right across the street is a good place."

He led the way to a well-known resort of the downtown thirsty. They sat down in a booth and ordered high balls, for which Mack insisted on paying.

"Now, then," said the international crook, "how much do you know? Ask me questions if you like; that's the quickest way."

"How much do I know?" echoed Hanrahan. "Well, I know that you and Miss Rowland have some club you're holding over Masterman's head. I know that you rescued her from the Greenhams yesterday; I know that she's shaken you, she and Dixon Grant—am I right? Yes—and that you're threatening to tell all unless they communicate with you at this office. I know—and this is no breach of confidence, Mack, though I learned it in confidence, for you know it yourself—that Masterman lost a paper which you evidently have found. Judging by your 'ad,' I should say that Miss Rowland has double-crossed you in some way. Now then, talk."

"You know a lot," commented Mack admiringly. "You're certainly one clever newspaperman! I suppose you even know where Miss Rowland is now?"

Despite himself he could not keep eagerness out of his tones; and Hanrahan felt that if he told Mack where he believed

Cut Your Own Hair At Home

As Easily as You Shave—With an

American Safety Hair Cutter

(McDonough Patent)

Here is a new, practical article for men, one of the most useful and economical since the invention of the safety razor. What the latter does for shaving, the American Safety Hair Cutter does for hair-cutting.

With it you can cut your own hair—quickly and cheaply—*and you can do it yourself at home.* It is easy to operate, the same motion being employed as is used when combing your hair. It cuts closely or trims lightly, just as you desire. There is no gouging or "cat-stepping," no clipping or "chopping."

This Man Hasn't Had a Barber Cut His Hair for 18 Months

We have an affidavit on file that the man pictured above has not had a barber cut his hair or shave the back of his neck since May, 1915, and that his hair has been cut at home between May, 1915, to date, with an American Safety Hair Cutter.

A—Highest Grade Hard Rubber Comb
B—Screw to loosen slip cap over blades
C—Blades Holder
D—Removable Hair-cutting Blade

Makes Hair Cuts Cost as Low as 2c

Perhaps its greatest appeal to men is its extreme economy. Figuring hair-cuts at the prevailing price of 35c each, this cutter will pay for itself in nine hair-cuts. After that, considering the fact that the blades which it uses cost little and last for more than one hair-cut, your hair-cutting cost should not exceed from 2c to 5c. *What can you buy that will give you a greater saving?*

Requires Little Attention

Two American Safety Hair-cutting Blades are used, one on each side of the comb. With the exception of their occasional renewal, the cutter requires little attention. American Safety Blades, specially ground and tempered for hair-cutting, can be bought from drug and hardware stores or direct from us in packets of a dozen for 60c.

Ideal for Cutting Children's Hair or as a Gift for Men

Women will find it particularly valuable and a great time and money saver when using the American for cutting children's hair. It makes an ideal gift for men, combining as it does the seven cardinal features of a perfect gift—sentiment, novelty, durability, price, convenience, sanitation and economy.

Complete outfit, including cutter, comb, and six blades, with complete instructions, costs only $3. If your hardware dealer or druggist doesn't have it, write us direct and we'll send postpaid

$3

American Safety Hair Cutter Corp'n, 967 Liberty Ave., Room 232, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dealers: Write us for terms on this fast selling article

Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave?
CASHMERE
BOUQUET
TOILET SOAP
10¢
Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap
The Perfumed Valley of Cashmere
—has been celebrated for centuries as the paradise of flowers and immortalized by Tom Moore in the lines from Lalla Rookh quoted above
Equally famous, its praises sung by dainty womankind in every land, is Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap—for three generations the standard among fine scented soaps. Now available in the new 10c size.
COLGATE & CO. ESTABLISHED 1806 NEW YORK

In Big Homes and Little Coal Bills Cut ½ to ⅔

Guaranteed With the Williamson Underfeed

ALL houses look alike to the Williamson UNDERFEED. Big or little, in town or country, whether heated with warm air, hot water, steam or vapor, the same thing holds true—*coal bills reduced ½ to ⅔, guaranteed with the UNDERFEED.* That guarantee hits right at your pocketbook. As evidence of this sure UNDERFEED saving read the following letters:

Coal Bills Less Than One-Half

"The UNDERFEED has given me the results I anticipated when I purchased it. My coal bills compare very favorably, being less than one-half. I use Lorraine Wash nut coal. The cost per ton is $3.75, delivered. I am using about 8 tons. I am heating five rooms and three upstairs. The furnace has been in use since 1911."

(Signed) ROBERT CLARK, Janesville, Wis.

Another Saving of One-Half

"I like the UNDERFEED fine: I heat five rooms in the coldest weather with but little effort. It has been as cold as 20 below zero here this winter. I am going to get thru the winter with about half the expense for fuel that I did with my base burner and have kept warmer and quite a bit more space heated. I have been using mixed coal, Iowa with some slack and some Illinois lump coal."

(Signed) D. E. WILSON,
Sec'y and Mgr. of Milton Independent Telephone Co., Milton, Iowa

Heats seven Rooms for 16 dollars

"I heat seven rooms both night and day with the UNDERFEED, using Virginia Splint slack, costing [illegible] and kept it until late [illegible] winds on all sides. [illegible] and talk of changing from top-feed to UNDERFEED as it costs so much less."

(Signed) ARCHIE HIMBECK, R. R. No. 2, Sparta, Mich.

And we can show you hundreds of other letters just as interesting, telling of coal bills cut ½ to ⅔—*guaranteed with the Underfeed.*

WILLIAMSON UNDERFEED Furnaces Boilers

Cut Coal Bills ½ to ⅔ Guaranteed

The Candle Principle
In the UNDERFEED, the fuel supply is always below the flame like a candle held right end up. That means clean heat no waste, smoke, soot or odor. Just the right amount of air, always for perfect combustion.

This great saving is due to the UNDERFEED'S scientific principle of combustion. New coal is fed from below. The hot clean fire is always on top—never disturbed by fresh coal being dumped on, or chilled by the opening of top-feed doors. Heat never wasted by fire having to fight its way up against dead coals.

Smoke, soot and gas—valuable heat elements—are consumed as they pass up through the fire.

And the UNDERFEED burns the cheaper grades of coal as effectively as others burn the costlier grades. That's a first big saving you're always sure of!

Get this Book now—FREE!

It is called "From Overfed to UNDERFEED." Pictures and describes it all. Shows how easily a boy of 12 can operate the UNDERFEED. No stooping—everything done from a standing position. This book will be the means of saving you many good coal dollars sometime—*guaranteed!* So, send for it today—no charge—no obligation. Simply use the coupon—NOW!

THE WILLIAMSON HEATER CO.
121 Fifth Avenue Cincinnati, Ohio

The Williamson Heater Co., 121 Fifth Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

Tell me how to cut my coal bills from ½ to ⅔ with a Williamson UNDERFEED.

Warm Air_____Steam or Hot Water
(Mark X after System interested in)

Name

Address

My Heating Contractor's Name is

Kirby Rowland to be he would get no information from the crook. He had no reason for thinking this, but instinct is sometimes stronger than reason. Somehow he felt that Mack's complaisance was a blind; that perhaps the international crook was not quite so ready to tell everything as he appeared to be.

"Would I be asking you questions if I could locate Miss Rowland and ask her? She'd be easier than you, Mack."

"Maybe," said Mack grimly. "Then that's all you know?"

"All I intend telling you," smiled Hanrahan.

"Then I guess I haven't any conversation to waste on you," said Mack.

He pushed back his chair as though to leave. Hanrahan smiled. A mighty good poker player was Tom Hanrahan, as his fellows on the Citizen would vouch.

"So? Very well, then. How's it going to affect your game when I publish in the morning's Citizen that the paper lost by Masterman is a signed agreement between Masterman and ——"

It was a most artistic pause; a wonderful bluff. It worked. The face of Mack went dead white. Then he forced his lips to curl a smile.

"You win, I guess. If I tell the whole story I get something, eh?"

"A generous something," promised Hanrahan.

"And my name won't come out? You won't tell a soul who gave it to you? But how can I be sure? Other people know now in your office, and they may give me away."

"Not a soul knows what I do about the matter," said Hanrahan eagerly.

A faint flicker showed in Mack's eyes. He was a good poker player too.

"That right? Well, drink up! Here's success to me in my line and to you in your line." He held out his glass and Hanrahan permitted his own to touch it. There was an almost invisible flick of Handsome Harry's little finger.

"How!" said the international crook.

They drank. Hanrahan turned pale; he managed to place his glass back on the table, but that was all. He slid from his chair to the floor. Handsome Harry Mack smiled.

"There's one guy that's honest; you can tell it in his eyes. He said no one knew about the stuff he mentioned but himself; he said no one would learn about my part in it. Well, I guess he told the truth in the first part of that; I'm dead certain about the last part. For he won't talk to anyone for a while yet."

Quietly he left the booth. No one noticed that he left his companion lying on the floor. Hanrahan was not discovered for fifteen minutes, and by that time Handsome Harry Mack was far from Park Row.

XV

MRS. MASTERMAN stood timidly on the threshold. Kirby dug at her eyes with her small fists and yawned. Then she sat bolt upright in bed and stared at the unfamiliar surroundings. She swept windows, walls, table and bureau with an uncomprehending eye. When she saw Mrs. Masterman she remembered. She smiled, and the nervousness and timidity of the financier's wife melted away before the charm of those curved lips and crinkled eyes. She advanced boldly into the room.

"Well, my dear, I was a little afraid. I thought you'd be angry at my slipping in here; but a girl who smiles like that isn't one to be afraid of, is she?"

Kirby's smile deepened.

"I don't think I'm very awesome," she confessed.

"You didn't look it as you lay there sleeping," said Mrs. Masterman. Her eyes clouded with tears. "You looked so like our first child, the one that we lost when she was sixteen, that —— Did you rest well? Did I wake you up? I hope not. But Laurel is wild to see the lady who's to paint her, and I was as quiet as possible ——"

"Waked up of my own sweet will," laughed Kirby. "And now I'll get up."

Mrs. Masterman backed away.

"Will you breakfast here? Or would you care to join Laurel in the breakfast room? She isn't well, and she doesn't rise as early as my husband or myself. It would give you a chance to begin studying her, and ——"

"I'd be delighted," said Kirby. "In half an hour."

And in just that time, radiant from her toilet, Kirby entered the breakfast room, where the nervous wife of the master of transportation, whose health had been wrecked by giving birth to a child in middle life, and whose child was as delicate as the plant for which she was named was not, awaited her. The introductions were speedily accomplished, and Laurel Masterman, a gentle little girl of an exquisite beauty rendered pathetic by its delicacy, gave her heart at once to the brown-haired painter. Indeed, before the breakfast was half over she announced that she loved Miss Rohan, and that the artist must write her name in the little girl's birthday book.

Only the feeling that the end justified the means, and that the work in which she was engaged, to which she had dedicated herself, as it were, held so tremendous a good as to condone a little bad, forced Kirby to inscribe the name of Adele Rohan in the book. And as she did so, she prayed fervently that the Mastermans did not, by any mishap, know the age of Adele Rohan. For Kirby had written the other woman's name on the page given over to March sixteenth, her own birthday, and gave the date of her own birth.

"And it isn't just for show—I won't forget you," promised Laurel.

At which Kirby tried to smile, but would have found it easier to weep. For, cruel though Masterman was, his wife and daughter were gentle. It was necessary for Kirby to conjure up an image of the tough little messenger boy of the previous evening, to remember the conditions which poverty created, and which bred hundreds of thousands, boys and girls, like that little tough, to corrupt the generations unborn. It was hard to have to strike at Mrs. Masterman, gentle, thoughtful, considerate; it was hard to launch a blow that would in any way at all injure little Laurel. Only the thought of what she believed to be the greater good, in whose accomplishment the innocent must suffer, prevented Kirby from seeking immediate excuses for withdrawal from her great plan.

It had been easy to picture Masterman as a sort of human devil grinding down the poor. But the way in which his little girl spoke of him, lovingly, tenderly, the pride and affection evidenced by Mrs. Masterman every time she mentioned his name—these created another Masterman, a husband and father, tender, true and strong. And if an hour of conversation with the wife and daughter of the man whom she sincerely believed to be the worst enemy to enlightened progress in the world could make her resolution waver, what would two weeks do? She must steel her heart; she must nerve herself to go ahead with what she had planned.

"And though ignorant and jealous people try to decry him, he's one of the greatest men that ever lived," Mrs. Masterman was saying.

"Think what he's done for the country; how he's labored that transportation might be better, that businesses might be combined, that waste might be avoided. And how generous! Millions he's given to different charities and institutions of learning. And to-day—why, he's caused his road to issue universal transfers! I shouldn't wonder if the city lines all over the country were forced to follow his lead. It's a great thing. The papers—would you like to see what they say about him?"

Kirby would; and a servant brought sheafs of the morning editions. She glanced at them all, and learned enough to know that Martin Masterman, by many editors at least, was considered a great public benefactor. The public would probably praise Masterman. She hid a smile as she thought of how unwelcome all this praise must be to Masterman; how at this moment his detectives were scouring the city for her, who had forced him to pose as a public benefactor. She read the Citizen, and smiled again to see how far astray the shrewd reasoning of Jackson was. But it gave her food for thought. She must be careful not to give Masterman a chance to further enrich himself by short selling. He'd not had opportunity to do it this time, but he might next. And now she asked herself what her next demand should be. Whatever it might be, it must be made quickly. She had eluded the financier's detectives, but Adele Rohan would be here in a few weeks. Before that time she must have compelled the financier to do many things.

A servant entered.

"A telephone for Miss Rohan."

She followed him to the hall, where, in a little room partitioned off for privacy, was the telephone.

(Continued on Page 57)

HUDSON SUPER-SIX

Swung the Pendulum

BACK TO SIXES

Up to showtime last year it seemed to most insiders that the Six was doomed. It had too great a limitation. It retained too much vibration. It seemed that all Six makers must follow the makers who adopted multi-cylinder types. But mark how that trend has changed. The Super-Six dominates now.

Again and again motor engineers have arrived at what seemed to them a permanent type.

Again and again some added efficiency has thrown their favorite type into the background.

Thus motors progressed from one cylinder to Six. And then to the light-weight Six. That held supremacy so long that it seemed to many the permanent type.

But It Wasn't The Ultimate

Hudson stood foremost in the Light Six field. So we, better than others, knew that type's limitations. We knew that vibration was far from eliminated. That friction and wear sacrificed too much endurance.

And we, among the first, sought a way to betterment in V-type Eights and Twelves.

But, during our experiments, Hudson engineers found a way to correct the Six. They evolved an invention, now controlled by our patents, which added 80 per cent to the Six-type efficiency. That is, to its power and especially endurance.

Tests made in our factory proved that no other type compared with this Super-Six. So we abandoned all others—Sixes, Eights and Twelves—and committed the Hudson to this.

The Showtime Sensation

At last year's Shows the Super-Six was the center of attraction. Our Claims—based on shop and laboratory tests and on speedway tests—then seemed too good to be true. But the records were official. And from that day to this the Super-Six has held the ruling place.

Proof Upon Proof

In the past year, in a hundred tests, the Super-Six has proved its supremacy. It has won all the worthwhile records. Again and again it broke all stock-car records for speed, for hill-climbing, for quick pick-up.

And above all it showed an endurance never before thought possible in a motor car. In the 24-hour test it broke all records by 52 per cent. It twice broke all trans-continental records in one round trip from San Francisco to New York and back. It won the Pike's Peak hill-climb record against 20 competitors—the world's greatest event of its kind.

In one year it won 25,000 enthusiastic owners. It became the largest selling front-rank car. And numerous makers, finding V-type motors so far outmatched, quit them and went back to Sixes.

The Super-Six Will Stay

All evidence now marks the Super-Six as the true permanent type. It comes very close to perfection.

The Super-Six is not like old-type Sixes. The Six limitations are what forced this invention. The vital feature which redeemed the Six is controlled by Hudson patents.

Many men, delayed in getting a Super-Six, have turned to other Sixes. Many have since regretted they did not wait for the Super-Six. There is no relation between the Super-Six and other Sixes. Its performance, and especially endurance and smoothness, is greater even than that between a four and an ordinary Six.

Now we have added a gasoline saver which means to the Hudson owner tremendous economy. And now we have brought all Hudson bodies up to the Super-Six standard. You never have seen more exquisite creations.

If you want the greatest car built, regardless of price, it must be a Super-Six. Any Hudson display—and a half-hour's test—will convince you of that fact.

Phaeton, 7-passenger,	$1650	Touring Sedan	$2175	Town Car	$2925
Roadster, 2-passenger,	1650	Limousine	2925	Town Car Landaulet	3025
Cabriolet, 3-passenger,	1950	*(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)*		Limousine Landaulet	3025

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

BRASCOLITE

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

WHEN you buy the Brascolite you're buying better illumination—not just fixtures. The fixture designs are there—beauty, variety and adaptability to all tastes and decorative schemes; but primarily the Brascolite is designed to answer your *real* object in putting in a lighting system—the dissemination of maximum illumination with a minimum consumption of current. And the light itself is *right*—broadly diffused, soft and white. As closely as the phonograph reproduces the human voice the Brascolite simulates the light of day.

Best Suited to Eye Health and Comfort—Because

the design is scientifically correct. The glass bowl softens and diffuses the lamp rays and disposes of glare. The flat, depolished reflector dispenses the lamp rays which are reflected upward from the bowl and softens and deflects them to the broad area to be illuminated.

Maximum Illumination for Minimum Current Consumption—Because

there's practically no waste. There is a minimum amount of lamp ray absorbed by either bowl or reflector—practically all rays produce illumination *in the right place*. Also—as the Brascolite carries its own ceiling (the flat, depolished reflecting plane) it is independent of the height, finish, smoothness and color of the natural ceiling and walls of the room to be lighted. Other systems must depend upon these factors for furnishing their reflecting planes.

This all means that to light a given area fewer units (or lamps) are required. Fewer lamps mean lessened current consumption. Therefore,

We Guarantee You Better Illumination and Greater Economy in Current and Maintenance

Another point in economy—Brascolite is adapted to the use of gas-filled, high candle power lamps of low watt consumption. Watts measure current—that's what you pay for.

Ask your local dealer to demonstrate Brascolite efficiency to you. Make sure of getting the genuine. Do not be deceived by fixtures designed to look, at a glance, like Brascolites. Being unable to duplicate the Brascolite constructive principle, they've tried to imitate its appearance—but *none* can duplicate its efficiency. Look for the name stamped on edge of bowl and inner surface of the fixture.

Write us for portfolio containing photographic reproductions of many kinds of installations—explains the Brascolite principle and illustrates the infinite variety of designs.

LUMINOUS UNIT COMPANY **ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.**

NEW YORK, 30 Church St. BOSTON, Old South Bldg. SAN FRANCISCO, 639 Market St.
CHICAGO, 19 South Fifth Ave. PHILADELPHIA, 1020 Land Title Bldg.
Canadian Distributers: Northern Electric Co. Ltd.

(Continued from Page 54)

"Miss Rohan?" It was Grant's voice.

"Yes."

She could almost hear him sigh with relief.

"All right?"

"All right. And you?"

"Same here. When can I see you?"

She thought a moment.

"I'll have to do some shopping. The art department of Lacy's in an hour. And be careful," she added softly.

"I understand. Good-by."

He rang off. Trembling a little, Kirby rejoined Mrs. Masterman and Laurel in the breakfast room.

"Your friends, I suppose, will make so many demands upon you," said Mrs. Masterman with a tinge of regret in her voice, "that I don't suppose we'll see much of you outside of business hours?"

"And I want Miss Rohan lots," announced Laurel. "I want her to begin painting me to-day."

"Oh, but I didn't bring anything with me," smiled Kirby. "I have to shop for brushes, palettes, paints ——"

"When you accepted my husband's offer he commissioned an art dealer to turn the playroom into a studio," said Mrs. Masterman. "There is everything there—everything an artist could possibly need. My husband said so."

"That was kind of him," said Kirby. "But still, you don't understand artists, I'm afraid, Mrs. Masterman. Not my kind, anyway. Before I paint a portrait I must study my subject; it's character, not mere feature, that I try to place on the canvas. I won't start painting for several days."

"Oh," said Laurel disappointedly. "But you're going to study me? How lovely! And I'll be my goodest good for you. Won't you come now and see the studio?"

Kirby naturally was in a fever of impatience to see Dick. Finally she convinced the mother and daughter, against their reluctant wills, that she was not only in lack of certain things which she could not permit their courtesy to supply, but was also a bit worn out.

"Of course! Three days on a train. You simply mustn't work for several days."

She ordered a car for the girl and, shortly before the time agreed upon, Kirby entered the art department of Lacy's. She had refused the proffered services of Mrs. Masterman's maid, and so was alone. Dick was waiting for her. Their hands met, and they sat down on a seat near the door.

"Well," he asked excitedly, "have you seen the papers?"

"I have. We've won!"

"The first battle. And you're perfectly safe, you feel?"

"So safe that I'm ashamed! Dick, it doesn't seem fair or right! Mrs. Masterman and her dear little girl—why should we have to strike the innocent with the guilty?" He smiled.

"I hardly think we'll deprive them of a single automobile, Kirby. We aren't going to make Masterman restore his fortune to the people, you know. We're simply going to cinch things so that other fortunes like his can't spring into existence again. What's the matter—weakening?"

"Not at all," she answered; "but I hate deceit. And I'm playing a deceitful part, that's all. But still—where did you spend the night, Dick?"

"A hotel off the Square. Easy for me, hard for you. You're certain that there's no suspicion? You haven't been followed?"

"That's why I hate it. They accept me so trustfully for what I profess to be."

"Has Masterman seen you?"

"Not yet; but he's to dine at home to-night, and—but I'm not afraid of him. It's the deceiving his wife, poor, nervous little woman. And his daughter; I almost love her already, Dick. To think that she'll learn ——" Her mouth hardened. "War isn't a path of roses, is it? But we must decide what to do next. I don't know enough about conditions. I can see things that are wrong and should be righted, but I want to right them right! Have you made any plans?"

"You haven't commented on my haggard appearance," he said aggrievedly.

"You are tired," she said quickly. "Poor Dick!" She squeezed his hand surreptitiously, and a smile chased away the lines of weariness on his face.

"Perfectly well now," he said. "Planned? Well, rather! I've been up all night planning. I'm more eager than you know, I fear, Kirby. Do you realize, girl? Yesterday we were excited. We said and did things in a haphazard fashion. But now I've a night of thought behind me, a night of planning, a night of work! Kirby, we're going to make Masterman, Blaisdell, Cardigan, and those allied with them, restore to the people that which they have taken. We've begun a little on transportation; we'll go further. And we'll start on foodstuffs; on coal. Listen!"

He drew a piece of foolscap from his pocket.

"Typewrote it in a hotel before you were up," he said. "Here are the demands we make of Masterman: First, a flat passenger rate of one cent a mile on every road he controls. Of course, where commutation tickets are less than that, the commutation rate to stand. A reduction of twenty-five per cent on every freight schedule. An increase of wages of thirty per cent to every man employed on those railroads. That will do for Masterman—for the present.

"Cardigan: Coal to be reduced to four dollars a ton to the householder—at once! Wages in the mines to be increased one hundred per cent—at once!

"Blaisdell: The price of all meats and of other foodstuffs prepared by concerns under his control to be reduced one-half. Wages paid by him to be increased forty per cent—at once! There, what do you think of that?"

She frowned.

"Isn't it a bit too radical, Dick? Won't their businesses fail?"

"Exactly! And then the Government can buy them in. The Government isn't going to have its eyes closed while these things are happening. The Government will step in when these great concerns show signs of bankruptcy. We'll give the Government the tip; we'll—Kirby, a government is as successful as its citizens, and no more so. And a government can't be successful when its citizens are hungry, ill clothed, badly housed, as hundreds of thousands are to-day in this country. We're going to make anew this country. We've started already. Early this morning I mailed this list of first things to Masterman; this is a carbon I have here. I gave him forty-eight hours in which to put these plans into effect. If he doesn't ——"

"Dick, would we really, do you think, publish this paper?"

"I haven't thought of that contingency," he said. "The rich are cowards; wealth makes them so. Fear of what we can do will drive Masterman and his gang. Kirby, we've won! For as soon as these things go into effect the war is over. Masterman and his crowd will never go back to the old order. The people will never let them."

"But you gave them forty-eight hours. The Citizen this morning claims that Masterman has been selling short. You and I know differently; but can't they sell short now and reap colossal profits?"

"It's too big a thing," said Dick. "If the stockholders of all the concerns to be affected by our demands learned that Masterman and his associates had been selling short, they would think the whole change a mere gambler's trick, and murder would follow. It surely would, Kirby, and Masterman has sense enough to know it. He'll take no chances of that. He would dare trim a thousand people, twenty thousand, but not half a million. He'll reap no profit."

Kirby rose.

"You'll call me up on the telephone each day, Dick? And how long shall I have to play this hateful part?"

"A couple of days, that's all. It's only that you may be safe. For Kirby, if you are found and your safety threatened, I'd give up the whole business."

"And I too," she confessed. "It's wrong to place one above the many; but that's love, isn't it, Dick?"

"It surely is—with me, at any rate," he told her. "But the whole thing will be over soon. Then with Masterman involved so that he cannot retreat, we won't care if he knows our identity."

"I will," said Kirby. "His wife and child—oh, well, good-by, Dick. And phone me."

There was not even opportunity for a stolen kiss. They dared not be seen on the street together. They were not really safe even here. Someone might see them. Some Greenham operative might be buying a present for his wife. They separated and went in opposite directions.

Downtown Martin Masterman, Cardigan and Blaisdell looked into the grinning face of ruin.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

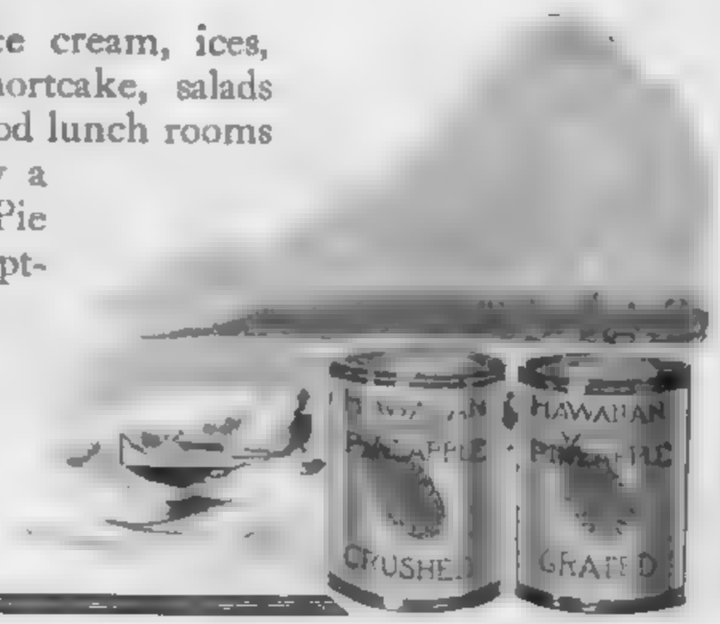
The Best Bakers Everywhere

are using Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Canned Pineapple to bake this most delicious of all pies for your table. Hawaiian Crushed and Grated Pineapple is the perfect, mellow filling, dripping with luscious juice and full flavored—the sun-ripened fruit right out of the Hawaiian fields.

Hawaiian Canned Pineapple

Crushed or Grated

is made into the ice cream, ices, sherbets, sundaes, shortcake, salads and pies served at good lunch rooms and restaurants. Try a piece of Pineapple Pie today—it's a very tempting luncheon dessert.



Association of Hawaiian Pineapple Packers
Garland Building,
Chicago

Best and Cheapest Service in the World

Here are some comparisons of telephone conditions in Europe and the United States just before the war.

Here we have:

Continuous service in practically all exchanges, so that the telephone is available day and night.

A telephone to one person in ten.

3,000,000 miles of interurban or long-distance wires.

Prompt connections, the speed of answer in principal cities averaging about 3½ seconds.

Lines provided to give immediate toll and long-distance service.

In Europe:

Nine-tenths of the exchanges are closed at night, and in many cases, at mealtime.

Not one person in a hundred has a telephone.

Not one-eighth as many miles in proportion to population and territory.

In the principal cities, it takes more than twice as long for the operator to answer.

No such provision made. Telephone users are expected to await their turn.

As to cost, long-distance service such as we have here was not to be had in Europe, even before the war, at any price. And exchange service in Europe, despite its inferior quality, costs more in actual money than here.

Bell Service is the criterion for all the world, and the Bell organization is the most economical as well as the most efficient servant of the people.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

¶ A temperance peppermint cordial:

Beech-Nut Mints 5¢

Tasteful Confections that Melt on Your Tongue
~ Taste them after Dinner! ~

Also Beech-Nut Cloves, Beech-Nut Wintergreens, Beech-Nut Chewing Gum
BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N.Y.

DOUBTFUL DOLLARS

(Continued from Page 7)

"Well, I should hope not!" Harold ejaculated. "To one of your artistic temperament it is only with the greatest condescension that you tackle flats and public buildings; but of course you've got to make 'em pay a whopping big fee to soothe your feelings. I wish you'd cut out the sob stuff. Everything's going better than I expected. If we'd confessed at once that dad's million was all a pipe dream, you and I would be borrowing money to pay our office rent; as it is, people think we don't need business and are simply throwing jobs at us. I kept the general counsel for the W. K. & S. cooling his heels in my outer office for an hour this morning. He dropped down from Chicago to persuade me to undertake a condemnation proceeding to get more switching room for their yards. Father always represented them here when they had anything too big for the local attorneys they keep busy fighting damage suits. That job will be worth five—maybe ten thousand dollars. If we were paupers, do you think he'd have come to me? Not on your life!"

Darting into the club for a hurried luncheon, Reggie was appalled, a week later, to find Harold there, with the Reverend Edgar Paulding Fleming. The two were seated at a table in the bay window of the dining room. Reggie saw at a glance that they were lingering over a luncheon which had taxed the resources of the club kitchen. If he had needed further proof of his brother's insanity it was amply provided by this wholly unnecessary social attention to the penniless clergyman Mildred had threatened to marry. He stole into one of the card rooms, had a glass of milk and a sandwich brought to him there, and sent a card to Harold demanding an interview at the earliest moment possible. Thereafter he paced the floor, and as Harold seemed in no haste to leave his guest, Reggie covered several miles before his brother appeared.

"This can't go on; it's got to stop right here!" Reggie declared as he locked the door. "I tell you we're headed for the penitentiary if the lunatic asylum doesn't get us first. If you're going to encourage that young pauper to marry Mildred, so that we'll have to support 'em both for the rest of our days, I'm done! I quit right now! I'm going over to the bank and tell what you're doing; I'm going to ——"

His mind was evidently not clear as to the alternative terminus, for he ceased abruptly as Harold yawned and picked up a pack of cards which he began to shuffle languidly.

"If you're out of gas, sonny, I'll bring you up to date in the matter of Mildred's suitor. I don't want you to think I've been asleep. The Hornbrooks are not doing as well as I thought they were. In fact, their company's about to issue some preferred stock, which doesn't have a healthy look in so old a concern. With only a million dollars in our family, I don't think we want to take on a brother-in-law whose financial soundness is at all questionable. Much as I like Bob Hornbrook, we simply mustn't take a chance on him. As soon as Mildred sprang Fleming on us I got busy looking up his family connections and previous condition of servitude. A little Sherlocking brought me the cheering information that he has a rich uncle in Boston. This old boy put Fleming through college, then chucked him because he wanted to tackle the ministry; the aforesaid uncle wanted to put him in a stocking factory—less spiritual but more profitable. It's certainly to Fleming's credit that he carried himself without help through the theological seminary. I sounded our bishop yesterday and he told me Fleming's sure to go to the top. Delegation from a big Pittsburgh church has been here taking a look at Fleming and were most favorably impressed. So it doesn't look so bad, brother."

Reggie snatched the cards which Harold was laying out for a game of solitaire and flung them across the room.

"You fool!" he shouted, pointing a quivering finger at Harold. "You have the nerve to tote that fellow to the club and throw expensive food into him, just to encourage his attentions? Look here, Harold, I've stood a good deal, but this is too much. It's all off. I'm done with this whole business. But I want you to remember ——"

"Cut the long farewell stuff, Reggie. I tell you I know what I'm doing. Fleming came to me like a man and said he wanted to marry Mildred—I being the older brother and the head of the house. That was at the office yesterday. A straightforward, manly chap; I've taken a real shine to him. He told me all about himself, his break with his uncle and his own hopes, and so on. He said he knew a poor man in his profession oughtn't to marry a girl who had been brought up in luxury; he felt a delicacy about asking a rich girl to marry him. He was mighty humble before Mildred's quarter of a million."

Reggie groaned and buried his face in his hands.

"But Fleming had written to Uncle Ellery to ask his advice and incidentally his forgiveness. Fleming is a much cleverer man than we've given him credit for, Reggie. Well, he showed me the old man's letter. It confirmed the opinion I had formed of him from letters I got from people I know at the home of the sacred cod. A rather tart, cynical, old party—the type of Bostonian you see in exclusive Boston clubs; nothing to do but complain of the club ventilation and sneak down to a bank every little while and clip the merry coupon for exercise. Otherwise they fight the gout and read Thackeray—nothing later unless somebody writes a new life of John Quincy Adams. An interesting type, Reggie. I know Fleming's uncle as intimately as though I'd gone to school with him. Well, when Fleming came to me yesterday like the good chap he is, to ask our sister's hand in marriage, he showed me a letter he had just got from Uncle Ellery. What he wrote was this—I committed it to memory while Fleming was bragging about Mildred:

"'*My dear Nephew:* If you've found a girl with a quarter of a million dollars who's willing to marry you, you must have improved a good deal since our last meeting. I'm getting on in years, and while you've been a sad disappointment to me I'm not unmindful of the fact that you are the son of my only sister and the last of the line. Pray convey my compliments to Miss Raymond! I remember a speech her father made at a dinner of the Puritan Club here ten years ago. It was admirable in every way. I have deposited one hundred thousand dollars in securities to your account with Briggs, Marin & Co., and am inclosing a draft for one thousand dollars, as a further token of my regard.

"'Affectionately yours,

"'ELLERY E. WAYBURN.'

"What do you think of that, my dear, doubting brother? You'll go on talking about my insanity and lack of moral sense, will you? I tell you the position I took the day we found father had died broke was unassailable. We never stood to lose! There's just one little rift in the lute and I'm hoping to patch that up. They've sprung father's subscription for stock in that Murtrie gasoline engine the papers were full of a couple of years ago. The engine was good, but not what was claimed for it, and dad refused to pay. Parker sold some of the stock, but, like everything else he and Cummings handled, it came to nothing, though it made a neat approach shot to the grand jury. A chap named Anderson came to see me a week ago with the subscription paper, and tried to convince me that he had a valid claim against the estate."

"Don't tell me—don't tell me you're going to recognize any claim of that sort!" moaned Reggie. "It was bad enough paying five thousand you didn't have for that hospital, just as a matter of protecting father's honor; but this, really this ——"

Harold snapped his cigarette case, dropped it carelessly into his pocket, and smiled patronizingly at his brother.

"I've compromised with Anderson and paid him fifty cents a share for a block of twenty thousand, giving my personal note for it. It never rains but it pours, Reggie. About a week before Anderson tackled me, Murtrie, the inventor of the engine, came to see me. It seems that this man Anderson organized the company, with every ignoble intention of freezing Murtrie out of it as soon as he got it going. Murtrie is a nice old chap and not as big a fool as he looks. By a stroke of inspiration he's got a new twist on his engine, which puts the original on the scrap heap. He didn't know about dad's subscription—just came to me on the strength of my growing reputation, and wanted my advice about getting hold of his original patents, which Anderson got him to

(Continued on Page 61)

Why has it taken some manufacturers thirty years to discover that the best Belting Material does *not* grow on a cow?

An outlay of Ten Dollars on scientific belting often shows the way to the saving of Hundreds!

Two thousand belts in this plant. Suppose they should all quit at once!

ALEXANDER T. STEWART used to say that the average merchant is just *average* because the *little things* mean nothing to him. He must have a fire or a strike or a war to jolt him out of the habit of letting well enough alone.

* * * *

There are over eighty thousand manufacturers in the United States and Canada whose machinery is dependent upon belting for power transmission.

Single plants use anywhere from ten to ten thousand belts.

Eighty per cent. of these belts cost on an average less than ten dollars apiece.

Slipshod performance and short life in an *individual belt* seem of small importance—but if each belt cost one thousand dollars or if all the belts in the plant should give out at once, there would long ago have been a great cry from manufacturers for a belt at once *scientifically constructed* and at a *cost relative to its service* and not based on the market price of hides.

* * * *

For thirty-five years Leviathan-Anaconda has had *built* into it the things which practical men have recognized as needful to make belting a *dependable* and *scientific success*.

Leviathan-Anaconda belts are made in various ply of solid fabric, impregnated with special compound, so treated, stretched and aged as to produce a strong pliable belting, well nigh indestructible.

The *processing* of Leviathan-Anaconda is not a matter of surface only—it is *through and through*. Leviathan-Anaconda performance is dependable down to the *last ply of fabric*.

* * * *

More money will be paid out in dividends in January, 1917, than in any previous month in American history.

In eight thousand plants now using Leviathan-Anaconda, a proportion of such dividends will be directly due to the savings effected by the use of these belts because of their *low cost* and the quality of their *performance*.

Many business concerns think they can solve their belting problem by signing a contract with somebody. That is on a par with the idea that you can give a community morals by legislation—or that a man pays his bills when he signs a note for the amount of them.

The way to settle the belt question for your factory, whether it be large or small, is to *select one position and try a Leviathan or Anaconda belt on it*. Then watch it work. Many factories have tried this plan. In over ninety per cent. of them the *test cost less than ten dollars*.

* * * *

Leviathan-Anaconda is not sold by the yard—it is sold as a cost-reducing service. Therefore it is sold direct to the user.

The men who represent it are specialists in laying out scientific transmission. Their services are available to the engineer of any factory in the United States or Canada.

You must *know conditions* in order to meet them. Our special charts show how to keep transmission, conveying and elevating costs in your own plant. We send these without charge. Our book about belts is a valuable addition to any engineer's library.

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for Transmission, Conveying and Elevating

MAIN BELTING COMPANY, Philadelphia

New York Chicago Pittsburgh Seattle Birmingham

CHARLES PURDEN, Birmingham, England
THE M. METT ENGINEERING CO., Petrograd, Russia
WM. A. CAMPBELL, Havana, Cuba
MAIN BELTING CO. OF CANADA, LTD., Montreal, Toronto
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Discard Every Wasteful Carbon Lamp for Sunlight's Only Rival

THE Power House can give you *all* the light you want, but the socket *only* as much as the lamp you put in it.

If, in your sockets you have old-style carbon lamps, replace them with EDISON MAZDA and enjoy *three times as much light*, and a finer, brighter, whiter light too, without increasing your current bills one cent.

Because carbon lamps can only give a limited amount of light; —because if you want MORE light with them you must use MORE of them and spend MORE for current; it is both to your pleasure and your *profit* to put in every socket the modern lamps of bright white brilliance, the lamps of economy, EDISON MAZDA.

In usual household and office sizes, EDISON MAZDA Lamps cost 27c. each: for convenience they come packed five-in-a-row in handy cartons. You can get them individually if you wish, of your lighting company or nearest MAZDA Agent.

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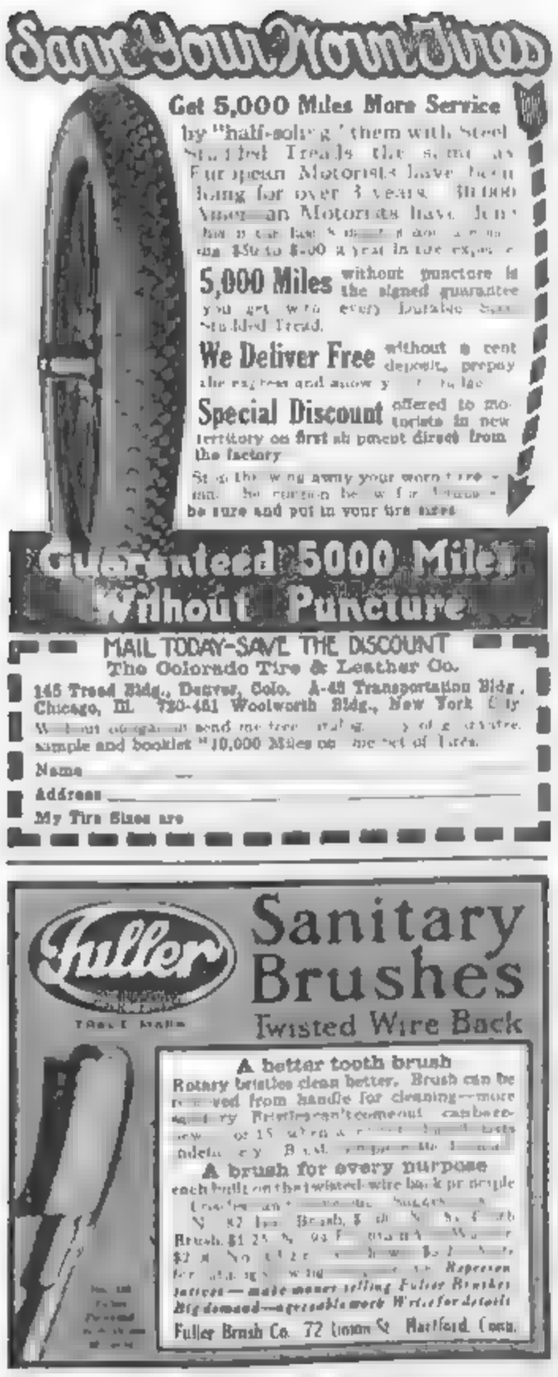
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Top Notch rubbers and arctics are different from any other rubbers made. Not only are they remarkably stylish, fine-fitting and beautifully finished—but they combine lightness and beauty of line with exceptionally long wear.

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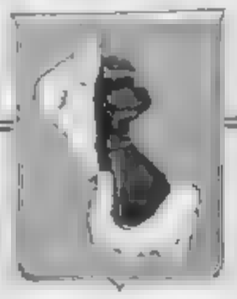


(Continued from Page 58)

assign to the corporation. The assignment covered all future improvements in strictly legal form.

"Anderson thinks the scheme's dead and is chortling over blackmailing me out of ten thousand dollars. He doesn't know about Murtrie's improvements, or that he's been down to New York and had a firm of engineering experts pass on the new idea. It's a big thing, brother, a mighty big thing. The engineers wired the old man to-day that they've started West with one of the biggest men in the automobile game. They're on the train right now headed this way." Harold leaned forward and patted Reggie's knee. "My dear boy, things are simply blowing into the window for us. We're not going to lose a chance of planting ourselves firmly on the bed rock of prosperity while the million lasts. And now I want you to run back to your office and figure a few thousand feet of additional radiation into the specifications for heating the courthouse."

"More radiation! There's enough provided for now to keep that building red hot at the North Pole."

"But that isn't enough!" replied Harold from the door. "Connor's got a steamfitter friend he's going to throw the heating contract to, and he wants to sugar it for all it's worth. Don't look at me that way, Reggie! It isn't your morality that's involved; it's the low tone of our politics that puts power into the hands of Connor and his rotten commissioners. It's the apathy of the electorate, our dear fellow citizens, that's responsible for a condition that makes it possible for Connor to adopt your oft-rejected plans and hand the contracts to the highest bidder. You are perfectly innocent in the matter, my boy. You'll have to excuse me now, as I've got to go over and see what sister Dot is doing to aid the family fortunes."

When Harold reached the offices of Cummings & Raymond, dealers in investment securities, he found the firm engaged in the pleasant pastime of cleaning out the safe.

"You know," said Dorothy, rising to greet her brother, "we're going to make a specialty of serving tea in the ladies' room, and we haven't any place to keep the tea service, so we thought we'd clean out the rubbish and use the safe."

"Admirable!" cried Harold approvingly as he surveyed an array of papers and account books heaped on the floor. "I was going to suggest that you keep the office canary in the safe, but it's much better to use it for the tea service. How's the firm coming on?"

"Oh, we've sold a bond! Esther White came in this morning with a thousand dollars her father had given her for a birthday present, and we sold her a traction bond. We lost ten dollars on it, but Nellie thought we'd better sell it a little below the market. Didn't you, Nellie?"

"Well," Miss Cummings explained, "Esther's father has heaps of money to invest, and if she tells him that we're selling cheaper than other brokers he's likely to bring his business to us."

"That's perfectly sound," Harold acquiesced. "If you trim the market price a trifle, you can't fail to get the accounts of cautious investors like White, who are always looking for bargains. The only trouble is you may start a bear movement in traction and precipitate a panic. Let's see what you're chucking here."

He bent down and began poking over the litter from the safe. There were stock books of half a dozen defunct corporations, which had been promoted by the late firm of Parker & Cummings, and detached shares in all manner of organizations that had died in their incipiency.

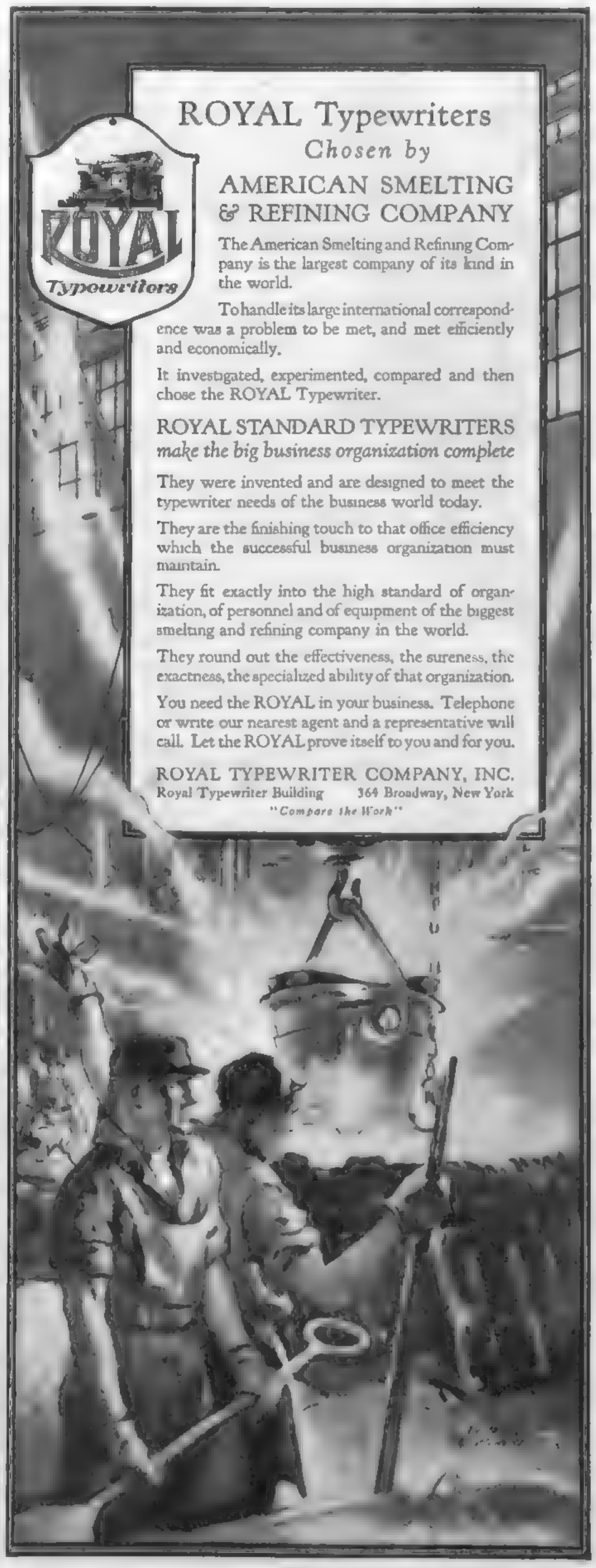
"Girls, you mustn't let the janitor have this stuff; at the present price of paper you must not overlook the rag man. Well, well, well!"

He sank upon the floor, inspecting with deep absorption a packet of certificates fastened together by a rubber band.

"Thirty thousand shares! Thirty thousand! Girls, run and make the kettle boil! Dot, lock the door—lock all the doors!"

"Of course, if those things are of any use we'll have to tell Mr. Parker about it," remarked Dorothy as Harold began folding up the certificates. "That would only be fair!"

"Not at all," remarked Harold with an indulgent smile. "Parker thought he'd sold you a solid gold brick when you bought him out, and his bill of sale covered everything in the office. And, besides, he's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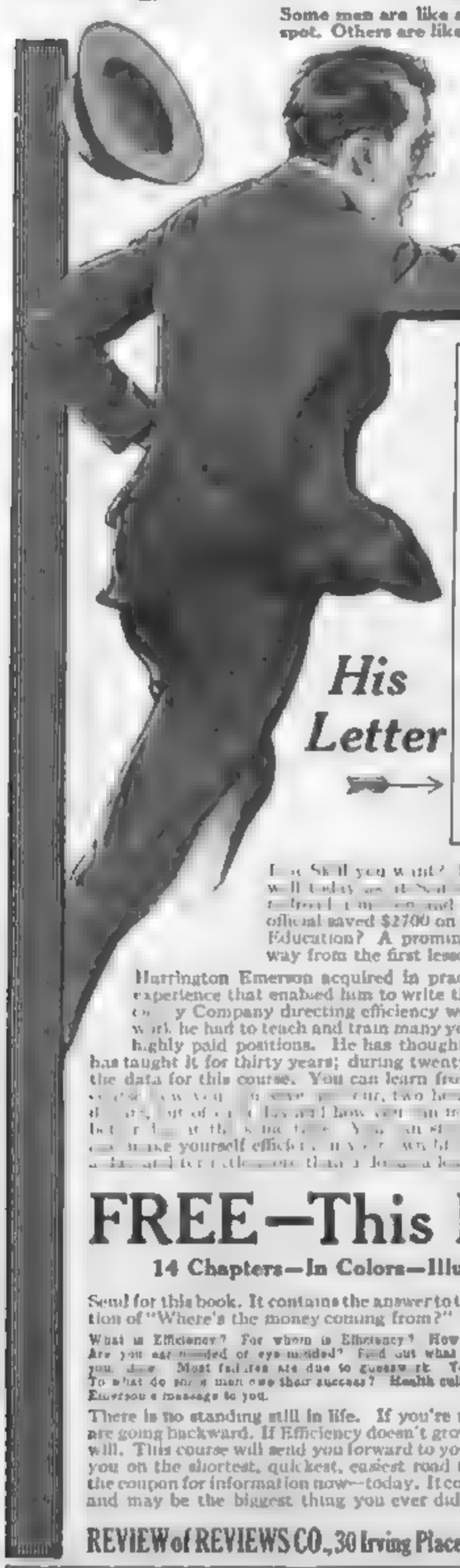
Some men are like a shotgun that scatters without much force in any one spot. Others are like the rifle that sends the bullet straight to the bull's-eye. How about you?

Herbert P. Mee, Material Accountant of the Southern Pacific Railroad, aimed at nothing and hit it—until—but let him tell his story himself:



His Letter

"Like most people, I was a drifter, admiring success, weakly wishing for better things to come, with no conception of what those better things were or how to proceed to get them

"I aimed at nothing and hit it.

"I performed each task that presented itself, did it fairly well and then lay back awaiting the next task, using the spare time to build castles in Spain.

"Paragraph One, Lesson One, of your

Course in Personal Efficiency

started me to thinking. If the Course had done nothing else for me than this it was well worth the price paid But it did more.

"As an immediate benefit, I have an increased capacity for work which my superiors were not slow to recognize, so that for the most part I am relieved of my old duties and assigned to much more important work.

"Young people who wish to get ahead, but don't know the why, the how or the way, can get the information very cheaply through this Course.

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Is Skill your want? Efficiency taught the U. S. Navy to shoot 1200 times as well today as it Sea[illegible]. Is it Money? Efficiency brought a great western railroad [illegible] and a half in one year. Is it Economy? A California state official saved $2700 on one job after he had his third lesson of this course. Is it Education? A prominent man of Louisville, Ky., got his first big step that way from the first lesson of this course.

Harrington Emerson acquired in practical work with many corporations the knowledge and experience that enabled him to write this course. He is still the president of an Efficiency Company directing efficiency work in a number of corporations. In his work he had to teach and train many young men, some of whom today hold highly paid positions. He has thought efficiency for forty years; he has taught it for thirty years; during twenty years he slowly collected the data for this course. You can learn from the lessons of this [illegible] two hours a day for two months, but of course you know you can make the most [illegible] in 15 minutes a day. It is more than a lesson.

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There is no standing still in life. If you're not going forward, you are going backward. If Efficiency doesn't grow on you, inefficiency will. This course will send you forward to your goal—it will put you on the shortest, quickest, easiest road to success. Send the coupon for information now—today. It costs you nothing and may be the biggest thing you ever did in your life.

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discounted your note and left for parts unknown and a thousand sleuths couldn't find him. He shrewdly surmised that, as soon as you found out you'd been stung, you'd be terribly peeved and ring up the police. These shares of the Murtrie Manufacturing Company are going to par—they'll go away above par. Look through all the books in the office and see who the suckers were your predecessors in business snared on that stock! We want to get all there is in sight. The Murtrie engine is going to be the only one you'll hear about for the rest of your lives. We'll make that engine right here in town and double the population. Yes, lemon, Nellie; I never cared much for canned cream. By the way, your idea of running your advertisement on the woman's page of the Journal strikes me as admirable. They ran it right next to Antoinette's Beauty Hints this morning."

"Don't you think we ought to have a private wire?" asked Nellie as he took his cup. "All the big brokers have one."

"Well, I'm rather against it," replied Harold after an instant's pause. "It would give a vulgar commercial tone to your office. You need a smart boy to guard the door and you can have him sneak into Billings & Carter's and copy any quotations from their board that you're particularly interested in. I'd keep a domestic finish on this shop and not litter it up with telegraph instruments. Of course, as business grows and your customers bring their crocheting here on rainy afternoons, it might be well to arrange for a service covering the winter races, but you'll have to consider the moral aspects of mingling the ponies with premium bonds. Just now Murtrie is your big card. These shares are going to climb like a frightened squirrel and you're right in on the noncombustible concrete floor. This is real stuff, girls; there's no fake about it."

"Mr. Murtrie used to come to our house at all hours to see father, and nearly drove him crazy," said Nellie. "He had funny whiskers and never wore any collar."

"Thank you for mentioning that," said Harold. "I'm going to doll him up so he'll take an impressive photograph. I want to have that all ready when we begin our publicity work. His name is going down in history with Bell and Edison—one of the world's greatest mechanical geniuses. By the way, if a chap named Anderson comes here asking if you know anything about this stock, remember that you are hard of hearing and don't tell him anything."

IV

HAROLD and Reggie rarely met. Harold was reorganizing the Murtrie Company, a task of magnitude, and had no time for family affairs. Reggie, finding his brother inaccessible, abandoned his rôle of prophet of evil and plunged into work up to his eyes. Success had exercised an exhilarating effect upon him; his ambition was aroused and he was anxious to make the most of the opportunity created by Harold's daring.

A few days before the expiration of the period for filing the inventory, he was at work on plans for the Robertson country house when Harold summoned him to his office. As he entered his brother's private room he saw at once that something was amiss. Harold sat crumpled in a chair by the window.

"Turn the bolt," he ordered gloomily.

"What's happened?" asked Reggie doggedly, placing his back against the wall.

"Uncle Walter landed in New York yesterday, got his first news of father's death, and sent a night letter of condolence which I found waiting for me here this morning. And an hour ago this blew in." He tossed Reggie a telegram that read as follows:

"Who has charge of brother's estate? Wire full information at once, as I wish to make report of securities I hold for him. Market value to-day about nine hundred thousand but properly handled will reach a million. These were investments I made for him in rubber and copper and half interest in Tin Cup Gold property in Nevada. Will come out and discuss matters with you next week."

Reggie read the telegram through twice and then lifted his eyes guardedly.

"It isn't possible—it's some kind of a fake," he whispered, turning the message over as though expecting to find support for his doubts in the printed matter on the back.

"I've been through a private letter book of dad's I'd overlooked, and it's true enough," said Harold dejectedly. "Dad kept the stuff in New York, so Uncle Walter could manage it for him. The original capital was only twenty-five thousand and dad never told us about it, knowing our capacity for blowing money."

"Then what the devil's the matter? You look as though you'd lost a million instead of finding it!"

Harold pulled his feet from the window sill and swung round upon his brother.

"It's rotten—rotten! After the start we've got, after all we've done to play up to that fake million, here's this real money coming along and spoiling it all! You and I have gone to the top in our professions in sixty days, not because we wanted to or cared, but because we had to or take the count, and now —— I tell you we can't take this money; we're ruined if we take it!"

"But it's ours—we can't just shake it," suggested Reggie.

"We're going to shake it; we've got to put it out of sight! I've thought it all out since I called you up. We'll put it through the estate in due form and give the girls their share; that's only square; but you and I, Reggie, are going to have careers! We're going to be a credit to dad! We're going to pool our two quarters and forget all about it and bone to our jobs, as though we didn't have a cent. But it's going to be hard to keep poor—that's the hell of it, Reggie. Why, we stand to make a fortune out of that Murtrie stock, to say nothing of my legitimate law practice that I'm going to freeze to like a January night. And everybody's bragging about you—you've arrived with both feet! Being rich isn't anything to being a success, Reggie. You're beginning to feel that; I can see it in your eye!"

"You're dead right," Reggie assented. "I'd hate to let go of my work now. It wouldn't be fair to the people who've trusted me with jobs!"

"Certainly not," remarked Harold. "And now that I'm up against it, with more law business than I can handle, I'm not going to let any of my clients suffer. I mean to be honest, too, Reggie; I could have skinned old man Murtrie alive, without violating professional ethics, but I'm making a rich man of him. I'm going to live up to father's reputation if it's in me to do it."

"I'm glad you feel that way," said Reggie with traces of tears in his eyes. "You'll forgive me for saying it, old man, but if you'd go in for con games—blue-sky finance and that sort of thing—you'd be a wonder. You could fool kings and emperors; money would roll uphill to meet you coming down."

"Thank you for the compliment," Harold replied, flicking a thread from his sleeve, "but there wouldn't be any fun in being a professional crook; it's too easy!"

This Test Proves RED WING is the GRAPE JUICE With the Better Flavor

EIGHTEEN women who were under the impression that there was no difference in Grape Juices, were selected to make a comparative test of Red Wing and four other leading brands.

All labels and identifying marks were removed from the bottles. Then each woman tasted the Grape Juice poured from each of the five bottles and signified which one she thought best in flavor, richness and color.

Every one of them chose Red Wing.

BUT to make the test even more conclusive, water was then added to the samples—*25 per cent more water was added to Red Wing than to the others.* Again the women were asked to signify their preference. *And again Red Wing was the choice of these eighteen women!*

Some people have the same idea regarding Grape Juice that these eighteen women had *before* making the above test. They buy Grape Juice as they buy beans. They ask for Grape Juice—that's all.

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Merely try Red Wing.

You will instantly recognize the distinctive excellence in flavor and purity.

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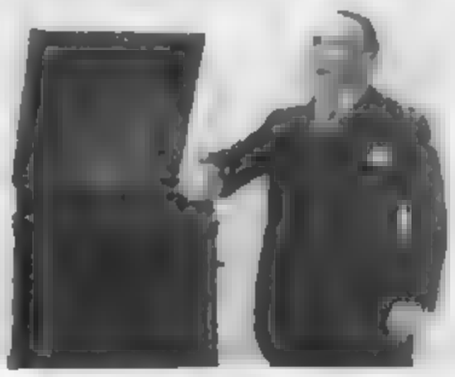

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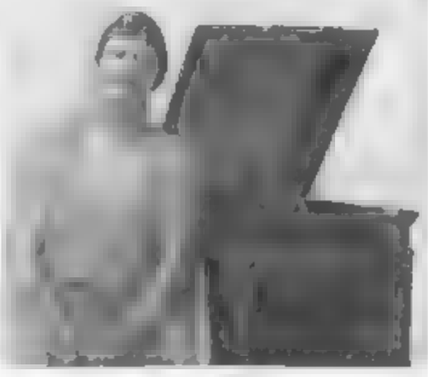

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MARIE RAPPOLD
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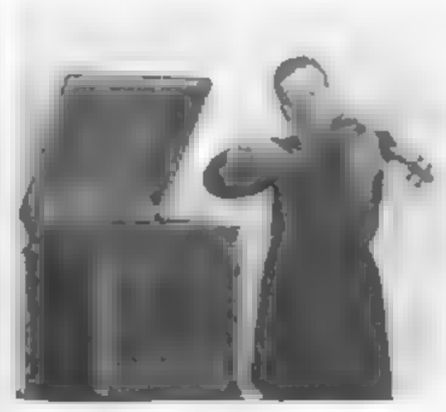

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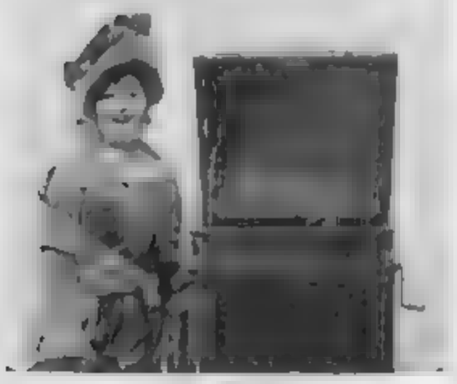

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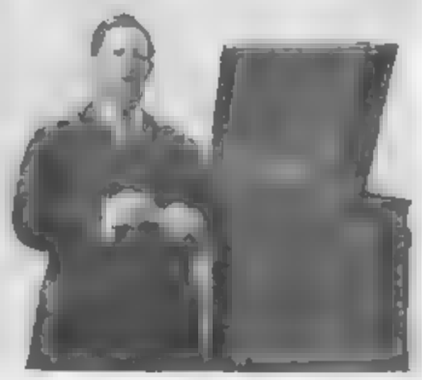

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THOMAS CHALMERS
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Soprano, late of Metropolitan Opera Company

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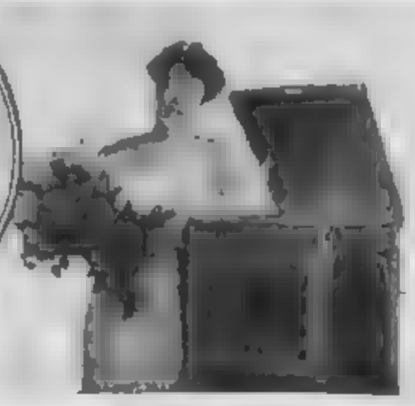

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Concert Soprano

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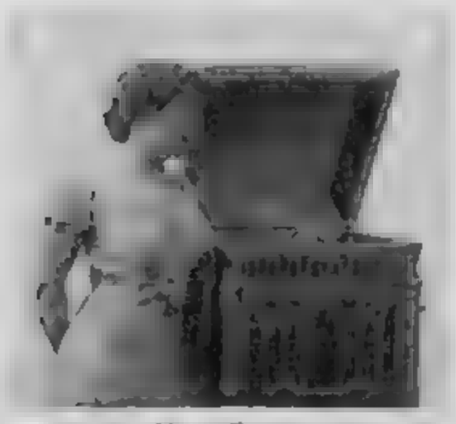
Concert Soprano



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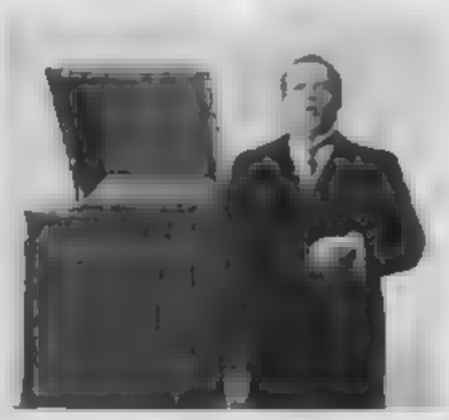
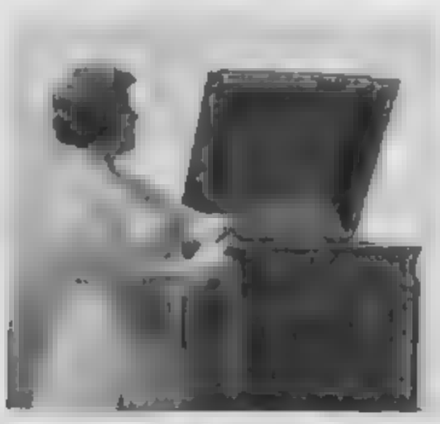
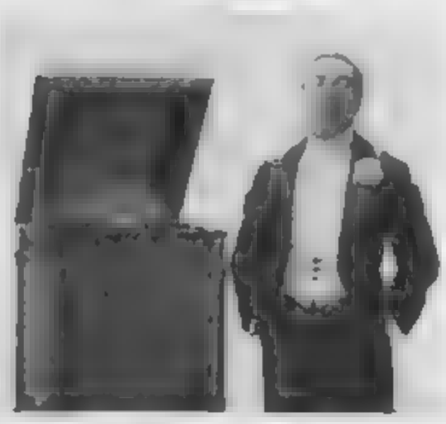
HELEN CLARK
Concert Contralto



HARDY WILLIAMSON
Tenor, late of Century Opera Company



IDA GARDNER
Concert Contralto



GLEN ELLISON
Popular Scotch Baritone

THE POMEGRANATE COAT

(Continued from Page 18)

Sheer horror deprived Tommy of speech for a second.

"If you so much as set a foot—the toe of your shoe—outside this stockade, you little fool ——" he gulped.

"Oh, well, don't call me names. I won't. But, Tommy, you—you've got to come back." She was very white as she spoke.

It was only when he was well started that he remembered she had called him Tommy. Well, why not? Conventions didn't matter in a time of emotional stress like this.

It was an uneventful trip. Some young hooligans dogged him to the boat and followed him homeward, throwing refuse on his coat and offering him jibes and lewd gestures, which, remembering the president's counsel, Tommy bore, though his hand was taut on the revolver in his pocket. He panted with rage about it afterward, walking in the college yard with Margaret Irby.

"Gad, to knuckle down and swallow it all—things like that—when I could have rushed 'em down the line and cracked a few heads!"

"And what about our chances and your own? All your fine schemes—and Eloise?"

"I'm not thinking of Eloise just now," snapped Tommy, and never noticed. "I'm thinking what a fool and quitter I've been. By the Lord Harry, if we pull out of this I'm going to stick it out here—full contract—and pound some sense into their heads. I'll teach 'em if they can trifle with an American. Look at all we've done for 'em! Look at Miss Bayer and Miss Wheeler! Miss Wheeler herself nursed a lot of these cursed Afoos through the smallpox a year ago, and now every mother's son would stick us if they had the chance!"

It was the waiting that Tommy found the hardest. The settling down with an appearance of stoicism to a semblance of peaceful occupation, when the storm might break at any time. He wanted to rush out impetuously against all this Oriental stealth and indirection and strike good honest blows for independence. It galled him to wait the Oriental pleasure, to lie passive before threats, to make the rounds of their fortifications with Teevey and the other professors, and to work up their scanty sources of defense.

Perhaps he could not have borne it but for Margaret Irby. She was like a bright flame, these days—a steady, clear-headed, brave little spirit, like no one Tommy had ever known.

"Aren't you afraid?" he asked one day. "I never knew a girl like you. You know ——"

"Oh, I'm a poor sort, really," she said. "When—when the time comes—if it does—I shan't be any better than any girl. I just don't realize—and then—we've got you."

They were walking in the college yard again and the light of the gate lantern fell on her face. And Tommy saw how little and white it was for all her fine spirit, and a great wave of tenderness rose in his throat.

"Yes," he repeated, "you've got me." And he said it a second time a little unsteadily, and for a little space they were silent. Yes, those days were the worst of all. Not easy for a man of blood to attend prayers and Bible class quietly, to wind wool for Miss Bayer, to play checkers with Professor Maxwell or discuss English politics with little Doctor Ames. The only antidotes he knew were the cleansing and oiling of his automatic, recalling those bouts in the orchard back home when he and Dan Crandall had "wiped the eye" out of a postage-stamp at forty feet—it was thirty-five from the stockade gate to the college door—and eternally walking and talking with Margaret Irby in the compound.

Their taste in conversation was catholic, and Tommy never quite remembered the subjects afterward, but they were the only really peaceful moments he knew.

And one evening the waiting was ended. The jingo Teevey came into the dining room and reported that he had sneaked out as far as the Bazaar of the Purple Moon and got the latest.

Some more of the Wee Singhs had been killed and the south quarter of the town was burning. The faculty went up to a balcony and verified this. The whole sky was a lurid crimson. Teevey was almost indecent in his triumph.

"I will give ourselves just two hours," he said, looking at his gun-metal watch.

He underestimated it slightly. It was eleven when the cracked college bell sent a wailing note through the halls.

The ladies had retired to their dormitory, but now they assembled in the main corridor as instructed. They were very quiet, and at Miss Wheeler's suggestion they knelt here and Miss Bayer began to read from her Bible. Tommy caught the clear, steady drone of her voice as he went to his station.

"'The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want,'" he heard her reading quietly.

The gates were already guarded—Doctor Ames, Professor Teevey, and little Professor Wilson at the north gate, Professors Ralph, Van Twiller and Maxwell at the east gate. Tommy, Professor Burt and Professor Wallace took stations at upper windows, where they could look over the stockade fences and cover the approach to the gates.

The redness in the sky had been creeping nearer, and suddenly from the Bazaar of the Purple Moon a hideous stream of sound issued; a yelling, diabolic mass of human bodies. It bore straight upon them and, according to the watchers' several natures, turned their blood to flame or ice.

A shower of stones struck the north gate; a squealing, screaming cacophony rose on the air. Then came a steady thud, thud on the timbers of the gate; a flare of torches in the air. A revolver spoke from within, its cracking note snapping against the thicker sounds as little Doctor Ames fired a warning high into the air. Tommy at his station above the east gate, peeping at the orgy, felt himself go cold.

"They'll be round here in a minute," he thought. He could get the reek of the burning torches, the fat smell of pine wood; the wind brought stray sparks, like gold butterflies of the night, the odors of burning wreckage. "They'll try to fire us out," he thought; "it's going to be hell."

There was no time for further thought, for the assault swerved suddenly round to his gate, and he heard the crack of revolvers again on the north side. They came against the east gate with a scattering rush, and he fired straight into the mob; there was a moment's pause before they rallied. He saw two men creeping low along the wall. They had burning torches. He shot again, and one went down.

"Fire us—would you? Rats!" he yelled, and sent another volley.

He thought of the women kneeling below and their calm trust in the Lord who was their Shepherd, and a burning exaltation filled him. He was the Shepherd's assistant, and they should not trust in vain. He remembered Doctor Ames' last counsel:

"We are a Christian colony, my friends, and we bear the light of civilization. Not unless in actual defense of life ——"

In defense of life! Well, at last—at last!

He fired his revolver again and again, and for a time lost all count. Yet for every pause there came a rally; the devils seemed to be legion, a squealing, pig-tailed hell band that seemed to be born anew every moment out of the body of the night. Suddenly a voice spoke in his ear:

"They have twice fired the north stockade—the women are drawing water and assisting. But I think we can hold them, doctor!"

Yet even as he spoke, this hope failed. There came a sudden thickening of smoke and glare in the yard; they saw the little guard running in retreat from the north side, and the east post join them. Firearms spoke; but the mission yard was suddenly filled with a devil's dance of yellow furies. The guard made the central building with a hairbreadth margin. Behind bolted doors they stationed themselves afresh. They could see the yellow glare of the burning barrier and the newly fired refectory coming bright against the night.

"Our turn next," thought Tommy as he recharged his revolver.

It was then that Miss Bayer spoke at his elbow:

"Doctor, Margaret Irby's not with us. She's in the women's building—saw her run when the gate went down."

The women's building! It stood on the other side of the refectory—a matter of a few minutes before it, too, blazed.

"I can shoot!" said Miss Bayer. "I have brought my pistol!"

"Take my place!" directed Tommy.

A man was creeping up along the veranda roof! His eyes caught the fire and

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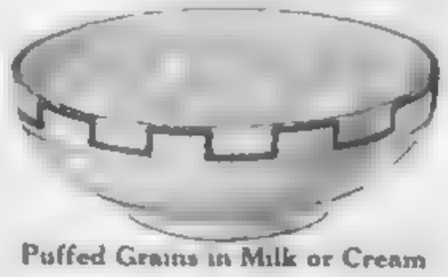

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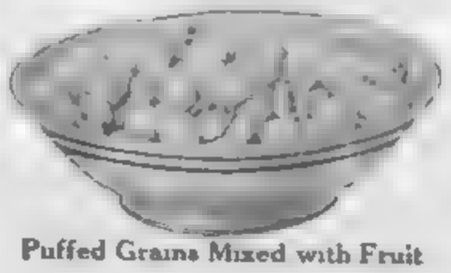

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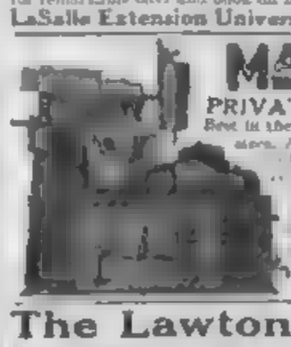

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shone like jet beads. Miss Bayer pointed the gun at him, her lips moved in prayer, and she closed her eyes as she pulled the trigger. When she opened them he was not there.

Down this same veranda pole Tommy slid; his feet in landing touched something soft and wriggling and squealing. He spurned it and ran, head low, across the yard. It was dark as yet on this side—a path of shadow running straight to the dormitory door. He made it untouched, unseen. Bolting the door behind him, he took the stairs at two leaps. There was a long corridor at the top and another door. This, too, he locked. At the end of the hall he saw her!

She was standing just inside a small upper window, looking down at the smoking havoc. At his voice she turned and looked at him, and his heart caught. It was the girl he knew, yet someone different. Her dark hair was tossed and had fallen loose; it rippled, beautifully luxuriant, round the pale oval of her little face; her eyes were like stars; two spots of rose glowed in her cheeks, and from head to foot she shimmered in a robe of riotously golden cloth, splashed with the splendor of rich embroideries. She wore the pomegranate coat, and she was like the spirit of fire herself—rose and silver and gold.

She smiled at Tommy, her eyes wide.

"It's death—isn't it, Tommy?" she asked bravely. "That's why I came back here. I wanted you to see me just once—this way. Foolish, wasn't it?" Her voice broke suddenly. "Just—vanity—and I couldn't get away."

He went up close to her and took her in his arms.

"Margaret," he whispered, "did you think I wouldn't come to find you? Why, I love you."

"I hoped so," she nodded.

They were silent a moment, then:

"It's just you and I now—isn't it?" she whispered against the riot of sound without.

"Just you and I," he said, "but we're going to have our chance." And his arm tightened about her.

"I've—some protection too," she whispered, and she showed him a little pearl-handled knife in her hand. "For me," she whispered, and Tommy kissed her.

"You've still got me," he said.

"Yes—you!" She nestled close into his arm.

There seemed to be a sudden lull in the riot outside; the flame shadows danced bright as ever, but the noises seemed to have receded, as though the attack had fallen away to gather fresh strength. In the lull, to the two behind the barred door a strange calm fell.

"Tommy," whispered the girl, "tell me—you loved me—even as I was—in those dreadful things I wore."

"I didn't want to," said Tommy, "but—you're my girl!"

"I—I wanted to be—but I didn't want it—propinquity stuff, Tommy—I wasn't going to do a thing to show you that I—I can be—pretty."

"Pretty!" said Tommy. "You're beautiful—always! And in that coat you're the loveliest thing I ever looked at."

The lull outside had grown sinister and the girl shivered.

"Tommy—I'm frightened—I want to live—now," she sobbed suddenly, "and I have so many things to tell you—to confess—about—about the lies I told you. You may not care so much for me when you know. I did it just for silly amusement. I mean about Hindustan and my mother and the ablative absolute—and all those colleges we lived in. My mother's like yours—the real home kind—and if she knew this ——" She sobbed again. "I—I just was foolish—and spun those yarns to keep me from being so miserable and homesick. She's on a farm—mother—in Minnesota, and Ole Nansen, our Swede, runs it: those socks were for him. And, well—I thought it was fun at first—saying all that nonsense—and partly to punish you for not remembering me, when I knew you right away down there on that rock. You see, you had forgotten me ——"

"Forgotten you!" gasped Tommy.

"I have the picture you gave me yet," she went on, "a snapshot. You have a pipe in your mouth—a terrible pipe, though Ralph Seward told us you never really smoked it because you got so sick. You have a rakish cap over one ear and your trousers pulled fearfully high—to show your socks, I think. There was something wrong with the focus, for your feet are

(Concluded on Page 69)

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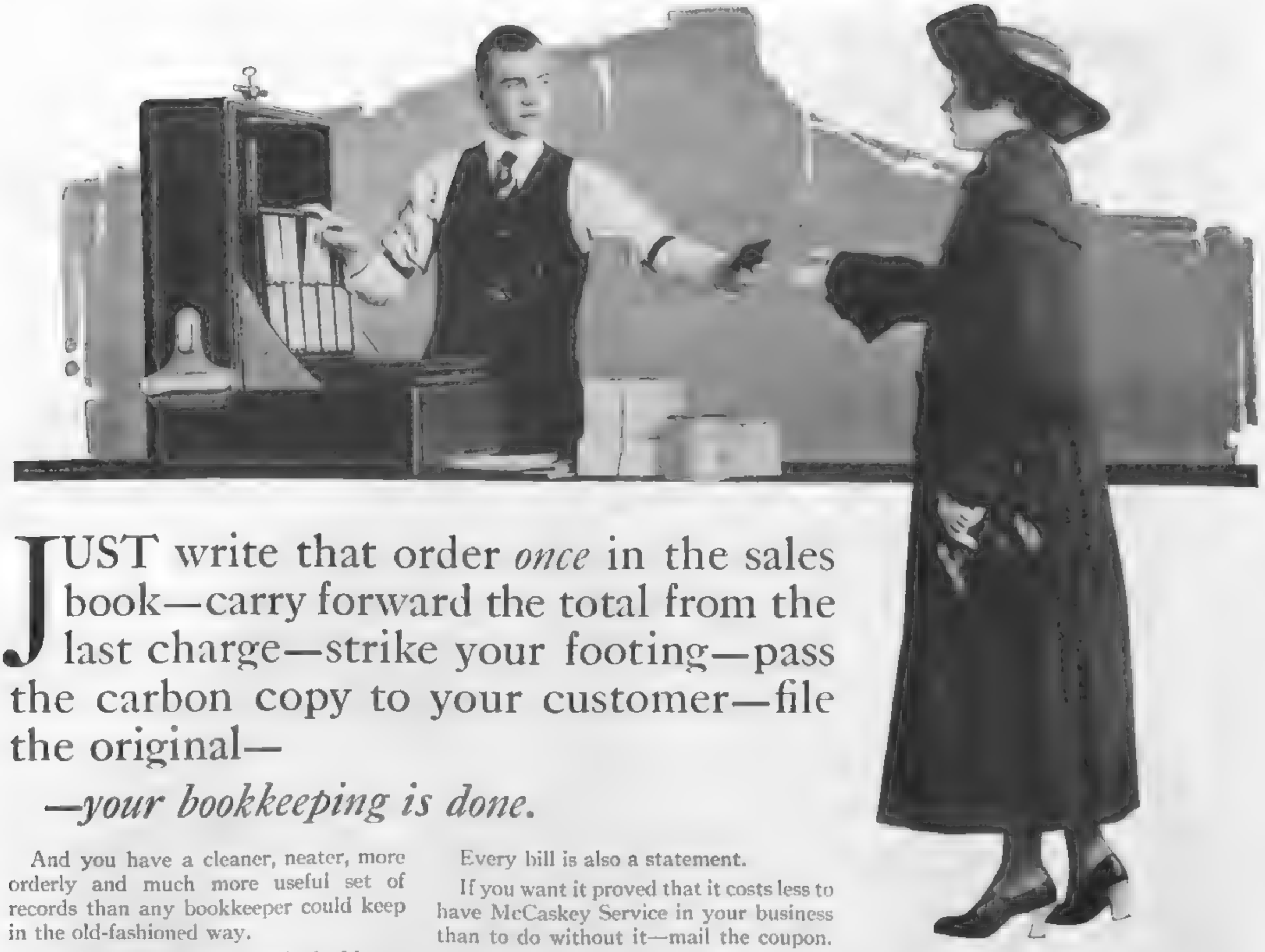

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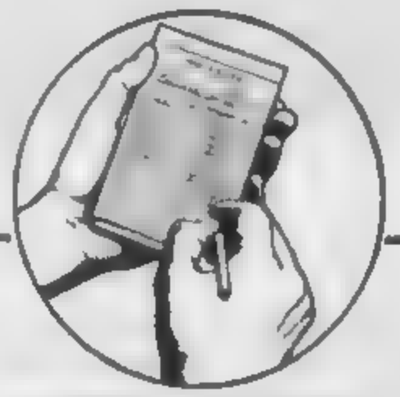

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HARMONY

A BLEND OF GOOD TOBACCOS

(Concluded from Page 66)

simply enormous. And right under them you wrote: 'When this you see, please think of me.' Why I kissed that little snapshot for a whole year, Tommy!"

"But in heaven's name, who are you?"

"I am Eloise's poor relation. I spent a whole month with her the summer I was sixteen. I was little and shy and wore a pigtail, and all the boys called me the Little Mouse, but the second evening you chased me round the grape arbor and kissed me. And you told me when I left that no one could ever take my place!"

"Little Pegs Irby! Little Mouse! And I felt hollow all through when you went away."

"I—I think I just stayed feeling hollow, Tommy. I thought so—that day on the rock."

But they spoke no more, for the storm below them broke. There came a battering rush at the outer door, a flocking of feet on the stair, a strenuous bombardment of the last barrier.

And Tommy, holding his true love against his heart, leveled his gun and fired. But the chamber was empty. And the door came down as it snapped. But it was not Asia—it was Europe and civilization that besieged them.

Little Teevey, pale and tousled, a streak of blood on his cheek, like Abou Ben Adhem led all the rest of the college.

"A close call—a near shave, doctor—but we are happily out of it without serious damage. A detachment of soldiery from the mandarin appeared in time to drive away our marauders."

Then a curious thing happened. The professor of bugs and bugology was seen shamelessly to gather the professor of English literature into his arms—who by the way looked like a lady mandarin ready for a fancy ball—and to kiss her with violent unrestraint and emotion. And Professor Teevey is sure he heard her addressed by the utterly undescriptive and inadequate term:

"Little Mouse! Little Mouse!"

THREE WITHOUT, DOUBLED

(Continued from Page 13)

Well, I bid three hearts; but Mrs. Garrett come up to three no trump and I couldn't go no higher. This time I led out my ace o' hearts, hopin' maybe to catch their king; but I didn't get it. And Mrs. Garrett copped all the rest of 'em for a little slam.

"If your husband ever starts drinkin' hard," I says, "you can support yourself by sellin' some o' your horseshoes to the Russian Government."

It wasn't no lie neither. I never seen such hands as that woman held, and Messenger's was pretty near as good. In the four deals they grabbed two rubbers and a couple o' little slams, and when they left our table they had over nine hundred to our nothin'.

Mr. Collins and another woman was the next ones to set down with us. The rules was to change pardners and Collins took the one I'd been playin' with. And what does she do but get lucky and they give us another trimmin', though nothin' near as bad as the first one. My pardner, this time, was a woman about forty-eight, and she acted like it was way past her bedtime. When it was her turn to say somethin' we always had to wait about five minutes, and all the other tables was through a long w'ile before us. Once she says:

"You'll have to excuse me to-night. I don't seem to be able to keep my mind on the game."

"No," I says; "but I bet you'd perk up if the lady's prize was a mattress. When you're goin' to be up late you should ought to take a nap in the afternoon."

Well, sir, my next pardner wasn't nobody else but the Missus. She'd started at the fourth table and lost the first time, but win the second. She come along with the husband o' the pardner I'd just had; so here we was family against family, you might say.

"What kind o' luck you been havin'?" the fella ast me.

"No luck at all," I says. "But if you're anywheres near as sleepy as your Missus, I and my wife should ought to clean up this time."

We didn't. They held all the cards except in one hand, and that was one my Missus tried to play. I bid first and made it a no trump, as they was three aces in my hand. Old Slumber begun to talk in her sleep and says: "Two diamonds." The Missus bid two hearts, Mr. Sleeper passed, and so did I, as I didn't have a single heart in my hand and figured the Missus probably had 'em all. She had six, with the king high and then the nine-spot. Our female opponent had only two, and that left five for her husband, includin' the ace, queen and jack. We was set three.

"Nice work!" I says to the Missus. "You're the Philadelphia Athletics of auction bridge."

"What was you biddin' no trump on?" she says. "I thought, o' course, you'd have one high heart and some suit."

"You don't want to start thinkin' at your age," I says. "You can't learn an old dog new tricks."

Mrs. Nap's husband cut in.

"O' course," he says, "it's a man's privilege to call your wife anything you feel like. But your Missus don't hardly look old to me."

"No, not comparatively speakin'," I says, and he shut up.

They moved on and along come Garrett and Mrs. Messenger. I and Mrs. Messenger was pardners and I thought for a w'ile we was goin' to win. But Garrett and the Missus had a bouquet o' four-leaf clovers in the last two deals and licked us. Garrett wasn't supposed to be as smart as his wife, but he was fox enough to keep biddin' over my Missus, so as he'd do the playin' instead o' she.

It wasn't till pretty near the close o' the evenin's entertainment that I got away from that table and moved to Number Two. When I set down there it was I and Mrs. Collins against her husband and Mrs. Sleeper.

"Well, Mrs. Collins," I says, "I'll try and hold some good hands for you and maybe I can have two helpin's o' the meat when we come to your house."

The other lady opened her eyes long enough to ask who was winnin'.

"Oh, Mrs. Garrett's way ahead," says Mrs. Collins. "She's got a score o' somethin' like three thousand. And Mr. Messenger is high amongst the men."

"Who's next to the leadin' lady?" I ast her.

"I guess I am," she says. "But I'm three hundred behind Mrs. Garrett."

Well, the luck I'd just bumped into stayed with me and I and Mrs. Collins won and moved to the head table. Waitin' there for us was our darlin' hostess and Messenger, the two leaders in the pennant race. It was give out that this was to be the last game.

When Mrs. Garrett realized who was goin' to be her pardner I wisht you could of seen her face!

"This is an unexpected pleasure," she says to me. "I thought you liked the third table so well you was goin' to stay there all evenin'."

"I did intend to," I says; "but I seen you up here and I heard you was leadin' the league, so I thought I'd like to help you finish in front."

"I don't need no help," she says. "All I ask is for you to not overbid your hands, and I'll do the rest."

"How many are you, Mrs. Garrett?" ast Mrs. Collins.

"Thirty-two hundred and sixty," she says.

"Oh, my!" says Mrs. Collins. "I'm hopeless. I'm only twenty-nine hundred and forty-eight. And how about you, Mr. Messenger?"

"Round thirty-one hundred," he says.

"Yes," says Mrs. Garrett, "and I don't believe any o' the rest o' the men is within five hundred o' that."

"Well, Messenger," I says, "if the men's prize happens to be a case o' beer or a steak smothered in onions, don't forget that I'm payin' you thirty-five a month for a thirty-dollar flat."

Now I'd of gave my right eye to see Mrs. Collins beat Mrs. Garrett out. But I was goin' to do my best for Mrs. Garrett just the same, because I don't think it's square for a man to not try and play your hardest all the time in any kind of a game, no matter where your sympathies lays. So when it come my turn to bid on the first hand, and I seen the ace and king and four other

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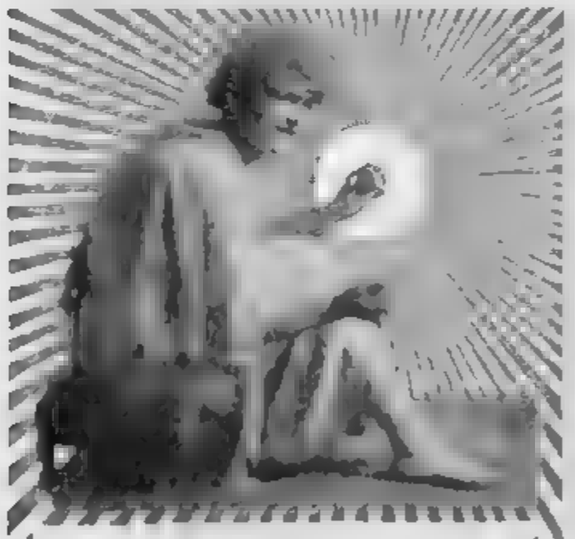

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hearts in my hand, I raised Mrs. Collins' bid o' two diamonds, and Mrs. Garrett made it two no trump and got away with it. On the next two deals Messenger and Mrs. Collins made a game, and Mrs. Garrett got set a trick once on a bid o' five clubs. The way the score was when it come to the last deal, I figured that if Mrs. Collins and Messenger made another game and rubber, the two women'd be mighty close to even.

Mrs. Garrett dealt 'em, and says:

"One without."

"Two spades," says Mrs. Collins.

Well, sir, they wasn't a spade in my hand, and I seen that if Mrs. Collins got it we was ruined on account o' me not havin' a trump. And w'ile I wanted Mrs. Collins to win I was goin' to do my best to not let her. So I says:

"Two without."

"You know what you're doin', do you?" says Mrs. Garrett.

"What do you mean, know what I'm doin'?" I says.

"No talkin' acrost the boards," says Messenger.

"All right," I says; "but you can depend on me, pardner, not to throw you down."

Well, Messenger passed and so did Mrs. Garrett; but Mrs. Collins wasn't through.

"Three spades," she says.

"Three without," says I.

"I hope it's all right," says Mrs. Garrett.

"I'll tell you one thing," I says: "it's a whole lot all-righter than if she played it in spades."

Messenger passed again and ditto for my pardner.

"I'll double," says Mrs. Collins, and we left it go at that.

Man, oh, Man! You ought to seen our genial hostess when I laid down my cards! And heard her too! Her face turned all three colors o' Old Glory. She slammed her hand down on the table, face up.

"I won't play it!" she hollers. "I won't be made a fool of! This poor idiot deliberately told me he had spades stopped, and look at his hand!"

"You're mistaken, Mrs. Garrett," I says. "I didn't say nothin' about spades."

"Shut your mouth!" she says. "That's what you ought to done all evenin'."

"I might as well of," I says, "for all the good it done me to keep it open at dinner."

Everybody in the room quit playin' and rubbered. Finally Garrett got up from where he was settin' and come over.

"What seems to be the trouble?" he says. "This ain't no barroom."

"Nobody'd ever suspect it o' bein'," I says.

"Look what he done!" says Mrs. Garrett. "He raised my no-trump bid over three spades without a spade in his hand."

"Well," says Mr. Garrett, "they's no use gettin' all fussed up over a game o' cards. The thing to do is pick up your hand and play it out and take your medicine."

"I can set her three," said Mrs. Collins. "I got seven spades, with the ace, king and queen, and I'll catch her jack on the third lead."

"And I got the ace o' hearts," says Messenger. "Even if it didn't take a trick it'd make aces easy; so our three hundred above the line gives Mrs. Collins a score of about ten more'n Mrs. Garrett."

"All right, then," says Garrett. "Mrs. Collins is entitled to the lady's prize."

"I don't want to take it," says Mrs. Collins.

"You got to take it," says Garrett.

And he give his wife a look that meant business. Anyway, she got up and went out o' the room, and when she come back she was smilin'. She had two packages in her hand, and she give one to Messenger and one to Mrs. Collins.

"There's the prizes," she says; "and I hope you'll like 'em."

Messenger unwrapped his'n and it was one o' them round leather cases that you use to carry extra collars in when you're travelin'. Messenger had told me earlier in the evenin' that he hadn't been outside o' Chicago in six years.

Mrs. Collins' prize was a chafin' dish.

"I don't blame Mrs. Garrett for bein' so crazy to win it," I says to her when they couldn't nobody hear. "Her and Garrett both must get hungry along about nine or ten P. M."

"I hate to take it," says Mrs. Collins.

"I wouldn't feel that way," I says. "I guess Mrs. Garrett will chafe enough without it."

When we was ready to go I shook hands with the host and hostess and says I was sorry if I'd pulled a boner.

"It was to be expected," says Mrs. Garrett.

"Yes," I says; "a man's liable to do most anything when he's starvin' to death."

The Messengers and Collinses was a little ways ahead of us on the stairs and I wanted we should hurry and catch up with 'em.

"You let 'em go!" says the Missus. "You've spoiled everything now without doin' nothin' more. Every time you talk you insult somebody."

I was glad that we didn't have to go far to our buildin'. The Missus was pleasant company, just like a bloodhound with the rabies.

I left her in the vestibule and went down to help Mike close up. He likes to be amongst friends at a sad hour like that.

At breakfast next mornin' the wife was more calm.

"Dearie," she says, "they don't neither one of us class as bridge experts. I'll admit I got a lot to learn about the game. What we want to do is play with the Hatches every evenin' this week, and maybe by next Tuesday night we'll know somethin'."

"I'm willin'," I says.

"I'll call up Mrs. Hatch this forenoon," she says, "and see if they want us to come over there this evenin'. But if we do go remember to not mention our club or tell 'em anything about the party."

Well, she had news for me when I got home.

"The San Susies is busted up," she says. "Not forever, but for a few months anyway. Mrs. Messenger called up to tell me."

"What's the idear?" I says.

"I don't know exactly," says the Missus. "Mrs. Messenger says that the Collinses had boxes for the opera every Tuesday night and the rest didn't feel like goin' on without the Collinses, and they couldn't all o' them agree on another night."

"I don't see why they should bust it up on account o' one couple," I says. "Why didn't you tell 'em about the Hatches? They're right here in the neighborhood and can play bridge as good as anybody."

"I wouldn't think o' doin' it!" says she. "They may play all right, but think o' how they talk and how they dress!"

"Well," I says, "between you and I, I ain't goin' to take cyanide over a piece o' news like this. Somehow it don't appeal to me to vote myself dry every Tuesday night all winter—to say nothin' o' two dollars a week annual dues to help buy a prize that I got no chance o' winnin' and wouldn't know what to do with it if I had it."

"It'd of been nice, though," she says, "to make friends with them people."

"Well," I says, "I'll feel a little more confident o' doin' that if I see 'em once a year—or not at all."

IV

I CAN tell you the rest of it in about a minute. The Missus had became resigned and everything was goin' along smooth till last Tuesday evenin'. They was a new Chaplin show over to the Acme and we was on our way to see it. At the entrance to the buildin' where the Messengers lives we seen Mr. and Mrs. Hatch.

"Hello, there!" says the wife. "Better come along with us to the Acme."

"Not to-night," says Mrs. Hatch. "We're tied up every Tuesday evenin'."

"Some club?" ast the Missus.

"Yes," says Mrs. Hatch. "It's a bridge club—the San Susie. The Messengers and Collinses and Garretts and us and some other people's in it. Two weeks ago we was to Collinses', and last week to Beardsleys'; and to-night the Messengers is the hosts."

The Missus tried to say somethin', and couldn't.

"I been awful lucky," says Mrs. Hatch. "I win the prize at Collinses'. It was a silver pitcher—the prettiest you ever seen!"

The Missus found her voice.

"Do you have dinner too?" she ast.

"I should say we do!" says Mrs. Hatch. "And simply grand stuff to eat! It was nice last week at Beardsleys'; but you ought to been at Collinses'! First, they was an old-fashioned beefsteak supper; and then, when we was through playin', Mrs. Collins made us welsh rabbits in her chafin' dish."

"That don't tempt me," I says. "I'd just as soon try and eat a raw mushrat as a welsh rabbit."

"Well, we got to be goin' in," says Hatch.

"Good night," says Mrs. Hatch; "and I wisht you was comin' with us."

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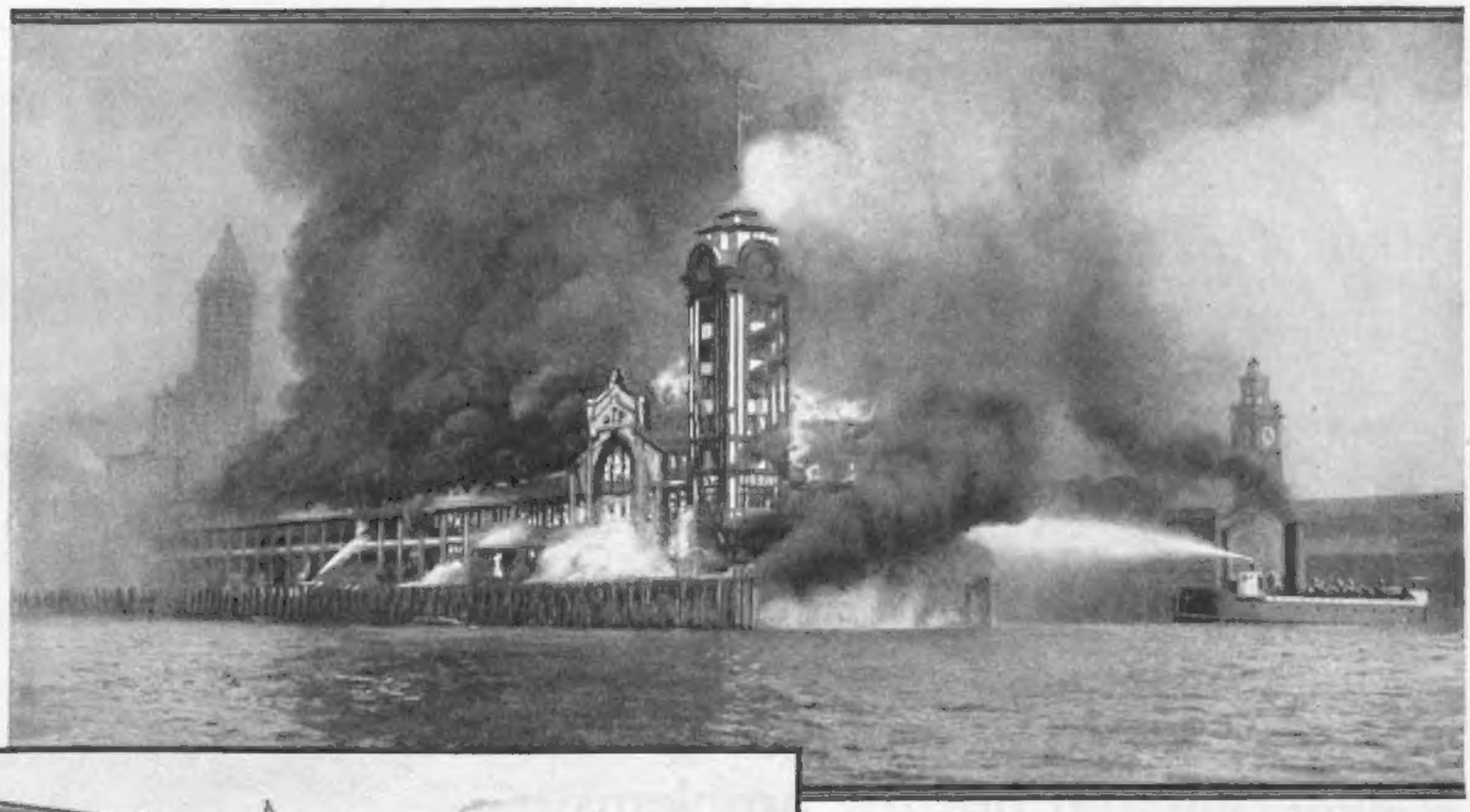

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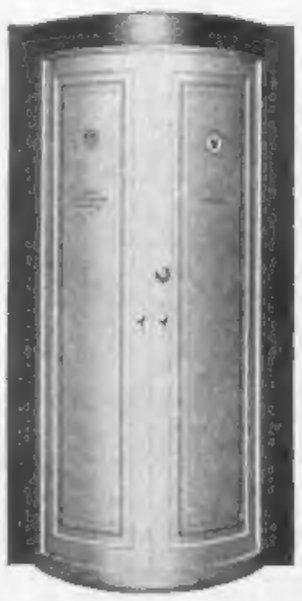

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The great, universal system of Prest-O-Lite Service furnishes ready-to-use dissolved acetylene in convenient, portable cylinders in sizes to suit every need. It insures prompt exchange of empty cylinders for full ones—everywhere.

Prest-O-Lite Dissolved Acetylene gives better welds, quicker work, lower operating costs. Makes the outfit portable for use inside or outside the shop. Avoids the initial outlay and depreciation of making crude acetylene in carbide generators.

Welding for Reconstruction and Repair

Fuller Brothers, of Jersey City, N. J., had this seven-foot, 3,000-lb. gear wheel repaired by welding sixteen teeth at a cost of $40, saving cost of new gear worth $500. In many instances, one such repair has paid for the entire outfit. The process offers additional profits for garages, repair and job welding shops.

Blow-Torches for Brazing and Soldering

The Style "A" acetylene blow-torch, used above for brazing fuse plugs, costs but 75c (Canada, 85c). It is quicker, more convenient and more economical than the gasoline blow-torch. Used by dentists, jewelers, factories, repair shops, etc.

When you need intense heat or brilliant light

A Convenient, Economical Lighting System

Harvey Myers, a prominent attorney in Covington, Ky., is one of many house-boat owners who use Prest-O-Lite for illuminating purposes. Prest-O-Lite gas is, in many instances, the logical solution of difficult indoor and outdoor lighting problems.

Prest-O-Lite Dissolved Acetylene is used by chemists, blacksmiths, farmers, dentists, manufacturers and thousands of others. At least one of its many uses may solve a heating or lighting problem for you.

For heating it is used in a wide variety of special blow-torches and burners—for soldering, brazing, lead burning, removing paint and putty, "wiping" lead joints, reducing precious metals, tempering and annealing small metal parts, and scores of other applications requiring concentrated heat.

For lighting it is used for churches, tents, tractors, stereopticons, boats, etc. A simple, inexpensive stem and burner attachment for other lighting uses costs only 55c.

Ask us for illustrated literature and full information on welding or any other use for Prest-O-Lite gas in heating or lighting.

Heating Torches for Many Purposes

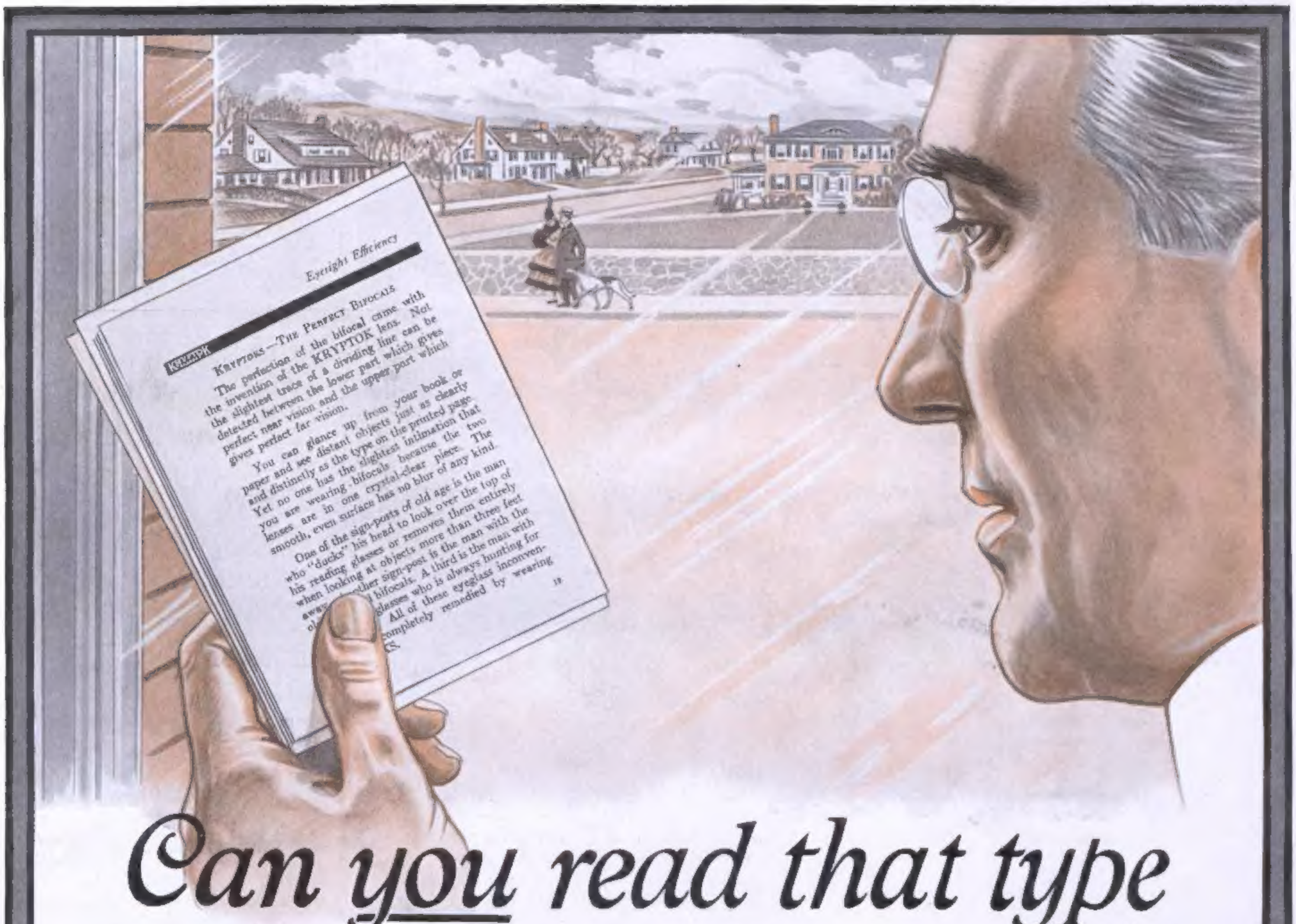
The Prest-O-Torch is being used for heating granite, marble and other monument stone, to facilitate chipping out imperfections, and removing scratches, tool-marks, etc.

The Prest-O-Lite Co., Inc., 53 branches and charging plants in the principal industrial centers

U. S. Main Factory and Office, 861 Speedway, Indianapolis, Indiana

Canadian Main Office and Factory, Department I, Merritton, Ontario

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF DISSOLVED ACETYLENE


Eyesight Efficiency
KRYPTOK
Kryptoks—The Perfect Bifocals
The perfection of the bifocal came with the invention of the KRYPTOK lens. Not the slightest trace of a dividing line can be detected between the lower part which gives perfect near vision and the upper part which gives perfect far vision.
You can glance up from your book or paper and see distant objects just as clearly and distinctly as the type on the printed page. Yet no one has the slightest intimation that you are wearing bifocals because the two lenses are in one crystal-clear piece. The smooth, even surface has no blur of any kind.
One of the sign-posts of old age is the man who "ducks" his head to look over the top of his reading glasses or removes them entirely when looking at objects more than three feet away. Another sign-post is the man with the bifocals. A third is the man with the glasses who is always hunting for
All of these eyeglass inconveniences completely remedied by wearing

Can you read that type

and with the same glasses see distant objects clearly?

IF you cannot, then you need KRYPTOK ***(pronounced Crip-tock)*** Glasses—the invisible bifocals which combine near and far vision in one crystal-clear lens.

KRYPTOK Glasses enable you to adjust your vision from printed page to distant view, *instantly*. You see everything as clearly and distinctly as with the eyesight of youth.

KRYPTOKS end the trouble and annoyance of removing your reading glasses—or awkwardly peering over them—every time you look at objects more than a few feet away.

They free you from the even greater inconvenience of fussing with two pairs of glasses.

They are making the old-style bifocals, with the disfiguring seam or hump, a thing of the past.

KRYPTOK Glasses are entirely free from that unsightly, age-revealing seam or hump. Their surfaces are clear, smooth and even.

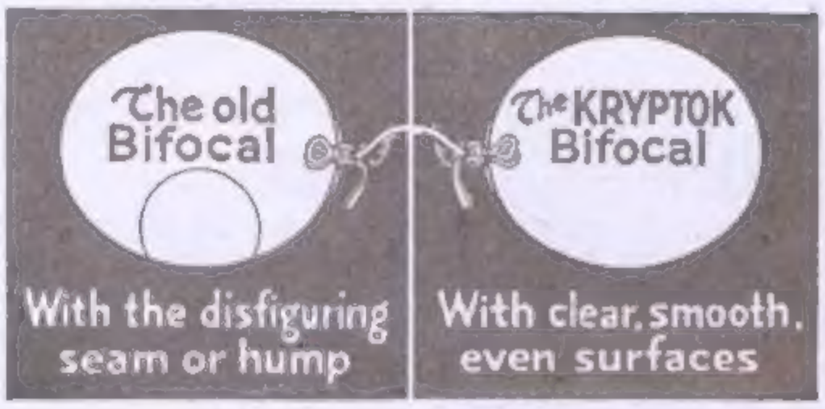
When you are wearing KRYPTOKS, no one can tell that they are double-vision glasses. Yet the upper part gives the necessary correction for far vision and the lower part for near vision.

In comfort and convenience; in improving the appearance; in preserving the eyesight; in the wonderfully clear vision which they give—KRYPTOKS are a revelation to people who have been accustomed to the old-fashioned bifocals or to simple reading glasses.

KRYPTOK Glasses are made on strictly correct optical principles and are universally recommended by oculists, optometrists and opticians. Ask *your* oculist, optometrist or optician about KRYPTOKS. Attend to it this week, which is being observed from coast to coast as "Kryptok Week."

KRYPTOK GLASSES

THE INVISIBLE BIFOCALS



Write for Booklet, "Eyesight Efficiency"

Eyesight Efficiency is the title of a booklet which should be read by everyone who needs glasses for near and far vision. It will be mailed upon request. When writing for your copy, please give (if possible) the name of your oculist, optometrist or optician.

KRYPTOK COMPANY, Inc., 1049 Old South Bldg., Boston, Mass.

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